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GEORGE ADDISON

THROOP

DEBORAH

GOLDSMITH

Ancestral Charts

The OLD TRAVELING BAG

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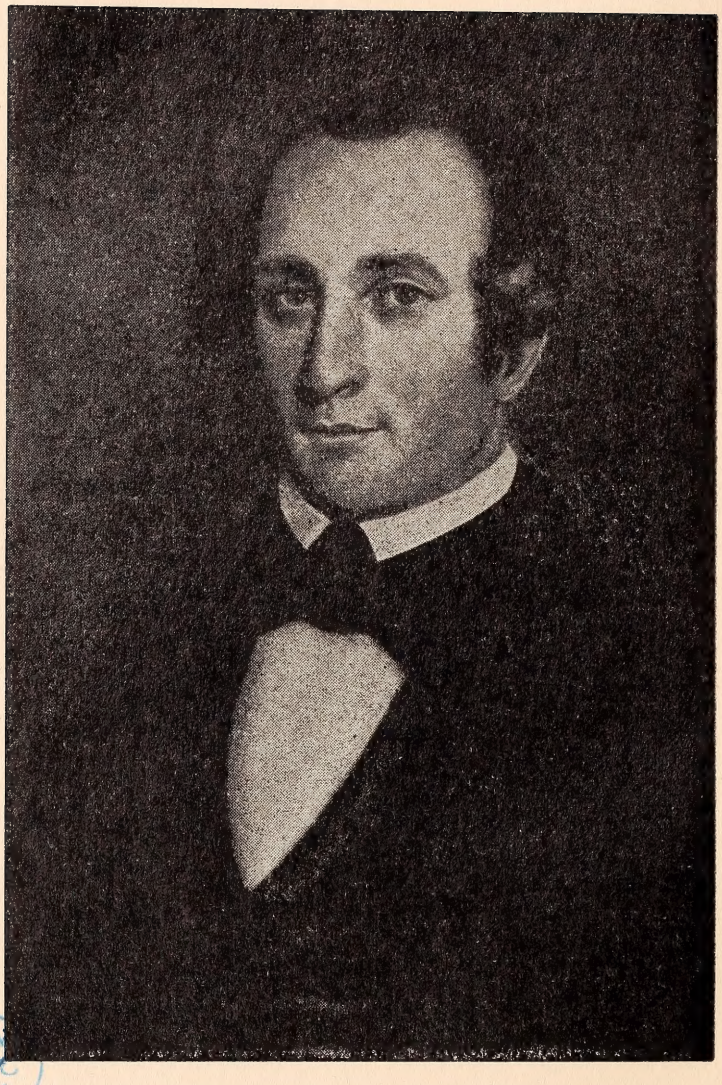

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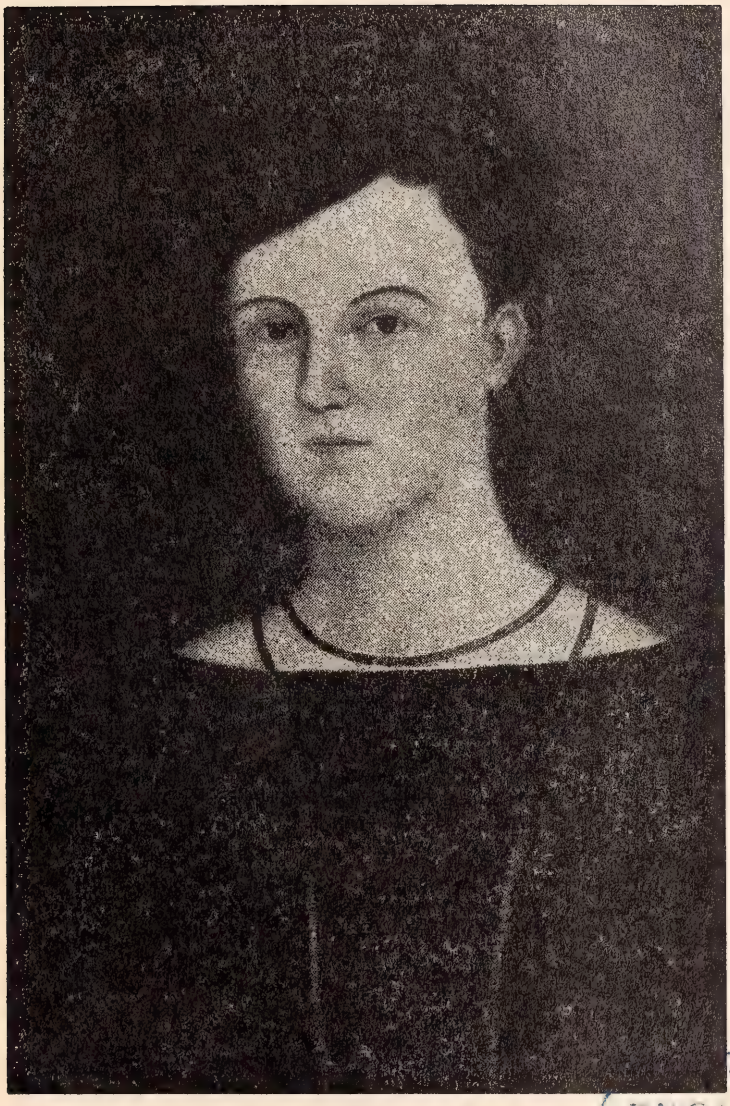

Deborah Goldsmith.

ANCESTRAL CHARTS

OF

GEORGE ADDISON THROOP

DEBORAH GOLDSMITH

MANY HISTORICALLY INTERESTING LETTERS FROM

The Old Traveling Bag

SAVED THROUGHOUT THE YEARS BY

JAMES ADDISON THROOP

COMPILED BY

OLIVE COLE SMITH

EDITED BY

ADDISON JAMES THROOP

PRINTED BY

ADDISON JAMES THROOP and Son, DAN ADDISON THROOP

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILLINOIS

1934

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.T498
1934

Olive Cole Smith
July 12, 1940

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CALL PRINTING COMPANY

TO

OUR ANCESTORS

FOR

THEIR DESCENDANTS

—O. C. S.

—A. J. T.

Donor

Relationship to George and Deborah

Son or Daughter of

To

My

Date

Place

People will not look forward to posterity who never look backward to their ancestors.

—BURKE.

FOREWORD AND GUIDE TO THE ANCESTRAL CHARTS

To the Grandchildren of **George Addison** and **Deborah (Goldsmith) Throop,** even unto the Fifth and Sixth Generations, Greetings:

E pass on to you some of the things we know so well about our immediate ancestors; what they told us about theirs; and what we have been able to find about the more remote Colonial Ancestors who, with other like-minded people, laid the foundations of our government.

They dared much for Freedom of Conscience, which they found must be safeguarded by Freedom of Speech, Freedom of the Press and Freedom of Assemblage.

We send this to you with a deep sense of our indebtedness to them and a renewed feeling of responsibility to maintain those ancient safeguards of freedom.

You will find the charts fairly accurate, in proof of which we cite those who, with the help of these records, have joined organizations that require proof of ancestry; but it is not to furnish you such proof that we have labored to send out this book. There are too many descendants of all sorts to make that claim distinctive. We have done this for the joy it has given us, and for those of you who really care to know the sort of ancestors you have, who sufficiently care for the ideals of the fathers, to seek wisely to maintain the safeguards they found essential.

We hope you will realize that the freedom you enjoy was slowly won; that wisdom, discrimination and devotion are more than ever needed to prevent Freedom becoming license.

It has taken much time and hard work by some of us that all of us may have in print letters and records that would otherwise be lost. The old letters were lovingly preserved by **James Addison Throop,** because they were written by his mother, **Deborah,** to whom he was devoted, although he could not remember her, by his father **George Addison Throop,** who died when he was yet a child, by his sister, **Cordelia,** whom he adored, and the grandmother he loved.

The Old Traveling Bag, full of letters from three generations, had been pushed back under the eaves, safe from childish curiosity. There **Bessie Cordelia** found it after her father, **James Addison,** and her mother, **Rowena (Beebe),** died.

When we were well past fifty, these letters came to us, revealing grandparents who died years before we were born. We first knew them, not as old people, but as young people, untutored by love, undisciplined by life.

In other letters we came to know a mother, **Cordelia**, and a father, **James Addison**, as two very lonely children. Later letters helped us follow them through eager youth in Hamilton, New York, to their own homes in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

The letters made us realize that loyal Americans, 100 years ago, were deeply interested in the political, social and religious problems of their day as though such questions were vital to their wellbeing. So they were, and so they are. Have we with all our labor-saving devices less time than they for discussion of vital questions?

As glimpses of the past, as pictures of eager youth 100 years ago, we decided to select some of the many letters, hoping you, too, will enjoy them.

As we send this out, we hear and heed the warning of our ancestors: "Take no pride in ancestry, unless it helps you become better ancestors, 'as you are, so once were we; as we are, so you shall be,' merely ancestors. While you yet have time, be wise, be good, be true to the principles we sought to establish to the end that Democracy may endure and representative government be truly representative."

The charts may fail to interest some of you because there are recorded here no coats-of-arms or family crests. There are some, good ones, too, but we have left them as well as some interesting families for you to figure out.

We were not interested in what seemed to us unimportant in the democracy that is slowly growing on the foundations that the ancestors laid with so much sacrificial labor. We were interested in the sort of people they were; in just why they came, how their characters stood the test of hardship, persecution, authority and responsibility, and so far as it is possible to discover, the family patterns they were bound to follow.

Among them were yeomen, artisans, military men, ministers and men of affairs, with brave women to bear and rear their children, amidst unbelievable privations. It was not a good time or place to be a woman. No wonder we find so many mothers of our ancestors second and third wives. It was a man's New England. A woman was merely a "consort" or a "relict," depending on the life or death of her husband. Men alone had a voice in government and church affairs, and only those men could vote who were members of the approved church. (It was a sort of congregational church, a poor sort at first, for the ministers were dictators.)

They all came primarily because they were Puritans—non-conformists. King James, King Charles, and Archbishop Laud had made

England impossible for them. It was England and prison or exile to the Colonies. The Colonies promised not only a place where God could be worshipped as they saw fit (they did not come for religious freedom for anyone but themselves), but adventure lured them and profit enticed them. Propaganda did not begin in our day. Great promises were held out by the Plymouth and London Companies.

Two or three months on those sailing boats, loaded with people and live-stock, was sufficiently long to change the destinies of many, as well as make any sort of solid footing welcome, whether it was Plymouth Rock, Salem, Charleston or Boston. A fare of salt meat, salt fish, hard bread, peas-porridge, and beer, made fresh water, fresh fish and cornmeal mush seem good. How they fed and watered the live-stock for those weeks at sea is a mystery.

No matter how firmly they believed that those "elected" were equal before God, they were great sticklers for titles and class distinction. After the official, the clerical and military titles, Mister was the highest title, then came Goodman and Yeoman.

The Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay Colonies came with Royal Charters. Connecticut and Rhode Island later got them. New Haven alone asked no favor of the King. Massachusetts, New Haven and Plymouth were theocracies. They claimed the Bible as their guide, but, alas, they seemed to overlook the New Testament, Jesus, and His rule of love and charity. From the Old Testament, they got their laws and from it they drew comfort and justification for their bigotry, persecutions, and cruelty.

The Reverend John Cotton of Boston, their best loved minister, is represented to have said: "I do not conceive that God did ever ordain democracy as a fit government either for the church or the commonwealth." All the ministers except Roger Williams, Thomas Hooker and Samuel Stone agreed, so they were banished or left Massachusetts. Governor Winthrop wrote: "The best part is always the least, and of that best part the wiser part is always the lesser." That is probably true, but who is so wise as to judge which is the best and who are wiser?

The Massachusetts Charter granted land all the way to the western ocean. No one owned it but the Indians, and who were they to those Nordic ancestors, so self-satisfied, so sure of their heaven-given superiority and divinely-appointed mission? They appear to have been land hungry. We very soon find them with plantations of hundreds, and in the case of the officials, of thousands of acres. The Plymouth, New Haven, and Rhode Island Colonies bought their land from the Indians, but those of Massachusetts and Connecticut took it as a "gift from God;" or as the Connecticut General Court claimed, after the Pequot Indians had been exterminated: "The land that God has delivered into our hands by right of conquest is ours." We can well imagine the Indians sending word up and down the Atlantic coast: "Our coun-

try is in grave danger. Our institutions and civilization are menaced by these objectionable immigrants that come from the land of the Rising Sun in white-winged boats. They have no sympathy nor understanding of our traditions, customs or ideals. Our religion and religion of our fathers, they seek to destroy, setting up their own God in whose name they drive us from our land, our sacred places and the graves of our fathers. In His name they speak with forked tongues. Our Sun God looks not on them with kindly eye, their skins are white. They are stupid, they do not understand our language. They use many words for simple meaning. They fight with thunder and lightning. They corrupt our braves with fire-water. Their braves work like squaws. Unless we destroy them, like a tidal wave, they will engulf us."

It is to be hoped you will spend interesting hours in libraries reading of the old England they left and the New England they founded. You should find the history of the New England Colonies more interesting when you recognize in each the names of ancestors.

As history is best illuminated by the lives of persons sufficiently bright or prominent to reflect the movements, the thoughts and feelings of their time, let us start you off by trying to make you acquainted with some of our ancestors who have especially interested us.

One might easily study the early ancestors from the boats on which they came and their fellow passengers. That is not a hard thing to do, because they came with papers and passports, unless, indeed, they stole out of England.

On the first boat, the "Mayflower," we find **Mr. Richard Warren,** one of the ten men who used the prefix "Mister," among twenty-four who signed the "Compact" on the "Mayflower" by which they were to be governed. He wisely came without his wife and children to find if home life was possible in the new world. **Mistress Warren** and the five daughters came on the "Ann" in 1623. If **Mr. Warren** was wise in council or brave in battle, you must discover. I know only that **Richard Church** exchanged the land on Eel River that had been given him by his mother-in-law, **Mistress Warren,** for land in Hingham, Massachusetts, where he and his wife, **Elizabeth (Warren) Church,** moved, lived, died and lie buried. **Mr. Warren** and **Mistress Warren** died and were buried in Plymouth.

We will note as we go over the old records that the first and some of the second generation recognized a daughter's legal rights only through her husband, an interesting way to follow the slow emergence of women's rights.

Between 1620 and 1643 there was a great exodus from England, caused by Archbishop Laud's drastic way of securing conformity. It

was conform or "get out," a rule the Massachusetts Bay Colony made their own.

The men in England, who were interested in colonization for profit, had found that no colony could endure unless led by men of position, experience, ability, and financial standing. It was such men, with their wives, the London Company persuaded to go on the "Arabella" in 1630, with the charter of the Massachusetts Bay Company. At that particular time Archbishop Laud was hounding the Puritans who were obstinate and desperate.

The passenger that interests us most on the "Arabella" is **William Coddington.** We will let Jared Spark introduce him, (in "The Library of American Biography"): **"William Coddington** was the most eminent and influential of **Mrs. Anne Hutchinson's** supporters. While in England, in 1629, he had been chosen Magistrate of the intended colony of Massachusetts Bay. He was several times rechosen to that high office, besides being treasurer of that colony. In leaving Massachusetts, he had more to lose than anyone else, as he was a principal merchant in Boston and owned large properties and improvements in Braintree, and would doubtless have been made governor of the colony." (See appendix.)

The first year was a terrible year for the passengers who came on the "Arabella." Many died, among them Mistress Coddington. As it was no place for man to live alone, within the year **William Coddington** returned to England and brought back his second wife, Mary.

In 1631 came the "Lyon" with supplies for the half-starved colonists. Perhaps **Coddington** and his wife, Mary, came back on that boat. Roger Williams came—he was not our ancestor—but **John Sanford,** who came from Alford, England, was an ancestor.

Two months at sea with Roger Williams should have converted any bigoted theocrat to the right of each church to self-government. **John Sanford,** doubtless, would have followed Roger Williams into exile in 1636, had not his love for **Bridget Hutchinson** and his admiration for her mother, held him in Boston. He went into exile with them three years later to Aquidneck Island.

Bridget Hutchinson came with her parents **William** and **Anne (Marbury) Hutchinson. William** and **Anne** were middle-aged people who left their comfortable home and relatives in Alford, England, mostly because **Anne** felt she must have the stimulus of Reverend John Cotton's sermons. Religion did not matter much to **William.** He left all that to **Anne,** to whom he was devoted and whom he always considered "a dear saint and servant of God." They left three little graves in Alford. Their second son, Edward, had preceded them to Boston, so they had but eleven children with them on the "Griffin," crowded in with the other passengers and a hundred and fifty cattle for Governor

Winthrop. Another child was born in Boston, where they settled down among old friends from Boston, and Alford, England.

Their house was built on what is now Washington and School Streets. It must have been a large house, for there, later, **Anne** had her women's meetings with sixty to eighty women in attendance. Whether the house was of brick or logs, we do not know. **William Coddington** had built the first brick house in Boston which was very near the **Hutchinsons,** as were the homes of John Cotton and Governor Winthrop and other prominent people. It was the best part of Boston, near the spring and not too far from the Common where they pastured their cattle.

You must read about **Anne Hutchinson,** her life, her trial, banishment, and excommunication. Read "Unafraid," by Winifred King Rugg, and the "American Jezebel," by Helen Augur, to really appreciate this many times great-grandmother. Be wiser than they or Governor Winthrop, who described **William Hutchinson** as a "man of weak parts." It took a brave man, more modern than his fellows, who in 1634-1642, encouraged his wife, the mother of his sixteen children, who carefully looked to her family and was a good housekeeper, to use her brilliant mind and "leisure" time as she saw fit. Governor Winthrop simply could not understand such devotion, such confidence, and admiration, on the part of any man for any wife, especially for one who caused him so much worry.

As you read about **Anne Hutchinson,** and **William Coddington,** disabuse your mind of that fallacy, which still persists, though we know it is false, that man's inheritance comes through the male line from father to son, while the woman's comes from Eve, down through all her daughters. **Anne Hutchinson** was her father's child, just as **William Coddington** was his mother's son. Had he not been devoted to an intelligent up-and-coming mother or grandmother, he, too, would have seen grave danger to the colony in those weekly meetings of women; and in **Mistress Hutchinson's** continual talking about the Covenant of Grace and her criticism of the ministers who were still under a Covenant of Works. Any intelligent woman, as you well know, who has been the friend and confident of a father who thinks and acts from convictions, cannot thereafter regard men as lords and masters. To her, men in general are just humans, whom she gives credit for being as intelligent as herself until they proved themselves stupid. So it was with **Anne.**

Her father sowed the seeds of independent thinking that caused her to reap a harvest of persecution. But what a valuable harvest it was, that the Colonies later bound into freedom of conscience and freedom of speech.

As a woman, "gently born and gently bred," Boston welcomed her with open arms. Was not her mother **Bridget Dryden,** and were not

the **Drydens** aristocrats with titles? After she settled her family in the new home and had the household machinery running smoothly, she used her medical knowledge (she had it from her mother) and her own experience, to help the younger women in sickness and childbirth. The doctors were few and ignorant and the ministers taught sickness and death were the Lord's chastisements. In all this I like to think that her neighbor, Mrs. Coddington, was her admiring friend.

John Gallup is supposed to have come to Boston in 1630. We can't prove it, nor do we know on which boat he came. His will was the first recorded in Boston. He comes into history by rescuing the body of John Oldman from the Block Island Indians. They had murdered Oldman and taken his boat.

William Coddington tells us in his letters*, that he owned the pinnace that **John Gallup** used to ram the boat that had been Oldman's, so frightening the Indians they jumped into the sea and were drowned. **Coddington** also states that **Thomas Stanton** was with Oldman, was cut in the back and set ashore by the Indians. With three ancestors concerned in that affair, even that becomes interesting.

Thomas Stanton had come to Narragansett by way of Virginia on the "Bona Ventura," in 1635. He was an Indian Interpreter, much called on in peace, in war and trade, so you will find his name often mentioned. He was a brave man and inclined to be very fair in dealing with the Indians. When the remnant of the once powerful Pequot tribe, pursued by the victorious whites, had taken refuge among friendly Indians, **Stanton** asked that the attack be withheld, while he went, alone, among the Indians to explain matters. He came out, followed by two hundred and fifty friendly Indians, men, women, and children. Later, when his young son, **Joseph,** was acting as interpreter, the fine old Sachem of the Narragansetts, Minantonomi, said: "It is not seemly that one so young should deal with matters of war. Conduct me to your elders."

Doctor and **Mrs. Lord** came on the "Elizabeth," in 1635, to Hartford, where his medical license was granted, the first one in the Colonies. Their daughter **Ann (Lord)** married **Thomas Stanton.** I rather like the **Stanton** motto: "In God we trust. Moderate acquisitions are lasting."

Captain John Mason, who had served with Fairfax in the Lowland countries, came to Boston before 1635. In that year, we find him leading the vanguard from Dorchester, Massachusetts, to establish the first permanent English settlement in Connecticut, at Windsor. Windsor, with Hartford and Westerfield, in a very few years, became the Colony of Connecticut. **Captain John Mason** was to Connecticut what Miles Standish was to Plymouth.

*See Appendix.

It was a terrible deed he was sent to do when his little army of ninety Connecticut men, joined with the twenty men of Massachusetts under John Underhill, and Indian allies, massacred and burned seven hundred Pequot Indians*. At that time there were no more than eight hundred English people trying to establish a colony in Connecticut, the stronghold of the powerful, war-like Pequot tribe. We prefer to read of **John Mason** as "The Major," often so-called because he was the only major, who was sent on many less terrible errands.

After 1659, we read of him as "Our Worshipful Deputy Governor," who was sent to settle many critical boundary and political disputes. When John Winthrop, Jr., was in England, in 1660 to 1662, **John Mason** acted as Governor. The Royal Charter, Governor John Winthrop, Jr., brought back, was made out to John Winthrop, Jr., **John Mason** and * * * * * (seventeen others named).

Reverend Robert Peck was a very popular minister in Hingham, England, as he was later in Hingham, Massachusetts. When it was learned that he actually permitted and encouraged his family and neighbors to sing Psalms in his home on the Lord's Day evening, he was driven from his flock and had to leave England. He came to Hingham, Massachusetts, in 1638. After Charles I had completely lost his head, **Reverend Peck** and his wife returned to England. Their daughter, **Ann Peck,** remained, the second wife of **Captain John Mason.** It was **John Mason** and the terrible Pequot war (think of it as you will) that opened up the country for more Connecticut towns and the New Haven Colony.

URING the winter of 1637 and 1638, Boston was upset, excited, divided into two hostile camps, by the accusation, trial and banishment of **Mistress Anne Hutchinson.** It was not a pleasant place that winter for anyone, but especially bad for those who presumed to think for themselves and talk about it. In her trial it was not the woman, **Anne Hutchinson,** who was on trial so much as her accusers, the ministers, the magistrates and the governor. **Anne Hutchinson** and **William Coddington** alone, among them all, have stood uncondemned before the bar of time and the jury of posterity.

The remarkable thing about **William Coddington's** stand in the Boston conflict of 1637 to 1639 was that it was impersonal. He was not a follower either of John Wheelwright or **Anne Hutchinson.**

His name was first on the "Boston Petition." He stood out in opposition to his friends in authority because he hated persecution and

*See Appendix.

believed justice could be served only by loyal adherence to British court procedure. Winthrop's easy assumption of the double role of judge and prosecutor alarmed him.

In his reported sayings at the trial of **Anne Hutchinson,** he appears as a far-seeing, logical, loyal, non-conforming Puritan, a protesting Protestant. The history of the terrible persecutions during the succeeding decades proved his wisdom and justified his judgmment.

Before you condemn the Puritans, as such, you must remember there were two sides and——the women. The Boston church was almost a unit for **Anne,** but, alas, she had greatly offended the Reverend Wilson and Governor Winthrop, who feared non-conformity in Boston as he once thought he loved it in England. The ministers and the governor were justified, whether it was their power and position they sought to maintain, or theocracy that they sincerely believed to be the best possible form of government. **Anne Hutchinson's** ideas, once admitted, would, in their belief, have been the ruination of all.

When things were at their very worst, came "The **Theophilus Eaton party,"** made up as it was of rich merchants from London, Puritan followers of Reverend John Davenport, an acquisition to any town. Boston wanted them to remain, of course. As Reverend Davenport was their spiritual head, so **Theophilus Eaton*** was their fount of earthly wisdom.

Theophilus, we are sure, needed both earthly wisdom and spiritual grace in his own family. He had been married before and had with him at least one daughter by his first marriage,, his second wife **Ann Lloyd (Yale),** a widow, with her two boys, and their own little children. **Madam Eaton** decided to come with brothers, Nathaniel and Samuel, a complicated household at any time, in any place.

Reverend Davenport was entertained by Reverend John Cotton, who sorely needed him in his effort to convince **Anne Hutchinson** of the error of her thoughts and ways. They could not overwhelm her with scriptural quotations. She knew the Bible as well as they did. Reverend Davenport earned his board and keep, let us hope, by convincing her: "If, as you say, the resurrection is past, then it follows that marriage is past; if the resurrection is nothing but the Christian Union with Christ, as you claim, then all that are united are children of the resurrection and are therefore neither to marry or to be given in marriage. Therefore, you are a Familist." She said she abhorred that doctrine and did not know that her belief about the resurrection meant that. Reverend Davenport gained a victory, but was drawn into a

*__Theophilus Eaton__ had been Deputy Governor of the Eastland or Baltic Company in London, and by King James was appointed his agent at the court of Denmark. The family estate in Chester, England, **Eaton** designated as Great Budworth. His first wife died in London, and he married **Ann Lloyd (Yale),** a widow. In his will he mentions three children: Theophilus, Mary and **Hannah.**

terrible church row that made Boston an impossible place in his eyes.

Just before the **Eaton** Party arrived, money had been voted for a new school to be located in Newtown, afterwards Harvard College in Cambridge. As a sort of bait to win **Theophilus,** Nathaniel Eaton was made Head Master, a sad mistake on the part of those in authority, for Nathaniel was a family disgrace. No one but his mother ever had loved him. To get rid of him, **Theophilus** was more than willing to brave any wilderness, if it was too far and too primitive for Nathaniel to follow.

Is it too great a stretch of imagination to think that the **Coddingtons** entertained the **Eatons** in their fine brick house? **Theophilus** was a member of the Massachusetts Bay Company. They must have known each other in London. Both were merchants. **Coddington** in his pinnace had, doubtless, explored the coast for safe harbors. What was more natural than they should discuss the best places for new Colonies each was to govern?

Eaton may have been with the **Coddington-Hutchinson** party when both left Boston in March, 1638. The **Hutchinson** party decided Aquidneck Island* suited them, if Roger Williams could persuade the Indians to sell the land and Plymouth did not claim it.

The **Eaton** party decided, now the Pequot Indians were no longer a menace, they would go on to Long Island Sound, and there founded their New Haven.

Mistress Eaton, of course, was caught in the excitement about **Anne Hutchinson** and all sympathy for a woman who, in spite of her condition, was held prisoner in the house of Joseph Weld in Roxbury, a brother of her bitterest enemy. With Mistress Winthrop or Mistress Coddington or pretty Mary Dyer, she probably called at the **Hutchinson** home where **Bridget** was doing the best she could, with her father off hunting a place to live and her mother sick and a prisoner. **Mistress Eaton** wanted to know all about the Anabaptists, the Antinomians, the Adamites and Familists. Why were they so bad? Why this and why that?

In spite of Reverend Davenport's warning of the danger of woman's curiosity about things man alone could understand, **Theophilus** could not keep his wife from going about asking questions and becoming so sympathetic with the Anabaptists that she later became one. When you read of her church trial in New Haven in 1644, pass lightly over the accusations of what she did at home. **If** she was an Anabaptist, **if** she walked out of church during the communion service and showed loud and exasperating approval when Reverend Davenport used the oft' repeated phrase, "On this point I will be brief," it was enough to convict her of any crime. They could not banish the Gov-

*Renamed Rhode Island in 1644.

ernor's wife, nor could they excommunicate, so they drove her well nigh distracted with their gossip and accusations.

All in all, the winter of 1637-38 was bad for Boston, and its distinguished visitors. **Theophilus Eaton** advised a hurried move to New Haven as soon as the ice was gone in the spring of 1638. Cotton Mather said of the **Eaton** party: "They were under the conduct of as holy, as prudent and as genteel persons as ever visited the nooks of New England. Though in a manner they stole out of England, being forbidden to sail, yet they dropped here a plantation constellated with many stars of the first magnitude, for if **Theophilus Eaton** and John Davenport were not blazing lights, where shall we look for meteors?"

They bought the land from the Indians and established a theocracy that is said to have made that of Massachusetts seem mild; with this difference, however, having bought only such land as they needed, they might well say to non-conformists, if you do not like our government, buy your own land and start a government that suits you.

In 1639 came **Reverend Henry Whitfield** from England with his parishioners. They bought land and founded Guilford which became one of the five towns of the New Haven Colony. **Reverend Whitfield** returned to England in 1653, but his daughters, **Abigail** and Sarah remained as wives of **Reverend James Fitch** and Reverend John Higginson. **Abigail** did not live long after the birth of her daughter, **Abigail.** Could her father have known she would die so soon, he, doubtless, would have said, "It is the will of God, let us be comforted." Could he have known her daughter, his grand-daughter, **Abigail Fitch,** would marry **John Mason II,** who was mortally wounded in King Phillip's war, brought home by his Mohegan followers to die, leaving his wife with two children, he probably would have said, "It is God's way of chastising His children. Let us be reconciled." But could he have known that his great-grandson, **John Mason III,** would marry **Ann Sanford,** the great-granddaughter of that "heathen and sinner," **Anne Hutchinson,** he would have wished his daughter dead before a drop of his blood should mingle with that of the woman driven from Boston as "a leper."

WHEN **William Throope** came, or under what name, we do not know. He may have been Adrian Scrope, son of the regicide. Adrian Scrope. We first find him in Barnstable on Cape Cod, with his wife, **Mary Chapman,** and several children, in 1666. If he was other than he seemed, he was safely hidden as **"Goodman Throope."**

Had he gone to New Haven he need not have feared. In 1660, **William Jones** came to New Haven with his Bride **(Hannah (Eaton).**

He was the son of **Colonel John Jones,** who, as an unrepentent regicide, though 81 years old, was that year beheaded. **Hannah Eaton** came back to look after her large estates, and **William** came because it was not well for a son of a regicide to remain in London. Joffe and Whaley, two regicides, came with them, and all of them found refuge and help in New Haven.

The ancestors of **George Addison** and **Deborah (Goldsmith) Throop** and so of their children, **Cordelia** and **James Addison,** were all New Englanders from old England, most of them came before 1660. We know that it is not ancestors that matter, but what we are; that we are only a few of the hundreds or even thousands of the descendants of our early ancestors. But they are ours, and as such we long to know something about them. They came as radicals of their day, non-conforming Puritans, or Separatists, who came as Pilgrims, all loyal men and women, loyal to English traditions and to what they considered the best in English government and laws.

When my mother, **Cordelia (Throop) Cole,** gave me some old deeds to salt marsh lands about Guilford, the old Articles of Faith of 1731 of the IV Church in Guilford (see page 314), and a lovely little ivory box full of locks of hair, brown and gray, kept in remembrance of loved ones gone, she made a remark that started me ancestor hunting. She said: "These were given me by my grandmother, **Ruth (Miner) Goldsmith,** who got them from her mother, **Ruth (Morse) Miner.** Though my **Grandmother Goldsmith** was the most unworldly minded of women she had great family pride. No, I do not know why. She may have told me, but life was hard for me as a child. I had so many problems of the present, I had no time for Ancestors. Now, I wish I knew why she was proud of her family."

Getting what **Cordelia** could tell me about the **Miners** and **Goldsmiths,** and all her brother, **James Addison Throop,** knew about the **Masons** and **Throops,** I started years ago to trace half my ancestors, those of my mother. I soon found Martha Throop Vaughan of Chicago was doing the same thing. Her father, Amos Gager Throop and **Cordelia's** father, **George Addison Throop,** were double cousins, so we had many ancestors in common. We soon came to know by correspondence Winchester Fitch, who was working on his very accurate and comprehensive Throop Geneology, which you will find in the New York Geneological and Biographical Record, starting with April, 1905. Get it in the nearest geneological library and read all that is known and guessed of the Adrian Scrope tradition. It is an interesting speculation that was believed a fact in every branch of the Throop family.

If you will go as we went, years ago, you will have a delightful trip about Long Island and through New England, hunting ancestors, trying to find the last resting places of many of them. We bundled ourselves and the children into an automobile. The trip should have been taken with a horse and buggy, or, better still, an ox-drawn wagon. It takes time to find ancestors. Too hurried going keeps us from getting a proper sense of time and distance.

If you are ready, we will start again from Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, where **Cordelia (Throop) Cole** and her husband, **William Remy Cole,** lived with their seven children, and where **James Addison Throop** and his wife, **Rowena (Beebe)** lived with their eight children.

We will go through Galesburg, Illinois, to Chicago. We will stop in Washington, D. C., to look over the House and Senate, to see if we dare leave the affairs of the country with them, while we go back to the time the foundations were being laid for the first Constitutional Democracy. We will go through New York City, and hurry out to Southampton, Long Island, where we find the first **Goldsmith,** for we are hunting **Deborah's** American ancestors now. **Thomas Goldsmith** was the first. We do not know when he came. He owned property in Salem in 1643. He was one of the signers of a petition from Southampton to the General Court in Connecticut, August 29, 1673, stating: "Unless reinforcements are sent at once, we will be forced to surrender to our enemy, the Dutch, who have appeared off our shores with seventeen ships."

As we drive about Southampton, we wonder why **Thomas** settled there. There were no wealthy New Yorkers then, to build summer palaces; no one lived in New Amsterdam but the despised Dutch. Perhaps **Thomas** and his son, **John,** raised horses, sheep and geese on their 300 acre farm.

After **Thomas,** there were four **John Goldsmiths,** who lived in Southold, one of the five towns of the New Haven Colony; later it became part of Connecticut, and later still, New York Colony. In Southold, the first **John** married three times. His first wife was **Prudence Wines,** who died when **John II** was born—one of the many dear young mothers who died that we with our particular inheritance might live. **John II** married **Mary Vail,** they had six children. **John III** married **Bethia Wells;** they had **John IV,** who married **Deborah Terry,** July, 1756.

When Southold, Long Island, became a part of the New York Colony, **John** and **Deborah** decided they would move across the Sound to Guilford, Connecticut. They loaded their goods into the pinnace, pink or shallop, whichever boat **John** happened to own, and sailed across the Sound.

Before we follow them, we will visit the old cemetery and look down on the graves of the ancestors who, for some reason, seem to us never to have grown old. We will look through the records of the old town meetings and notice how much time they spent discussing the question, "Shall the geese have the freedom of the town, or shall they not?" Having just left New York and Washington, we can but wish they had settled once for all, "Geese shall not have the freedom of the streets." But geese were valuable then. Feather beds and pillows were frequently mentioned in the wills.

With sails set, the precious feather beds topping off the household goods, **John** and **Deborah (Terry) Goldsmith** sail for Guilford, while we hurry to catch the ferry. As we cross (1934) thinking of **Prudence, Bethia, Mary** and **Deborah,** we watch with fascination the charming woman with reddened lips, too rosy complexion and eyelashes longer and thicker than nature ever made them, deftly working a very lovely petit-point seat for one of her eighteen dining-room chairs. She tells us it is for the master's chair. We get off the ferry wondering who had the best of life, she with her beautifully furnished home or they with their severe simplicity?

John and **Deborah (Terry) Goldsmith** came in when the tide was high, so they could float their load of household goods past Fleets Island almost to their farm. In our automobile, we must go a more round about way.

Just west of Guilford, we come to Moose Hill Inn, then we turn south about one-half mile, then southeast, and before we know it, on our right, over the old stone wall is an old burying ground, almost hidden in the poison ivy and underbrush. It is the **Goldsmith** burying ground.* Farther up the hill **John** and **Deborah** built their home where their son **Richard** was born, the **Richard Goldsmith** who married **Ruth Miner** and became **Deborah's** father. We will look down on the graves of **John** and **Deborah** wishing we knew more about them, then go on into Guilford where many ancestors walk the streets on Hallowe'en.

As **Ruth (Miner) Goldsmith** and her mother, **Ruth (Morse) Miner,** lived in Guilford before they went to Brookfield, New York, we are sure to find here why **Ruth (Miner) Goldsmith** was proud and from whom came our little ivory box. We have brought the old church paper back home; and the little ivory box, as a talisman. We will take the old church paper to Charles A. Post, who had all but that one to make the local church history complete, to be left as a legacy to some historical organization.

We will first try to find out about the **Miners.** We fail, thanks to Benedict Arnold. **Absalom Miner** came from New London to Guilford,

*Directions given, 1934, by Miss Ida Hubbard of Guilford (a **Goldsmith** descendant).

where he married **Ruth Morse.** When Benedict Arnold, to spite his one time friends and neighbors, burned New London, he proved himself contemptibly mean as well as a traitor. Among the records that were burned were those of marriages and births. As no old **Miner** family Bible came down to us, we had to guess **Absalom's** ancestry from the given names used in the **Miner** family.

Ruth Morse, who married **Absalom Miner,** owned the little ivory box and took it from Guilford to Brookfield, New York, in that exodus from Connecticut after the Revolutionary War, so we must go to her for guidance and information. We will ask her first to take us to her childhood home.

Driving west from the drug store, she takes us to Fleets Island, no longer an island even at high tide. Turning right, under the railroad, we drive up the hill to a very charming old Colonial house with a fine view toward Guilford. There **Ruth Morse** was born, there she was married to **Absalom Miner** of New London. In that house her mother, **Hannah (Pierce),** died.

We wish we could let you proudly enjoy that house and grounds, so perfectly restored in every detail, as a Colonial home of your ancestors. It is two-storied now, the old well sweep, the stepping stones, the old orchard, back on the hill where the granite ribs of the earth stick out, are still there. The old stone walls are in repair and fine barns with sheep and cattle add picturesqueness. You will notice the old hinges and door latches. **John Morse, Ruth's** father, sold his farm to Captain Daniel Frisbie in 1791. Captain Frisbie's only daughter, Pamelia, inherited the farm; she lived there with her husband, Horace Morton. The Mortons raised the old story-and-a-half house to its present size. Their only daughter, Lucy, married James Hunt. Lucy and James put in the fine stone walls on the street front, removed the barn to its present location and generally improved the place. They or their heirs sold it to the present owners, Mr. and Mrs. William C. White, whose son, Russell, an interior decorator, carried on the improvements inside the house, making it the charming colonial home it is at present.

For some reason, we have always felt rather near to **Ruth Morse,** probably because of the ivory box. We had imagined her father's second marriage was one of convenience, and possibly, economy, so we were not surprised or shocked to hear that he ordered his second wife and her daughter about like servants, locking the results of their labors at the fire place and the Dutch oven, in a closet in the cellar, doling things out as occasion required, certainly a thrifty Yankee; nor that he knelt at the south window in the upper chamber and prayed loud and long that the Lord would deliver him from that woman, loud because it was not intended for the ears of the Lord alone.

He had his tombstone carved, all but the last figure, 179..... Where he got the stone, no one knows, as it is different from the native stone. He had his coffin properly fitted and on hand. Being thrifty, he used it as a safe place to store dried beans, which once a year were removed that he might try on his coffin. He ordered that he be buried lying north and south along the stone wall, south of the house; and so he lies, just over the wall from the road. In his will he requested his sons to be kind and considerate of the woman who had for several years put up with his lack of consideration.

Ruth has been standing by smiling as we hear the tales* of her father, **John Morse.** "Yes, father was eccentric, especially after all the children married and left him alone in the old house. He really loved mother; she was **Hannah Pierce** of England, you know."

"Was it your mother, **Hannah Pierce,** who gave you the ivory box partly filled with locks of hair, all so very fine, all gray or brown?"

"No; my grandfather, **Seth Morse,** gave it to me with the old church paper when he married again, after grandmother, **Hannah (Faulkner) Morse,** died. He said I was a neat, tidy child and liked old things and old people. His second wife did not care for the box, as it had belonged to his first wife, so he decided to give it to me. He reckoned he should have given the church paper, years ago, to some one in the church. As Deacon, he kept the paper and now they were so busy with new church disagreements, no one cared for the old Statement of Faith."

"Was **Hannah Faulkner** the daughter of the shoemaker who lived farther up the hill near the farm?"

"No; the shoemaker was a cousin. Her father, **Rev. Patrick Faulkner,** was a minister who did not like the church domination of everything in Guilford, so he moved to Newark, New Jersey, with his wife, **Hannah (Jones) Faulkner.** No, I do not know where my **Grandmother Hannah (Jones) Faulkner** got the box. Why do you not ask her?"

Hannah (Jones) Faulkner's voice comes from a great distance. There is so much interference caused by the unrhythmic clatter of six generations, we may fail to get all that she says. This is what we think she says: "When mother went with father to Newark, I was married to **Seth Morse.** Mother left the box with me, as it was to go from mother to daughter. Mother was **Hannah Jones,** you know, granddaughter of **Theophilus Eaton.** Her mother was **Hannah Eaton,** who married **William Jones.** After **Great-Grandfather Theophilus Eaton** died, **Grandmother Hannah Eaton** took her mother, **Anne,** back to England. The church had driven **Anne** almost insane with gossip and its

*These old stories were told me by the great grand-daughter of Captain Daniel Frisbie, Mrs. Harriette L. Bryan.

determination to make her recant. She was too confused in mind and weak in body to live long, and died in England. There **Hannah Eaton** married **William Jones** and came back to New Haven with him and brought the ivory box with her. It had just two locks of hair then, those of her father and mother. I think she bought the box in London."

At last we think we know all we can find out about the little ivory box. We take the locks out, one by one, all gray or brown, and tied with ribbon white or black, except the little yellow lock, tied with red which I added as a child. Here is this quaintly braided wreath, the brown hair shining as though still alive; and here is another wreath, dull and dead, these wreaths so like the generations that are woven into you and me.

As we put them back, thinking of the gray heads and the brown heads, of the part they played in the New Haven Colony, we think we know something of our grandparents and of **Deborah Goldsmith's** inheritance. Which one, do you suppose, gave her the artistic gift, and which one her nobility and sweetness? Did these gifts come to her from across the Sound, from Long Island, or did they come from ancestors in Guilford, or New Haven?

Deacon Seth Morse and his two wives were doubtless buried in Guilford. We have not found their graves, so will go to the "Old Stone House," supposedly a replica of the first house built in Guilford in 1639, the home of **Reverend Henry Whitfield** and his wife, **Dorothy,** and the fort of the little settlement.

HILE you are studying **Whitfield's** family tree, with roots well down toward Adam, with titles and crests galore, we will look over the names of the regicides. We recognize two familiar names, Adrian Scrope and **Colonel John Jones.** Before you begin to collect European bric-a-brac in the shape of titles, be sure you know what kings granted them and why. It was a cheap way of paying real or supposed debts, honorable and dishonorable, by monarchs worthy and unworthy. Better be satisfied with honest yeomen and artisans or ministers just out of prison, rather than seek kings who sent them there.

We will spend the night at Saybrook because the old fort was built there on the west side of the river, to keep out the Dutch. From that fort, they started to destroy the Pequot Indians. Later, **Major John Mason** was stationed there as commander of the Connecticut troops.

In Saybrook lived the **Buckinghams** and **Beaumonts.** These were all ancestors of **Grandfather George Addison Throop.**

From Saybrook **Major John Mason,** with his wife, **Ann Peck, John Mason, II,** 16 years old, **Reverend James Fitch,** with his motherless

daughter, **Abigail,** 9 years old, and many members of his congregation, went north in 1659 to found the town of Norwich, Connecticut.

We will go on to New Haven where **Theophilus Eaton** was the Governor of the New Haven Colony from the time it was founded in 1638 to his death in 1657. When he died, a grateful people, through the General Court, caused to be engraved on a sandstone slab the following:

"Eaton so fam'd, so wise, so just,
The Phoenix of our world, here lies his dust,
This name forget New England never must."

When his daughter, **Hannah,** and her husband, **William Jones,** died. though **William Jones** had been their representative and was the Lieutenant Governor of Connecticut after the union of the two colonies. they added this further tribute to **Theophilus Eaton:**

"T' attend you, sir, under these framed stones,
Are come your honored son and daughter **Jones."**

They were buried on the old Green. The stones were removed in 1797 to the new Grove Street Cemetery. We will find copies of the original stones in lot three in the third tier. now known as Linden Avenue.

In the New Haven Colony we have found the ancestors of **Deborah Goldsmith.** Now we understand her better and why her **Morse, Miner** and **Goldsmith** ancestors conformed or were mildly non-conformists as Baptists.

E warned you it would take time to make this trip. We are not half through yet, as we must go to Lebanon, Connecticut, to start hunting the American ancestors of **George Addison Throop.** In Lebanon, his father, **Dan Throop,** and his mother, **Sarah Stanton (Mason),** were born, and there they were married.

In Lebanon we find more ancestors buried than in any other one place.—**Throopes, Masons, Terrys, Beaumonts.** Even **Reverend James Fitch,** came to Lebanon from Norwich after his "stroke of palsy," to spend his last months with his children, and there he died.

In the oldest cemetery, now called the Trumbull cemetery, we find three **Dan Throopes*** and their wives, **Deborah (Church), Susannah**

*It was in Lebanon they dropped the final "e" from Throope.

(Carey) and **Deborah (Terry)**; **Reverend James Fitch** lies not far from the monument of Governor Trumbull. The **Throope** lot is on the very top of the hill. The stones are so old it is hard to decipher the inscriptions.

In the same burying ground we find the monument of **Captain Peleg Sanford Mason,** who died when he was only forty-four.

Sarah Stanton Mason will be our guide from now on. The **Masons** lived out of Lebanon on what was known as Masons Hill. **Capt. Peleg Mason** and his wife, **Mary (Stanton)** first settled there. Their son, **James Mason,** was born there, and from there he courted **Abigail Beaumont,** whom he married. She bore him sixteen children. **Sarah** was the second child and oldest daughter.

As a piece of interesting family history, we are glad to record that **Abigail's** sixteen children lived to maturity, most of them married and had large families, and **Abigail** lived to be an old woman, outliving her husband, **James,** several years. When **Sarah** and Nancy **Mason** married the **Throop** boys, **Dan** and William, the four of them decided to go out West to Central New York. **Abigail** did not propose to be outdone by her daughters and persuaded **James** to go along with all the children. It must have made quite a procession of ox-drawn wagons that took them all, with their household goods, through the Catskill mountains to the western frontiers in Central New York.

In those early days there were more **Throops** than **Masons** in Lebanon. The **Throops** were said to have been industrious, unhurried, good-natured farmers. There was a saying, "you could lead a Throope with a twine string, but you could never drive one." There was an unusual number of handsome women among them with musical voices. All had prominent blue eyes. Best of all, in "this vale of tears," from generation to generation, was passed down, even to my mother's generation, hearty, contagious laughter, with quick intelligence to see the ridiculous or humorous side. I have sat in audiences and heard people ask, "What is funny, the Throops are laughing?" just before the general wave of laughter swept over the audience.

Great Grandmother Sarah Stanton (Mason) Throop now suggests we had better go back to Barnstable, on Cape Cod, and follow the Throopes about. It is so lovely along the coast, we will enjoy the trips here and there; no place over a few hours from Boston, where most of them landed.

We left **Goodman William Throope, I,** in Barnstable, with his wife and children in 1666. In 1680 he loaded his family and other posses-

sions into a wagon, yoked his oxen and made the first overland trip to Bristol, a new town just being started, at that time a part of Plymouth Colony, later Massachusetts, now Rhode Island. The overland trip was worthy of note and record, because most of the people traveled in boats on the salt highways of the sea.

In Bristol, he and his wife, **Mary (Chapman),** died and were buried, after years of useful citizenship, he a Freeman, a Juryman, a Surveyor and Representative. From Bristol, his sons, **Dan, I,** and William, II, started the western movement of the family, going "way out west" to Lebanon, Connecticut. They, too, must have used the ox teams, as Lebanon is inland twenty miles east of Hartford.

William, II, had as many and possibly more prominent descendants than **Dan.** Among them was Edward Everett Hale.* We wish when he and **Cordelia** met in Saratoga, New York, at the American Unitarian Association, and later corresponded about the little Unitarian school in Humboldt, Iowa, they had known they had some ancestors in common.

It was **Dan, I,** who is our ancestor. He married three times. His third wife was **Deborah (Church) (Gray),** a widow. With her and his seven children, he moved to Lebanon, where two more children **(Deborah's)** were born; one of them, Dan, II.

Deborah was the daughter of **Joseph Church** and **Mary (Tucker),** the grand-daughter of **Richard Church** and **Elizabeth (Warren),** and the great-grand-daughter of **Mr. Richard Warren,** of the "Mayflower," and his good wife, **Elizabeth.**

How swiftly the generations crowd each other off the pages of history! **Dan, II,** went back to Bristol for his wife, **Susannah (Carey).** Her father, **William Carey,** was sheriff and mayor of Bristol, England; had a grant of arms, for some reason. The **Careys,** in England, had inter-married with the **Scrope** and **Fairfax** families. It would be interesting indeed, if we could prove it was another inter-marriage between the Scropes and Careys.

Dan, II, was a Quartermaster in Lebanon in 1744, and was known as **Captain Dan Throope.** He was a Selectman for sixteen years. He and **Susannah** had seven children.

Dan, III, was also **Captain Dan Throop;** he married **Rachel Terry,** and they had nine children. He was captain of the Light Horse in the Revolutionary War. His house is still standing on the old road to the railroad station. The outside, looking much as it did before the Revolutionary War, but the inside, —— ——! The foreign-born woman who owns the place now, proudly informs us that she can feed twenty cows where former owners kept but ten, so she was able to pipe water into the house for her kitchen sink and bath room. The old fire-place

*See Edward Everett Hale's "Puritan Politics in England and New England."

is closed, the old wide floor boards are covered with shining linoleum, fresh paper covers walls and ceilings. That house was not restored. it was just "fixed up."

Dan, IV, was born there in 1777, during the Revolutionary War. Before he married **Sarah Mason.** he was a Privateer. Now do not smile and decide he was a pirate, until you read about the Privateers after the Revolution, before and during the War of 1812. **Dan** and 119 others were captured and thrown into prison by French or Portuguese. Only twenty survived. **Dan** held fast to his Bible while in Prison. Mr. H. G. Throop of Syracuse, New York, now owns it. In it we were delighted to find that **Dan** had written the name of his bride as **Sally Mason.** Our awe of her vanished on seeing that. Even though she died two years before I was born, I have always been in great awe of her, feeling she would scold me if I did not look out and mend my ways and take life more seriously. You will see why when you read her letters.

Dan loved the sea, but we feel sure **Sally Mason** did not marry him to permit him to go galivanting about the West Indies, even if he did take his Bible with him. The western move was her idea. On the hills of New York he might safely roam behind the plow and oxen, though his heart still roamed the sea.

BEFORE we follow to New York, **Sarah Stanton Mason** wants us to go with her to become acquainted with her ancestors, and, if possible, find where they are buried. She takes us to Boston, where they all landed about 300 years ago. Then Boston was a little village, and it was a journey to Dorchester, Hingham and Braintree. The ancestors made the journey on horse-back or on oxen over the Indian trails. Newport, Rhode Island, Norwich and Windsor, Connecticut, were far away, now a journey of just a few hours from Boston.

It is so lovely about Boston and Newport, we wonder any of them left. Religion or necessity must have driven them forth or else a great promise lured them on their ever westward migration. We tried to tell you in the first pages something about those first ancestors.

We will go to the corner of Washington and School streets, where **William Hutchinson** built his home in the heart of the best residential district, now the heart of the wholesale district of Boston. The good spring is gone, but the Common is there, always full of people crossing this way and that or resting, enjoying the fine old trees. There is no whipping post or stocks or gallows where Mary Dyer "hung like a flag."

In front of the State House on Beacon Hill stands a bronze statue to a Woman. There she stands clasping a Bible in one hand, holding close a child that clings to her skirts. She does not see us as she looks above for comfort and a revelation. We move closer to see what is inscribed on the base: "To **Anne Hutchinson.** Courageous exponent of civil liberty and religious toleration." **Anne Hutchinson,** whom they drove out of Boston as one unfit to associate with God's elect, sending her forth as a "publican and sinner," as a "disciple of Satan!"

We wonder what you think as you look up at her? We wonder why they erected that statue? Was it for themselves, in an effort to prove that there is now civil liberty in Massachusetts? Do they think religious indifference is toleration, or was it as a rebuke to their ancestors who drove her forth? Whatever their motive, whatever their inscription, there stands **Anne Hutchinson,** proclaiming woman's responsibility to use whatever intelligence she has to better Church and State.

As **Anne Hutchinson** went forth, banished and excommunicated, so we will go by boat, as she went, to their farm at Wollaston near Quincy where her devoted son, Francis, met her with her ten children and all who followed. He led them over Indian trails on foot, in March, in Massachusetts, south toward Aquidneck Island. Zuryell was only three years old. Susannah was but nine and **Anne Hutchinson** was sick. Her supposed confinement was but a few weeks off. Suppose it did turn out to be a terrible tumor, the "gallant" gentleman who drove her forth thought she was "heavy with child." For five days and nights they traveled, till **Anne** was well nigh spent.

The **Coddington-Hutchinson** group, eighteen heads of families, signed a Compact, bought the island of Acquidneck from the Indians for forty fathoms of wampum. The deed was made out to **"William Coddington** and those united under him." They had no time to pick and choose. They located by the nearest spring on the north end of the island, and started to build their log houses. Later it was called Portsmouth. Neither then nor afterwards was there beauty there. **Anne** found a home, her husband and a safe refuge waiting for her there; once more they were a united family. **William Hutchinson** died and was buried in Portsmouth in 1642. He had been President for one year.

In Portsmouth, **John Sanford** and **Bridget Hutchinson** lived with their ever-increasing family until there were eleven children. **John Sanford** was also President; he, too, died and is buried there. **Bridget** returned to Boston, the consort of Major Phillips. In one account it is stated she was among those whipped as being sympathetic with the Quakers.

Before we follow **William Coddington** to the Big Spring on the south end of the island, let us do better than most and give the Puritans credit for a love of beauty. The scenery about the great spring must have been as beautiful then as now. We like to think the beauty about Newport won them as much as the great spring of fresh water. We read that they could float a boat loaded with seven cords of wood on the stream that flowed from the spring. With a little filling in, they constructed a fine harbor.

After our ancestors were gone from Newport, that harbor was used by pirates and slave traders. **Coddington's** plantation was out on Coddington Cove, where the government now has a naval base.

William Coddington's wife, Mary, and their daughter, Mary, and his third wife, **Anne (Brinley),** died and were buried in Newport, where we do not know. It was his second daughter **Mary*** who married **Peleg Sanford,** and became the mother of **Anne.**

As **Peleg Sanford** was Governor of Rhode Island from 1680 to 1683, he and his wife, **Mary,** may have been buried in Providence.

William Coddington became a "Quaker." George Fox was his friend and visited him in 1672 at his Newport home. **Coddington** gave the land for a Friends' meeting house and burial ground and there he was buried. Even Roger Williams' toleration was not sufficiently elastic to include the Friends and Jews. Both found a hospitable refuge in Newport.

We happen to arrive in Norwich during a boat race between Harvard and Yale. You may watch the race, if you choose, while we find out what we can about our ancestors, **Major John Mason** and **Reverend James Fitch,** who led and guided the founders of Norwich in 1659.

If possible, get a copy of "The Norwich Jubilee, a report of a celebration at Norwich, Connecticut, of the two hundredth anniversary, compiled by John W. Stedman in 1859." Read the "Life of **John Mason,**" by Honorable John A. Rockwell; the sermon preached on the Sabbath preceding the celebration, by Reverend Hiram P. Arms. That you may contrast the love letters of 1674 with those of 1832, read the letter Edward Taylor wrote to his beloved, Mistress Elizabeth Fitch, who was a niece of **John Mason, II,** and a half-sister of his wife, **Abigail Fitch.**

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*It was the custom in their day to name a second child after a beloved child who had died. So we find two Mary Coddingtons, daughters of **William Coddington.**

The book is full of interesting side-lights on Norwich, its founders, and reports a very worthy celebration.

As we are, with reason, interested in the early history of Rhode Island, and its internal difficulties between the mainland and the island, we are delighted to read **Major John Mason's** advice to the General Court of Connecticut* and his opinion of Rhode Island, its government and its people in 1670. He refers, of course to the mainland, as Connecticut never claimed the island of Aquidneck.

Both **John Mason** and his wife, **Ann (Peck)** died in Norwich in 1672. The funeral sermon, preached by **Reverend James Fitch** when **Ann (Peck) Mason** died, has been preserved. As his second wife was Priscilla Mason, **Ann** was his mother-in-law as well as his daughter's. He described her as a woman of "eminent piety, gifted with a measure of knowledge above what is usual in her sex. I need not tell you what a Dorcas you have lost. Men, women and children are ready with weeping to acknowledge what works of mercy she hath done for them.'

John Mason and his wife **Ann (Peck),** and probably their son, **John,** were buried in the old Post-Gager Burial Grounds in Norwich. No stone was there seventy-five years ago to mark their resting place. Is it possible some thrifty Yankee needed the old stones to stop a hole some pigs or sheep had made in his fence? Or did he use them for stepping stones?

There were two **Captain John Masons** in Norwich before **Captain Peleg Sanford Mason,** with his wife, **Mary (Stanton),** from Charleston,

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*"I am apt to think the proper right to the Narragansett County belongs to Connecticut. But there seems, notwithstanding, so many twistings in the matter, and how they may be interpreted is doubtful and uncertain, besides the many hazards that may attend the management of this affair to a full issue, possibly to the effusion of blood; besides disasters which are not yet discovered. 'Tis also possible the toll may prove to be more than the grist. A wise man reckons the cost before he builds his house. Truly I am of that mind that the charge in recovering what is aimed at, if it should be gained, will amount in reason to more than the whole county will be worth. We would have to erect a government over a people that will come under no government, neither civil or ecclesiastic. They being already in dispersed corners like the Swedes, so there is no likelihood of any tolerable Christian-like society to be settled amongst them. Therefore, for us to take so much pains, to run so great a hazard at so much trouble and charge upon so great an uncertainty to procure a nothing, nay, truly that which is worse than nothing, etc. I speak thus not that we may be dastardly cheated and be fooled out of our rights, but that there may be due and provident care so to demean ourselves that we may prevent after inconveniences."

Major John Mason had as poor an opinion of the government and people on the mainland of Rhode Island in 1670 as **William Coddington** had in 1644. The letter confirms **William Coddington's** wisdom in seeking to keep Aquidneck Island independent of the mainland.

Rhode Island, moved to Lebanon, where we will return with **Sarah Stanton (Mason) Throop,** while she tells us a little of her girlhood:

"Father and mother were Presbyterians. In that faith we were all brought up. I can not remember just why Nancy and I went to hear Elder Stacy, the Universalist Missionary. If we went to scoff, we stayed to pray, as we were both converted and became Universalists. You can not understand what it meant for us to desert the God of our fathers, the God of law, and follow the God of love. We did not know anything about any grandmother named **Anne Hutchinson** till I went with you on this journey, but we must have had a little of her courage to leave the faith of the fathers to go into the new faith, whose followers were so few and so scattered. It was like going into a wilderness, for religion was all that mattered in those days.

"The **Throope** boys, **Dan** and William, did not mind it much that we were Universalists. They good-naturedly agreed, so as Universalists we brought up our families.

"If you are through here in Lebanon, let us now go on to Chenango and Hamilton counties, New York, where we went soon after we were married, to build our homes and rear our children."

As we drive along, we think of the strange mixture of her inheritance; theocracy, aristocracy, bigotry, conformity against which struggled non-conformity, a reaching out towards democracy, fair play, toleration and freedom of thought and conscience. There were submissive women and independent women; women who followed, and women who led. There was Nordic superiority that despised and feared the Indians. There was friendly recognition of Indians as fellow men. It was religion that led or drove them. It was religion that united or separated them. Religion was the great motive power of their lives. **God** directed their footsteps and the Bible was the revelation of His will, the only guide book necessary in their earthly pilgrimmage.

THE old **Throop** farm was north of Hubbardsville, New York, beyond Coles Hill. There were born seven children, **George Addison,** our grandfather, being the fourth child. He was born in 1810. **Dan Throop,** his father, was captain of the militia in Chenango county, New York. We can well imagine that **Great Grandfather Dan** with regret gave up the roving life of a Privateer, to settle down as a farmer in Central New York after he married **Sally Mason.** What delightful stories he might have told his children about "when I was a

privateer," had not such stories been forbidden, as tempting the boys to go down to the sea in ships. **Dan** hid himself from his children and kept his memories to himself.

Their son, William Huntington Throop, the oldest son of **Dan** and **Sarah,** wrote in 1876: "My father, **Dan Throop,** was stern, just, honest, and cautious, and loved his children. I revered and obeyed him, but I can't say I loved him. But my mother, God bless her, was an uncommon woman. She was a natural teacher. She also was stern and exacting, but her children had all confidence in her and loved her. She was the moral and social regulator of the place. If any quarrels arose, she was the referee to settle them. If other women wanted any letters written, they came to her. When families were sick, she was doctor and nurse. For a number of years she made itch ointment for the whole neighborhood and gave it to any who needed it, if they brought her the ingredients. In 1812, I think it was, when the war broke out, they celebrated the Fourth of July in our dooryard. Mr. Jobe Potter and mother were the orators. I was not old enough to remember much about it, only the great crowd, the fife and drums, and that the speakers stood up in a lumber wagon. Mr. Calvin Hubbard, now ninety-two years old, says mother's talk was the first and best abolition lecture he ever heard. I did not realize then what it was to have such a mother."

In 1830, **Deborah Goldsmith** was called as a portrait painter to paint the portraits of the **Throop** family. We know she painted four of them, **Dan Throop,** his wife, **Sarah Stanton (Mason) Throop, George Addison** and Almira. The first two, we have reproduced for the book. We are sorry we could not reproduce them in their original colors.

Cordelia had her mother's tin box of paints. In it she kept the little ivory box. Just as **Deborah's** pictures kept their colors, so have the paints. She laid them aside more than a hundred years ago, tied in bladder bags, large and small. With **Deborah's** box of paints came some of her books and her two "Albums," in which she painted several pictures, poured out her heart in verse, and copied poetry that she found inspiring and comforting, from 1826 to 1831.

George and **Deborah** were married December 27, 1832. They had a home and store in Hamilton, New York. Two years later, during the financial crisis of the thirties of the last century, the general store that **George** kept, failed. With sorrow and humiliation, he was forced to dispose of his home, take his wife and their little daughter, **Cordelia,** back to the farm. There, in a few months, a little son, **James Addison,** was born, and there, three months later, **Deborah** died, when only twenty-seven years old.

George's father, **Dan** had died in 1831, fifty-three years old. He and **Deborah** lie side by side on the very top of Coles Hill Cemetery. We cannot feel, as we look down on their graves, that either of them fought to live. Both meekly accepted the "will of God." Even then, sickness, health, life and death were merely as "God willed."

If you observe in the letters of **George** a different idea expressed remember **George** was considered "a dangerous trifler with science."

The letters in The Old Traveling Bag came to me long after the family charts were finished. They tell their own story far better than we can imagine it. Do not read them to be amused. Do not read them at all unless you read for understanding.

SARAH (Mason) Throop moved to Hubbardsville with her children, DeWitt and Almira, and little grandson, **Addison,** after **George** left home in 1837. There she married Solomon Wait about 1839. He was a widower, fourteen years older than she. With him she moved with her family to Preston, New York. Her children referred to Mr. Wait as Father Wait, so we presume they did not resent the marriage. When Solomon Wait died in 1846, **Sarah** laid him to rest beside his first wife, Lucy. We are sure she intended, when her time came, to be laid beside **Dan** and **Deborah,** on Coles Hill, but instead she was laid beside her father, **James Mason,** and her mother, **Abigail (Beaumont) Mason,** in the cemetery on Preston Hill.

In Hamilton the **Throops** and **Goldsmiths** lived at different times. There **Cordelia** was born. There she lived with her grand-parents. **Richard** and **Ruth Goldsmith.** There she worked her way through school. There **James Addison** came to join her at the Academy where he studied for one year after she had graduated and gone West to teach.

In Hamilton, **Cordelia** dreamed her dreams of service and devotion, dreams that she realized in the West, instead of India. She served God in ways very different from the ways she then thought. She left Hamilton in 1852 to go to Galesburg, Illinois, to make her home and headquarters with her aunt, Lucretia (Goldsmith) Boone, her mother's older sister. **James Addison** also came to Galesburg in 1855 to work in the Gully Water Cure.

Their father, **George A. Throop,** had gone west to Chicago in 1847 to work in the lumber business of his double cousin, Amos Gager Throop. He went to make a home for his two children. He rejoiced in his strength, when cholera came to Chicago in 1849. He nursed the

sick and cared for the dying as one relative after another was stricken. At last it was over; he felt he could, with impunity, enjoy the fruit and the melons the Dutch settlers brought in from the country. The Grim Messenger laid him low, in two days he was dead; it was September 17, 1849.

THE trip has sobered us. It has given us so much to think about. As we have watched the mingling of diverse inheritances, we have marveled at the wondrous ways of life—that out of conflict and bigotry, there came calm and power to some; if the conflict was too great for some and they failed, who can wonder? We cannot choose our life pattern, only the way we carry it out. "Man has only three ways of coming into relation with his fellows or his gods, interest, law, love. In social life, he always obeys one of the three motives. Properly understood, religion is only a social bond between man and the Supreme Power upon which his existence depends. So we have a religion of interest, a religion of law, or a religion of love." Our ancestors appear to have chosen the religion of law or the religion of love.

We return to Chicago more thoughtful than when we went. We will go to Rosehill Cemetery, where **George Addison** was buried in the Amos Gager Throop lot (No. 552-553, Section B, near Soldiers Monument.) Then we return to Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, where **Cordelia**, with her husband, **William Ramey Cole,** and some of their children; **James Addison Throop,** his wife, **Rowena (Beebe),** with some of their children, lie buried in Forest Home Cemetery.

We have traveled far with pioneer ancestors, from Boston, Newport, New Haven, Norwich, Guilford, Lebanon, Connecticut, through the Catskill Mountains to Hamilton, New York, out to Chicago, and home to Iowa; from the beauty of hills and ocean, from clear running brooks, from stony farms, to muddy streams, and the deep black soil of Iowa; from the salt marshlands to the rolling prairies, with ancestors who came ever westward for easier ways of life and better opportunities for their children.

The wild land is all tamed now; the frontiers are hemmed in with networks of wires, threaded through with paved highways and railroads, dotted everywhere with landing fields and beacon lights for the ships of the air.

The Pioneers are gone, but pioneer work will ever be with us. There are mountains of prejudice, dismal swamps of ignorance, dense forests of selfish intolerance, yet to be overcome.

New Pioneers are needed, with the old-time love of freedom, with initiative, self-reliance, intelligent firmness, devotion to a vision and shrewd common sense.

Are we sufficiently worthy of our Pioneer inheritance to at least safeguard the democracy it took so many generations to establish that it may yet prove the best workable government for men and women who think?

EARCHING for ancestors is much more interesting than any game and much more worth while. The game is soon over, but ancestors, once found, are always with us, delightful companions who never desert us, no matter what happens. They go with us unto death, when we join their ranks. They never intrude, never ask a favor, not even recognition or appreciation. They are always near, however, to give advice or warning, to encourage or rebuke us.

Some of them have been very lonely all these years, waiting patiently for us to come. The most lonely ones are those who dared to stand up and stand out for an ideal.

Ancestors despair as they see generation after generation stupidly blundering along trying by themselves to solve the same old life problems. It seems such a waste of time and effort to them that children and grand-children will not learn the life lessons from any experience but their own.

If you want Ancestors just to decorate a family tree or to help you get into some organization, let them rest in peace. Really, to know them you will have to read everything you can find about them and their times. The inconspicuous ones—there are many such—you can only know by knowing their day and generation, and realizing it takes true grit at times merely to carry on.

As you trace the Ancestors, you will find yourself dealing with inheritance and environment. Each ancestor came with half a life pattern to be fitted to the other half, in a new life. They were not responsible for what they brought, for they, no more than we, could choose their lives; merely the way in which they lived them. If the half plans did not fit together, if the new life lacked proportion and color, it was called a misfit or a failure. From our point of view, we can see that what seemed lost, came out fine and strong in future generations.

"Things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been" because of the ancestors who lived faithfully and loyally their earnest

lives. From generation to generation they passed on faith in, and reverence for, what seemed to them, the good and the true. They dared think for themselves and acted from convictions.

Such ancestors give to their descendants firm ground, as a starting point from which to get some place to accomplish something. As a place to rest in retrospective contentment, that firm ground becomes a sort of quicksand in which is lost all worthwhile endeavor and individual initiative.

What a heritage is ours to choose from! As we choose so shall we be.

With good reason, we may consider most of our ancestors successful men and women, even though, after the first two generations, there were no men of wealth or landed estates. They passed on before it became the custom to measure the golden rule of life by twelve ounces to the pound, before "success" depended on accumulated silver or gold.

They chose reverently to follow truth, with faith in the ultimate good. In that faith, no matter what words they used, they lived and died.

With this book, we pass on to you——

THE ANCESTORS.

—OLIVE COLE SMITH.

October 21, 1934.

FROM DEBORAH'S "ALBUM," 1826-1831

"Piety communicates a divine luster to the mind.—It will support the drooping soul like a refreshing dew upon the parching earth."—Selected, 1827.

ANCESTRAL CHARTS

ANCESTRAL CHART OF GEORGE ADDISON THROOP

George Addison Throop: B., July 19, 1810, Hamilton, N. Y.; M., **Deborah Goldsmith** Dec. 27, 1832; D., Sept. 17, 1849, Chicago, Ill.; buried in Rose Hill Cemetery, Sec. B, lots 552-553, near Soldiers' Monument.

Children:

Mary **Stanton:** b., May 25, 1803; m., Sabin; d., Preston, N. Y., May 26, 1867.

Abigail E.: b., March 21, 1805; m., Benjamin Sweet; d., Mt. Pleasant, Ia., Dec. 12, 1871

William Huntington: b., May 3, 1807, Hamilton, N. Y.; m., Calphurnia Dunbar; d., July 28, 1883, Hamilton

George Addison: b., July 19, 1810, Hamilton, N. Y.; m., Deborah Goldsmith, Dec. 27, 1832; d., Sept. 17, 1849, Chicago, Ill.

Susan E.: b., May 15, 1812; Hamilton, N. Y.; m., Byington; d., Jan. 2, 1842, Hamilton.

Rachel E.: b., Oct. 26, 1816, Hamilton, N. Y.; m., Dr. Dwight; d., June, 1872, Preston

Dan DeWitt Clinton: b., Nov. 27, 1819; m., Lydia Ann Whipple; d., March 10, 1888, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa

Dan Throop: B., Dec. 10, 1777, at Lebanon, Conn.; D., Apr. 10, 1831, at Hamilton, N. Y.; M., Apr. 6, 1802

Sarah Stanton Mason: B., July 6, 1782; D., Aug. 26, 1867

Capt. Dan Throop: B., Apr. 9, 1740; M., Jan. 31, 1760, at Lebanon, Conn.

Children:
Amy: b., 24 Jan. 1761
Rachel: b., 11 June, 1763
John: b., 22 June, 1765
Susanna: b., 12 Mar., 1768; m., Dr. Daniel Hutchinson of Lebanon, Conn.
Bernice: m., (1) Robert Potter, (2) Joseph Halsted
Dan: b., 10 Sept., 1777; m., **Sarah Stanton Mason**
Sarah, m., Amos Gager
Ann: m., John Swift, Jr.

Rachel Terry

James Mason: B., Apr. 7, 1759; D., Sept. 10, 1820, at Preston, N. Y.; M., Apr. 13, 1780, at Lebanon, Conn.

Children:
Peleg; b., 1781
Sarah; b., 1782
James; b., 1783
Nancy; b., 1785
William; b., 1786
Mary; b., 1787
Abigail; b., 1789
Esther; b., 1790
Almira; b., 1792
Elijah, b., 1794
Lucy; b., 1795
John; b., 1797
Amanda; b., 1798
Isaac N.; b., 1800
Milton; b., 1802
Julia; b., 1806

Abigail Beaumont: B., Aug. 20 1761; D., May 8, 1836, at Preston, N. Y.

Capt. Dan Throop: B., 1714, Bristol, R. I.; D., 1771, Lebanon, Conn.; M., Oct. 27, 1737

Susanna Cary: B, 1716; D., Nov. 20, 1764, Lebanon, Conn.

John Terry

Capt. Peleg Sanford Mason (only child of **Capt. John** and **Ann (Sanford) Mason**); B., 1720; **M.**, Nov. 4, 1742, at Charleston, R. I; moved to Lebanon, Conn.

Mary Stanton: B., 1711, Westerly, R. I.

Wm. Beaumont: B., Saybrook, Conn., 1725; D., Lebanon, Conn. 1812

Sara Everitt: D., Lebanon, Conn.; 1813, aged 92

Dan Throop: B., 1670; at Barnstable; D., Dec. 7, 1737, Lebanon, Conn.; M., Little Compton, R. I., Jan. 31, 1713

Deborah Church Gray (Widow): B., 1682; D., June 8, 1752; Dan's 3rd wife

Benjamin Cary

Deacon Ephriam Terry: B., 1671, Springfield; D., 1760, Lebanon, Conn.; M., Springfield, Mass.

Hannah Eggleston, B., Dec. 19, 1676, at Windsor, Conn.

Samuel Beaumont: M., June 27, 1716

Abigail Deming or **Dennison,** of Westerfield

Jonathan Everitt

William Throope: B., 1637; M., May 4, 1666, at Barnstable; D., 1704 at Bristol, R. I., aged 67

Mary Chapman: B. Oct. 31, 1643, D., 1732, Bristol

Joseph Church: B. 1638; D., 1711; M. Dec. 30, 1660

Mary Tucker: B., 1641; D., Mar. 10, 1710

Samuel Terry

Ann Lobdell

James Eggleston

Ester or **Esther**

Capt. John Mason: B., 1673; D., 1736, London, England; M., July 15, 1719 (second wife).

Ann Sanford Noyse (Widow)

Jos. Stanton: B., 1674; M., Jan. 2, 1705

Esther or **Hester Gallup**

Samuel Beaumont: B., 1656

Hester Buckingham: B., Jan. 10, 1668

Ralph Chapman: M. Nov. 23, 1642
Lydia Willis

Richard Church: B. 1608; M., 1635, Plymouth; D., Dec 27, 1665, buried in Hingham, Mass.
Elizabeth Warren: born in England; D., 1670, in Hingham, Mass.

John Tucker, of Hingham

Capt. John Mason: B., 1646; D., 1676; M., 1670

Abigail Fitch: B., 1650, at Norwich, Conn.

Gov. Peleg Sanford: B., 1639; D., 1701; M., Dec. 1, 1675 (2d wife)

Mary Coddington: B., May 16, 1654; D., Mar., 1692

Jos. Stanton: B., 1646; M., June 19, 1673; D., 1712

Hannah Meade: D., 1696

Ben Adam Gallup: B., 1655

Hester Prentice

Wm. Beaumont: M. in Saybrook, Conn.
Lydia Danforth: B., 1646; D., 1704; daughter of **Nickolas** and **Eliz. Danforth**

Rev. Thomas Buckingham: M., 1666; D., 1702; son of **Thomas Buckingham**
Hester Hosmer, daughter of **Thomas Hosmer**

Richard Warren, who came on "Mayflower," 1620; D. 1628, Plymouth, Mass.

Elizabeth Warren, who came on the "Ann" in 1623, with their five daughters; D. in Plymouth, 1673

John Sanford: b., Alford, England; d., 1653; m., 2d wife—
Bridget Hutchinson: b., 1618, Alford, England; d., 1698

Gov. Wm. Coddington: B., 1601, Lincolnshire, England; D., 1678, Newport, R. I.
Ann Brinley: Third wife, dau. of **Thomas** and **Ann Wise Brinley**

Thomas Stanton, Indian Interpreter: B., 1621; d., 1677
Ann Lord, dau. of **Dr. Thos.** and **Dorothy Lord:** B., 1637; D., 1688

Wm. Meade, Roxbury, Mass.

John Gallup, Son of **John Gallup**
Hannah Lake: M. 1634; dau. of **John** and **Margaret Lake**

John Prentice, son of **Valentine** and **Alice Prentice,** New London
Hester

Major John Mason: B., 1600; D., 1672; M., 1639
Ann Peck: B., 1619, daughter of **Robt.** and **Ann Peck**

Rev. James Fitch: B., Dec. 24, 1622; D., 1702; M., 1648
Abigail Whitefield, daughter of **Rev. Henry** and **Dorothy Whitefield**

John Sanford: b., Alford, England; d., 1653; m., 2d wife—
Bridget Hutchinson: b., 1618, Alford, England; d., 1698

Wm. Hutchinson: b., Alford, England, 1586; d., 1642, Portsmouth, R. I. (Acquidneck Island)
Ann (Marbury- Hutchinson): b., Alford, England, July, 1591; massacred near Stamford, Ct., Sept., 1643

ANCESTRAL CHART OF DEBORAH GOLDSMITH

- **Deborah Goldsmith:** B., Aug. 14, 1808, at Brookfield, N. Y.; M., **George Addison Throop,** Dec. 27, 1832; D., Mar. 16, 1836; buried in Coles Hill Cemetery, near Hamilton, N. Y.
  - **Richard Goldsmith:** B. Feb. 25, 1768; M., Mar. 8, 1792, at Guilford, Conn.; D., Mar. 19, 1854; buried in Hubbardsville Cemetery, N. Y.
    - **John Goldsmith:** B., 1732; M., July 8, 1756, at Southold, R. I.; D., 1816, Guilford, Conn.
      - **John Goldsmith:** M., Nov., 1725, in Southold, R. I.
        - **John Goldsmith:** B., 1680; D., 1725
          - **John Goldsmith:** D., 1703
            - **Thomas Goldsmith of Southampton, England**
            - .....
          - **Prudence Wines**
            - **Barnabas Wines:** B. in England
            - .....
        - **Mary Vail**
          - **Jeremiah Vail**
            - **Jeremiah Vail of England**
            - .....
          - **Ann**
            - .....
            - .....
      - **Bethia Wells:** B, 1707; D., 1754
        - **Justice Joshua Wells:** B, 1664; D., 1744; M., Jan. 19, 1686, at Southold, L. I.
          - **William Wells:** B., 1608; D., 1671
            - .....
            - .....
          - .....
            - .....
            - .....
        - **Hannah Tuthill:** B., 1667, at Southold, L. I.; D., 1752
          - **John Tuthill**
            - .....
            - .....
          - **Deliverence King**
            - .....
            - .....
    - **Deborah Terry:** d. in Guilford, Ct.
      - **Richard Terry:** B., 1683; D., 1767
        - **Gersham Terry:** B., 1652
          - **Richard Terry:** B., 1618; D., 1676
            - .....
            - .....
          - **Abigail:** D., 1686
            - .....
            - .....
        - **Deborah**
          - .....
            - .....
            - .....
          - .....
            - .....
            - .....
      - **Paine**
        - **Lieut. Nathaniel Paine:** D Sept. 29, 1731
          - **John Paine**
            - **John Paine,** son of **Thomas** and **Elizabeth Paine**
            - .....
          - .....
            - .....
            - .....
        - **Ann;** B., 1686; D., Mar. 12, 1725
          - .....
            - .....
            - .....
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            - .....
            - .....
  - Children:
    - Warren
    - Content
    - Ann; m., Thomas Nye
    - Lucretia; m., Sanford Boone
    - Tracy; m., Sally Ramsdell
    - **Deborah:** m., **George Addison Throop;**
  - **Ruth Miner:** B. Oct. 6, 1769, at Guilford, Conn; D. Dec. 20, 1854; buried in Hubbardsville Cemetery, N. Y.
    - **Absalom Miner:** M., at Guilford, Conn., before Oct. 6. 1769
      - **Joseph Miner:** (Only supposition for above—records burned in New London, Conn. See note**
        - **Joseph Miner:** B., 1669; D., 1700
          - **Dr. Joseph Miner:** Baptised 1644; 2nd marriage
            - **Thomas Miner:** B., 1608; D., 1690; M., 1634
            - **Grace Palmer,** daughter of **Walter Palmer**
          - **Mrs. Bridget Cheseborough**
            - .....
            - .....
        - **Sarah Tracy:** B., 1677
          - **Thomas Tracy:** B., 1646
            - **Lieut. Thomas Tracy:** 1610
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      - Children:
        - **Ruth:** m., **Richard Goldsmith**
        - Absolem: m., Gordon
        - John
        - Seth: m., Elenore Smith
        - Eunice: m., Zeb Weaver
        - Lois. m., Samuel Gordon
        - Jesse, Missionary to Green Bay; m., Amanda Head
    - **Ruth Morse:** B. Sept. 18, 1744
      - **John Morse:** D. Aug. 18, 1791, at Guilford, Conn.; M. Dec. 6, 1739
        - **Deacon Seth Morse** of Guilford: B., Dedham, Mass., April, 1686
          - **Ezra Morse:** B., Dec. 5, 1643; D. in Dedham, Mass., 1697; M., Feb. 18, 1670
            - **John Morse;** B., 1611, in England; son of **Samuel Morse**
            - **Ann Chickering**
          - **Joanne Hoare:** Came from England; D., 1691
            - .....
            - .....
        - **Hannah Faulkner:** B., 1696
          - **Patrick Faulkner,** Preacher, Newark, N. J.: M. Oct. 2, 1689
            - .....
            - .....
          - **Hannah Jones:** B., 1660
            - **Wm. Jones, Deputy Governor:** B., 1624, London; D., Oct. 17, 1706; M., July 21, 1659, in Middlesex Co., England, St. Martins in the Field; son of **Col. John Jones,** the regicide.
            - **Hannah Eaton**
              - **Theophilus Eaton,** Gov. of New Haven, 1638 till his death, 1657
              - **Ann (Yale),** widow of Thos. Yale; daughter of **Thos. Morton.**
      - Children:
        - Hannah: m., Page
        - Elizabeth
        - **Ruth:** m., **Absolem Miner**
        - Beulah: m., Kimberly
        - Lois
        - Seth
        - John
        - David
        - Mary; m., Bates
      - **Hannah Pierce,** of Falmouth, England: B., 1722; D., July 2, 1756, Guilford,, Conn.
        - .....
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CHILDREN OF GEORGE ADDISON AND DEBORAH (GOLDSMITH) THROOP

CORDELIA AND JAMES ADDISON

CORDELIA THROOP: Born, Nov. 17, 1833, Hamilton, New York; married at Henry, Marshall Co., Ill., Dec. 31, 1856, to **WILLIAM RAMEY COLE** (born Aug. 12, 1828, at Dearborn Co., Ind.; died, Aug. 29, 1915, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa); died, April 29, 1900, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. Children, all born in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa:

CHILDREN OF CORDELIA AND WILLIAM

ERNEST CHAPIN COLE: Born, Jan. 18, 1858; married **JENNIE B. COMSTOCK,** Mar. 9, 1881. Children:

Clifford Comstock Cole: Born, Jan. 22, 1884; married **Sara E. Johnson,** Feb. 12, 1907. Children:

Clifford Comstock Cole, Jr.: B., Jan. 20, 1908; married **Inez Waites.**

Genevieve Comstock Cole: Born, Jan. 20, 1889; married **Charles Addison Elliott.** Children:

Frank Roads Elliott: Born, Feb. 1, 1913.
Margaret Elliott: Born, Nov. 1, 1914.
Ernest Charles Elliott: Born, April 15, 1920.

Margaret Comstock Cole: Born, Nov. 11, 1891; married **Malcolm Donald McNaughton.** Children:

Malcolm Donald McNaughton, Jr.:
Robert Avery McNaughton.

Ernest Ramey Cole: Born, June 30, 1894; married **Dorothy Ann Withrow,** Oct. 24, 1910. Children:

Cordelia Throop Cole: Born Oct. 31, 1917.
Barbara Withrow Cole: Born, July 6, 1920.
Dorothy Ramey Cole: Born, Nov. 14, 1925; died Aug. 19, 1933.

RALPH GOLDSMITH COLE: Born, Jan. 12, 1860; died, Aug. 11, 1880.

HUGH ADDISON COLE: Born Oct. 4, 1863; married **KATE PENN,** Oct. 6, 1887. Children:

Edward Penn Cole: Born June 6, 1890; married **Dorothy McLain,** 1916. Children:

Edward Penn Cole, Jr.: Born, Feb. 14, 1917.
Louise Cole: Born, Dec. 6, 1919.

Hugh Livingston Cole: Born, May 26, 1894; married **Lucille Deneen,** 1925. Children:

Hugh Livingston Cole, Jr.: Born, Nov. 9, 1929.
John Martin Cole: Born, March 11, 1930.
Mary Cole: Born, Dec. 3, 1932.
Shirley Cole: Born, Aug. 10, 1934.

Amelia Cole: Born, Sept. 27, 1897; married **Arthur Wedderspoon, May 3,** 1921. Children:

Ann Amelia Wedderspoon: Born, Oct. 2, 1923.
William Rhind Wedderspoon: Born, Aug. 19, 1925.
Frederick Wedderspoon: Born, June 20, 1927.

Clarence Cole: Born, May 19, 1900.

CLARA COLE: Born, Dec. 10, 1866; married **DR. ROBERT CAROTHERS,** Oct. 8, 1890, at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. Children:

Ralph Goldsmith Carothers: Born, Oct. 5, 1891; married, **Helen Holmes,** Oct. 5, 1920, at Cincinnati, Ohio. Children:

Mary Buchanan Carothers: Born, July 3, 1921.
Harriet Holmes Carothers: Born, Mar. 21, 1924.

Thomas Abbott Carothers: Born, April 8, 1893; married, **Helen Olmsted,** Dec. 30, 1920, at Medina, New York. Children:

Charles Olmsted Carothers: Born, Aug. 2, 1923.

Dorothea Carothers: Born, Feb. 5, 1895; married **Thomas H. C. Allen,** Nov. 27, 1917, at Cincinnati, Ohio. Children:

Mariette Allen: Born, Jan. 29, 1920.
Dorothea Allen: Born, Dec. 3, 1923.

William Cole Carothers: Born, Mar. 21, 1903; died, Aug. 8, 1920, at Cincinnati, Ohio.

OLIVE COLE: Born, Oct. 21, 1869; married **ELBERT E. SMITH,** Oct. 15, 1896. Children:

Dan Throop Smith: Born, Nov. 20, 1907.

ARTHUR THROOP COLE: Born, Feb. 10, 1872; married (1) **MARY STILWELL GREY:** Children:

Richard Stilwell Cole: Born, Mar. 10, 1901; married **Mary Lee Strader.** Children:

Mary Lee Cole: Born, Oct. 18, 1923.

(2) **IRENE ISABELLE PARKER,** daughter of **Irene Isabelle Parker** and **Milton Parker;** married June, 8, 1918. Children:

Carol Cole: Born, Aug. 16, 1919.
Parker Cole: Born, Jan. 20, 1922.
Arthur Throop Cole, Jr.: Born, Dec. 8, 1924.

LUCRETIA COLE: Born Sept. 22, 1874; died, Aug. 20, 1878.

JAMES ADDISON THROOP: Born, Dec. 7, 1835, Hamilton, N. Y.; married **ROWENA BEEBE** (born Feb. 12, 1834, McDonough, N. Y.; died, Dec. 15, 1915, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa; daughter of **Joseph Ledyard Beebe,** born, Sept. 18, 1796, at Waterford, Conn., and **Betsy Curtis Beebe,** born, May 19, 1800, at Sutton, Mass.) April 7, 1858, at McDonough, N. Y.; died, Feb. 9, 1923, at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. Lived in Mt. Pleasant, 1856-1923.

CHILDREN OF JAMES ADDISON AND ROWENA

JOSEPH CURTIS THROOP: Born, Dec. 24, 1858; married at Tarkio, Mo., July 3, 1883, to **MARY WAIT** (born, April 8, 1846; died Oct. 12, 1907; daughter of **Chester** and **Lodema Wait**); died Dec. 27, 1921. Children:

Mattie Austin Throop: Born, May 25, 1884; married, Lester J. Chance.

Edith Throop: Born, Sept. 9, 1886; married, **Bourland Winford,** May 30, 1905, at Tulsa, Indian Territory. Children:

Rowena Alice Winford: Born, April 18, 1906.
Willis Throop Winford: Born, Sept. 10, 1907.

WALTER BEEBE THROOP: Born, Dec. 15, 1860; died, Oct. 8, 1862.

DAN CLINTON THROOP: Born, Dec. 16, 1862; died, Oct. 11, 1864.

HORACE LEANDER THROOP: Born, Feb. 5, 1865; married **LUELLA DOOLITTLE,** daughter of **Jonathan** and **Elizabeth Doolittle,** New London, Iowa, April 28, 1887. Children:

James Doolittle Throop: Born, Feb. 26, 1888; died, Aug. 20, 1888.

Rowena Margaret Throop: Born, June 17, 1889; married **Philip H. Griggs,** Kewanee, Ill., June 14, 1911. Children:

Elizabeth Jane Griggs: Born, July 15, 1912; died, Jan. 17, 1917.
Philip Horace Griggs: Born, Nov. 7, 1913.
Jonathan Doolittle Griggs: Born, Jan. 14, 1917.
Marjorie Jean Griggs: Born, June 24, 1928.

Max Addison Throop: Born, Mar. 22, 1892, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa; married **Marie Stockner,** Kewanee, Ill., Dec. 18, 1913. Children:

James Harvey Throop: Born, Feb. 10, 1919.
Maxine Marie Throop: Born, June 29, 1924.

JESSE NELSON THROOP: Born, Aug. 6, 1867; died, Oct. 31, 1871.

THOMAS DWIGHT THROOP: Born, Feb. 2, 1870; married **CORA DOOLITTLE,** daughter of **Jonathan** and **Elizabeth Doolittle, New London, Iowa,** April 3, 1890. Children:

Jessie Throop: Born, June 2, 1891; married **James Morton Day,** Mar. 6, 1913. Children:

James Throop Day: Born, Jan. 18, 1914.
Robert Morton Day: Born, Jan. 31, 1916.
Jane Alice Day: Born, April 12, 1922.

Miriam Throop: Born, Mar. 8, 1893; married **Elmer Virgil McCracken,** Jan. 14, 1912, at Billings, Mont. Children:

Throop Doolittle McCracken: Born, May 21, 1913. Children:

Davy Jean McCracken: Born, June 24, 1934.

Dwight Doolittle Throop: Born, Jan. 7, 1896; died, May 8, 1896.

Miles Curtis Throop: Born, Mar. 9, 1898; married (1) **Mae Simpson,** at Casper, Wyoming, Jan., 1921; (2) **Sara Sage,** Jan. 22, 1926. Children:

Nadine Ruth Throop: Born, Sept. 20, 1932.

Cordelia Throop: Born, Jan. 1, 1905; married **Charles Frederick Lane,** Jan. 1, 1925, at Billings, Mont. Children:

Joseph Throop Lane: Born, Nov. 19, 1926.

ADDISON JAMES THROOP: Born, June 16, 1876; married **NEVA STRAIN,** (born Nov. 18, 1880, Mahaska County, near Eddyville, Iowa; daughter of **David** and **Lucy (Trotter)** (mater **Pringle) Strain)** Sept. 20, 1899, at Oskaloosa, Iowa. Children:

Catherine Elizabeth Throop: Born, Nov. 20, 1901, at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa; married **Louis Joseph Branz,** Sept. 24, 1924, at Waterloo, Ill. Children:

Louis Nishan Branz: Born, Oct. 21, 1925.
David Forrest Branz: Born, Jan. 4, 1931.

Dan Addison Throop: Born, Aug. 28, 1906, Prospect Park, East St. Louis, Ill.; married **Cecelia Catherine Mooney,** St. Philip's Church, East St. Louis. May 2, 1928. Children:

Patricia Ruth Throop: Born, May 29, 1931.
Beatrice Dana Throop: Born, Mar. 19, 1934.

Neva Lucille Throop: Born, Dec. 14, 1907, Prospect Park, East St. Louis. Ill., married **Bertie Halsey Shepley, Jr.,** of Whittier, Cal., Nov. 26, 1930, at home. Children:

Marian Louise Shepley: Born, Sept. 7, 1931.
Eleanor Alice Shepley: Born, Jan. 24, 1933.
Dorothy Ann Shepley: Born, Feb. 3, 1934.
Jane Throop Shepley: Born, December 31, 1934.

Marion Rowena Throop: Born, at Prospect Park, East St. Louis, Ill., Aug. 2, 1909; died, Jan. 12, 1917.

BESSIE CORDELIA THROOP: Born July 15, 1878, at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

"It is indeed a desirable thing to be well descended,
But the glory belongs to the ancestors."—Plutarch.

TWELVE GENERATIONS IN AMERICA

1—Richard & Elizabeth Warren
2—Elizabeth (Warren) & Richard Church
3—Joseph Church & Mary (Tucker)
4—Deborah (Church) (Gray) & Dan Throop
5—Capt. Dan Throop & Susanna (Cary)
6—Capt. Dan Throop & Rachel (Terry)
7—Dan Throop & Sarah Stanton (Mason)

1—Robert & Ann Peck
2—Ann (Peck) & Major John Mason
3—Capt. John Mason & Abigail (Fitch)
4—Capt. John Mason & Ann (Sanford) (Noyse)
5—Capt. Peleg Sanford Mason & Mary (Stanton)
6—James Mason & Abigail (Beaumont
7—Sarah Stanton (Mason) & Dan Throop

1—Rev. Henry & Dorothy Whitfield
2—Abigail (Whitfield) & Rev. James Fitch
3—Abigail (Fitch) & Capt. John Mason
4—Capt. John Mason & Ann (Sanford) (Noyse)
5—Capt. Peleg Sanford Mason & Mary (Stanton)
6—James Mason & Abigail (Beaumont)
7—Sarah Stanton (Mason) & Dan Throop

1—Wm. Hutchinson & Anne (Marbury)
2—Bridget (Hutchinson) & John Sanford
3—Gov. Peleg Sanford & Mary Coddington
4—Ann (Sanford) (Noyse) & Capt. John Mason
5—Capt. Peleg Sanford Mason & Mary (Stanton)
6—James Mason & Abigail (Beaumont)
7—Sarah Stanton (Mason) & Dan Throop

1—Dr. Thomas & Dorothy Lord
2—Ann (Lord) & Thomas Stanton
3—Joseph Stanton & Hannah (Meade)
4—Joseph Stanton & Ester or Hester (Gallup)
5—Mary (Stanton) & Capt. Peleg Sanford Mason
6—James Mason & Abigail (Beaumont)
7—Sarah Stanton (Mason) & Dan Throop

8—GEORGE ADDISON THROOP

9—CORDELIA (THROOP) COLE

10—Ernest Chapin Cole
11—Clifford Comstock Cole
12—Clifford Comstock Cole, Jr.
11—Genevieve Comstock (Cole) Elliott
12—Frank Roads Elliott
12—Margaret Elliott
12—Ernest Charles Elliott
11—Margaret Comstock (Cole) McNaughton
12—Malcolm McNaughton, Jr.
12—Robert Avery McNaughton
11—Ernest Ramey Cole
12—Cordelia Throop Cole
12—Barbara Withrow Cole
12—Dorothy Ramey Cole

10—Hugh Addison Cole
11—Edward Penn Cole
12—Edward Penn Cole, Jr.
12—Louise Cole
11—Hugh Livingston Cole
12—Hugh Livingston Cole, Jr.
12—John Martin Cole
12—Mary Cole
11—Amelia (Cole) Wedderspoon
12—Ann Amelia Wedderspoon
12—William Rhind Wedderspoon
12—Frederick Wedderspoon
11—Clarence Cole

10—Clara (Cole) Carothers
11—Ralph Goldsmith Carothers
12—Mary Buchanan Carothers
12—Harriet Holmes Carothers
11—Thomas Abbott Carothers
12—Charles Olmsted Carothers
11—Dorothea (Carothers) Allen
12—Mariette Allen
12—Dorothea Allen
11—William Cole Carothers

1—Gov. Theophilus Eaton & Ann (Yale)
2—Hannah (Eaton) & Wm. Jones, Deputy. Gov.
3—Hannah (Jones) & Patrick Faulkner
4—Hannah (Faulkner) & Deacon Seth Morse
5—John Morse & Hannah (Pierce)
6—Ruth (Morse) & Absalom Miner
7—Ruth (Miner) & Richard Goldsmith

8—DEBORAH (GOLDSMITH)

10—Olive (Cole) Smith
11—Dan Throop Smith

10—Arthur Throop Cole
11—Richard Stilwell Cole
11—Mary Lee Cole
11—Carol Cole
11—Parker Cole
11—Arthur Throop Cole

HOW THE CHARTS CAME TO BE

HE CHARTS, that would record but half of my ancestors, were started in 1896 soon after I was married and went to New York City to live among strangers. Knowing that my mother's ancestors had gone from Connecticut to central New York, it seemed to me it would be interesting to spend otherwise lonely hours getting acquainted with my New England ancestors.

Taking with me all the old papers and facts I had, I went first to Guilford. There I found Mrs. Henry Fowler, whose business it was to trace ancestors. With her help, and that of Miss Florence Young in New York City, I found **Deborah Goldsmith's** ancestors, at least to the satisfaction of Mrs. Fowler and Miss Young. To prove their proof, I also went over the old town and church records, which had been very carefully kept in New England. I read old wills and deeds, Savage's Genealogical Records, Mrs. Perkins' History of Norwich, Dr. Talcott's Records of Guilford. I also read Charles B. Moore's Town of Southold, The Long Island Traveler, Styner's History, Griffin's Journal, The Salmon Records of Southold, and several published family records.

The Morse Society, with headquarters in Springfield, Massachusetts, was at that time, with painstaking thoroughness, getting out "The Morse Family Record." From them, with all possible checks upon my part, came our Morse records, supplemented with interesting stories and traditions by people then living in Guilford.

Winchester Fitch was compiling his very accurate Throop Genealogy. We exchanged several letters. His work was being so well done, it was useless for me to do anything but become a most appreciative follower. No one who has not tried it can realize the time and effort required on his part to make his contribution as accurate and exhaustive as it is.

I read several Histories of the New England Colonies, only to discover that historians are very human, recording facts, repeating stories, copying what they found already in print, to make a good case for their colony or their heroes. The different accounts of the Pequot War, **Anne Hutchinson's** trial, and the early settlement of Rhode Island, with their interpretation of the men and events most prominent, best illustrates how little faith we can place in what happens to get printed.

Life caught me up, as it has you, interesting me too much in everyday problems, joys, sorrows and duties, to leave any time for ancestors who were crowded into the background of my mind until The Old

Traveling Bag came to me, when I was almost sixty years old. The letters in The Old Traveling Bag from grandparents who died long before I was born, from a great-grandmother, of whom I had heard much but had never seen, from relatives I never heard about, from my mother in her lonely, eager, enthusiastic youth, made the pastime of my youth a serious undertaking—especially when I found in a cousin, **Addison James Throop,** one who shared my delight in the old letters. Without his practical leadership and work, my wishful thinking would have come to naught. We decided the personal letters were so self-revealing that some of them should be shared with other descendants, that the political letters might well comfort any who happen to get discouraged about present governmental affairs.

The book necessitated another trip to New England, to clear up some records that had come to me second or third hand, and to find the last resting places of some ancestors, so as to plan an interesting trip for some of you about New England, to places where ancestors lived and died and now lie buried. There is much yet to be done as you will see, several families to be carried further.

As descendants rapidly increase from generation to generation, so do ancestors. I tried, in the chart, to trace but half my ancestors, one-fourth those of my son, one-eighth of the ancestors of my grandchildren. I did not attempt nor care to go back of the early Colonial settlements. When one learns how many trace to a few English kings, one can but wonder if that was because the king's children were safest from slaughter in war or lingering death in debtors' prisons.

Martha Throop Vaughan had paid a professional genealogist to trace our mutual **Mason** line. He had given us Governor William Brenton as an ancestor, in place of **Governor William Coddington,** whom I claimed.

In ancestor hunting, one comes to have a peculiar sense of relationship, of who "belongs." I was very sure I was correct, even though the historians have passed lightly over William Brenton and dealt most unfairly with **William Coddington.**

William Brenton and **William Coddington** took me twice to Newport, with days between spent in the Boston Public Library, reading all I could find about the Brenton, **Coddington, Hutchinson, Sanford** and Noyse families. The first visit to the Newport Historical Society and their records seemed to prove it was William Brenton. **William Coddington** was not much missed at first, as I found that **William** and **Anne Hutchinson,** who had been lightly dismissed as "of Bermuda," were really **William** and **Anne (Marbury) Hutchinson** of Alford, England. One would gladly lose a dozen governors of note, for **Anne.**

On the second trip, poor, abused **William Coddington** demanded his rights at the hands of a far distant descendant, who much admired his stand at the trial of **Anne Hutchinson.** I asked for and got the undivided time and assistance of the courteous custodian. Together we again got Dr. Turner's great book of records. We examined not only page ten, but page thirteen, and other pages. Even on page ten, in the same handwriting, it was recorded that **Peleg Sanford** married Mary Brenton, who died after the death of their third child, leaving **Peleg** a childless widower in 1665; that he married **Mary Coddington** several years later, who became the mother of the only children of **Peleg Sanford** who grew to maturity. **Peleg Sanford** was indeed the son-in-law of Governor Brenton, as is recorded in Brenton's will, but so was he of **Governor William Coddington.** The mistake that has robbed **Mary Coddington** of her motherhood and **William Coddington** of thousands of descendants was a misplaced bracket, which I happened to discover.*

In order that there might be no mistake this time, we consulted whatever records they happened to have about the **Hutchinson, Coddington,** Brenton, **Sanford** and Noyse families.

These things we proved, as well as records can prove ancestry: first that Mary Brenton was not the mother of children who were born ten years after she was dead; that **William Coddington** was the grandfather of **Anne Sanford,** who married first, James Noyse, later, **John Mason, III;** that she had but one **Mason** child named **Peleg Sanford Mason.** We also proved that many historians, to make a more shocking story of **Anne Hutchinson's** death, state, contrary to facts, that she and all her children were murdered by the Indians near what is now Greenwich, Connecticut. Four of her children did not go with her when she sought safety from Governor Winthrop and the Boston Church. She, with reason, feared both the church and the Governor. With almost demonlike resentment, they were determined to ruin her and hers. She sought refuge under the more liberal Dutch of New Amsterdam. Little Susannah, who did go with her mother, was not murdered by the Indians, but was taken captive and so kindly treated by the squaws she cried when by treaty she had to leave her Indian friends and return to Rhode Island to her sister, **Bridget,** and the exacting duties of little Colonial girls. Later she married John Cole.

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*If each of **Mary Coddington's** six children had married—each had five children, and so on down to my generation, the eighth from **William Coddington,** he would have had, through those six grandchildren we restored to him, 468,750 descendants of our generation alone. There is no great distinction in being one of such an army. It does illustrate, however, how many descendants of the early Colonial pioneers there should be living in the United States to uphold the Principles of the Fathers.

We proved that among the four **Hutchinson** children who did not go with **Anne,** was her daughter, **Bridget** who married **John Sanford,** a widower. Their son, **Peleg,** was mentioned in the will of his father, and, years later, in the will of his mother, who was Mrs. Phillips of Boston, when she died.

I record this incident to show how easily mistakes are made; how much cross reference work must be done before one can say "these are my ancestors."

Any one consulting Dr. Turner's book will find a new bracket placed there by the custodian and an arrow I asked to have drawn, for **William Coddington's** sake.

In proof of the accuracy of our charts, we cite the following persons who have used them to join organizations demanding accurate proof of ancestry:

Members of the Society of May Flower, through **Richard Warren:**

Clara Cole Carothers, Cincinnati, Ohio (3269).
Doctor Ralph Carothers, Cincinnati, Ohio (5102).

Members of the Daughters of the Revolution, State of Iowa, through **Captain Dan Throop** and **James Mason:**

Cordelia (Throop) Cole, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa (3140).
Bessie Cordelia Throop, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa (3039).

Members of the Daughters of the American Revolution, through **Captain Dan Throop** and **James Mason:**

Neva Lucille Throop, East St. Louis, Illinois (62333).

If you desire other Revolutionary ancestors, look up the following names from the Charts:

William Beaumont, of Lebanon, Connecticut. He was quartermaster, sergeant, ensign and lieutenant, 1777-78.

Absolem Miner, of Guilford, Connecticut, was corporal of the Coast Guards.

John Goldsmith and **John Goldsmith, Jr.,** of Southold, Long Island, were enlisted men in Josiah Smith's Suffold County regiment, August 5, 1776.

You have five Colonial ministers as ancestors, **Rev. Henry Whitfield, Rev. James Fitch, Rev. Thomas Buckingham, Rev. Patrick Faulkner** and **Rev. Robert Peck.**

There are three Colonial governors: **Theophilus Eaton** of New Haven, **William Coddington** and **Peleg Sanford** of Rhode Island; two deputy governors, **Major John Mason** and **William Jones** of Connecticut. **William Hutchinson** and his son-in-law, **John Sanford,** were presidents of Portsmouth, Aquidneck Island. All along the line I found outstanding women, who, to quote **Rev. James Fitch** in 1672, "were gifted with a measure of knowledge above what is usual in their sex."

The average number of children in the Throop families, from **William, I,** to and including **Dan, IV,** was eight. The Masons did not do so well by posterity. From **Major John Mason** to and including **Sarah Stanton Mason,** who married **Dan, IV,** there were six generations, and only forty-six children, **James'** sixteen making up for the two which **John, II,** had before he died from wounds in King Philip's war. **John** was not bred to war. He was in the shipping business. He just happened to be at home when Connecticut sent her troops to war. The next **John Mason** was a friend and teacher of the Mohegan Indians. We can but wish the Mason's lot had been thrown with the Narragansett Indians and their fine old chief, Miantinomi.

Ancestors cause much speculation. Why, for instance, did our particular line choose early marriages, large families and the farm, rather than a college education and the professions, as did so many of their cousins? We know that the widowed mothers of **John, III, Peleg** and **James Mason** could not afford to send them to college, but why the **Dan Throops** did not go to college is a mystery. Perhaps their mothers believed, as did **Grandmother Wait,** as late as 1852, that a studious life was at the expense of bodily vigor.

For some reason the generation born during the first quarter of the nineteenth century broke away from the farms, **George** and **Deborah** among them. At that time there seems to have been a general exodus from farming into business, even though the rich prairie land just taken from the Indians in Illinois and Iowa promised rich harvests.

Our ancestors owned their farms and worked them with the help of their sons or hired men. They were typical Americans, industrious, thrifty, frugal, loyal. They were intelligent, self respecting and respected. I could find no evidence of inferiority complex or snobbery.

The only peculiarities I found was an exaggerated family loyalty, amounting at times almost to clanishness, among the **Throops,** extreme sensitiveness among the **Masons,** which if allowed to become ingrown, became melancholy.

George wrote to his brother, DeWitt: "Remember the **Masons'** tendency to melancholy. Avoid self-analysis and introspection. Get interested and absorbed in something outside yourself, some plan for human good. Keep up your bodily vigor by living out of doors as much as possible. These rules will make you well and keep you well, as you have a good physical inheritance."

They not only could, but did read and write, even the women. In the many letters, wills, deeds and old church papers that I examined, no place had ancestors used an (X) to sign his or her name. Though none of them went to college, they seemed to have been on the side of education. They had no sympathy with that mistaken notion that democracy and ignorance are twins, that democracy has to get down in the gutter to be the real thing.

Like people of their day and generation, they were intensely religious, but, unlike the majority, many were liberals when to be a liberal marked one as a "dangerous radical." You who seek heroes among your ancestors, give more than a passing thought to those among them who not only had convictions, but the courage to stand by their convictions, no matter what the cost.

—O. C. S.

New occasions teach new duties.
Time makes ancient good uncouth.
They must upward still and onward
Who would keep abreast of Truth.

—LOWELL.

BURIAL GROUNDS AND CEMETERIES

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

ANNE HUTCHINSON

As ANNE HUTCHINSON was murdered by the Indians in 1643, she had no resting place. The only monument we find erected to her is the one on Beacon Hill, Boston, before the State House. There we find a bronze statue, with this inscription:

ANNE HUTCHINSON—TO THIS COURAGEOUS EXPONENT OF CIVIC LIBERTY AND RELIGIOUS TOLERATION

GROVE STREET CEMETERY, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

THEOPHILUS EATON

Eaton so fam'd, so wise, so just,
The Phoenix of our world,
Here lies his dust.
This name forget New England never must.

WILLIAM AND HANNAH (EATON) JONES

T' attend you, sir, under these framed stones,
Are come your honored son and daughter Jones.

FRIENDS BURIAL GROUND, NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND

WILLIAM CODDINGTON

Here lyeth buried
Ye body of William
Coddington Esqr.
Aged 78 years
Departed this life
November ye 1, 1678

TRUMBULL CEMETERY, LEBANON, CONNECTICUT

In the Trumbull Cemetery, the oldest one in Lebanon, we find the following inscriptions:

In memory of DEBORAH THROOPE, consort of MR. DAN THROOPE, who lived a sober and virtuous life and died in hope of eternal life through Christ, June the 8th, 1752, in the 70th year of her age.

Here lies the body of MR. DAN THROOPE, who, while he lived, discovered a very serious, generous & a public spirit, & after a useful life, departed in ye comfortable hope of a better, thro the mercy of ye Lord Jesus, Dec. 9th, 1737, in ye 67th year of his age.

Here lies the body of MRS. SUSANNA THROOPE, wife of CAPT. DAN THROOPE, who died Nov. ye 20th, 1754, in the 38th year of her age.

Beauty and virtue are plants of nature's groth
these she estimated as gifts of reail worth
but meekness—temperance—prudence—charity—
these she still wears—for they can never die.

Here lies ye body of DEA. EPHRAIM TERRY, who many years faithfully served ye 1st Church at Lebanon in that office. A pious, cheerful, charitable christian, holding the mistery of faith in a pure conscience, died with great cheerfulness, in the hope of ye gospel Dec. 7th, 1760, in the 90th year of his age.

Here lies the body of CAPT. DAN THROOPE, a faithful relative, a worthy and useful member of society, a serious Professor of Religion, who was suddenly called from this transitory life to ye eternal world, Dec. 27th, 1771, in ye 57th year of his age. Mors Omnia Vincit, Memento Mori.

CAPTAIN DAN THROOP and his wife RACHEL (TERRY) lived and died at Lebanon. No doubt they are buried there. We found three tombstones to DAN THROOPES, one to RACHEL TERRY, too weather worn to dicipher the entire inscription. The THROOPE lot is on the top of the hill. The REVEREND JAMES FITCH was buried not far from the Trumbull monument.

WILLIAM BEAUMONT, third in descent from WILLIAM BEAUMONT of Saybrook, and fourth in maternal line from NICHOLAS DANFORTH of Cambridge, Massachusetts, second from SAMUEL BEAUMONT, and in the maternal line third from THOMAS BUCKINGHAM, Pastor in Saybrook, born in Saybrook, the son of SAMUEL BEAUMONT 2nd and ABIGAIL DEMING. Died A. D. 1812, ae, 87.

SARAH EVERIT, his wife, died A. D. 1813, ae. 92. This memorial was placed on their dust A. D. 1881, by Leonard Bacon and Thomas Thacher, grandsons of their daughter, Anne Parks.

Here lies the body of CAPT. PELEG SANFORD MASON, Who was honorably descended, well educated, lived virtuously, in a considerable hope of union with Christ, which continued unshaken during a lingering sickness even unto death, by which he was in the prime of life, called from this world, and resigned it with supporting prospects of a better, 16th of February, 1761, in ye 44th year of his age.

REVEREND JAMES FITCH

REMEMBER ETERNITY

In hoc sepulchro deposita sunt Reliquiae
viri vere REVERENDI D. JACOBI FITCH.
Natus fuit apud Boking, in comitatu Essexiae, in Anglia,
Anno Domini 1622, Decem. 24.
Qui, postquam Linguis literatis optime instructus fuisset,
in Nov-Angliam venit, AEtate 16; et deinde Vitam
degit, Hartfordiae, per Septennium, sub Instructione
Virorum celeberrimorum D. Hooker & D. Stone.
Postea Numere pastorali functus est epud Say-
Brook per annos 14. Illinc cum Ecclesiae majori
Parte Norvicum migravit; et ibi cae teros Vitae
Annos transegit in Opere Evangelico.
In Senectute, vero prae Corporis infirmitate necessarie
cessavit ab Opere publico; tandemque
recessit Liberis, apud Lebanon; ubi Semianno
fere exacto obdormivit in Jesu, Anno 1702,
Novembris 18, AEtat. 80.
Vir Ingenii Acumins, Pondere Judicii, Prudentia, Charitate,
sanctis Laboribus, et omni modo Vitae sanctitate, Peritia
quoque et Vi concionandi nulli secundus.

(See Appendix for Translation)

COLES HILL CEMETERY, NEAR HAMILTON, NEW YORK

You will find Coles Hill Cemetery two and one-half miles north of Hubbardsville, over a poor country road, or two miles west of North Brookfield. The **Throop** lot is on the top of the hill, easily found because a very substantial granite monument was erected there to Doctor Thomas Dwight who married Almira Throop.

The following descriptions and inscriptions were taken from the notes made by **James A. Throop** on his visit to his childhood home in 1894:

On a brown slab tombstone, we find:

In memory of DAN THROOP who died April 20, 1831.
Age 53 years, 4 months

Farewell, vain world, thy joys deceive,
True pleasure lies beyond the grave.

Next to this is a stone on which was engraved:

In memory of DEBORAH, wife of GEORGE A. THROOP, who died March 16, 1836. Age 27 years.

Give thanks that she is safe with Him,
That hath the power o'er pain and sin and death.
Mourner give thanks.

Susan Throop Byington, Almira Throop Dwight and Doctor Thomas Dwight are also buried on the **Throop** lot.

James H. Throop, son of Dan DeWitt Throop, as executor of Doctor Thomas Dwight's will, erected the permanent granite monument to Doctor Dwight, that will always mark the **Throop** lot. He also arranged for perpetual care.

The THROOP farm was not far from Coles Hill Cemetery. Otis Seabury owned the farm in 1894.

HUBBARDSVILLE CEMETERY

Under a double marble stone, we find engraved:

RICHARD GOLDSMITH, died March 19, 1854.
Age 86 years and 25 days

RUTH GOLDSMITH, wife of RICHARD GOLDSMITH, died December 20, 1854, age 85 years, 2 months and 4 days
The memory of the just is blessed

In the same lot are the tombstones of Thomas Nye and his wife, Anne (Goldsmith) Nye.

William Huntington Throop and his wife, Calphurnia, with their children, are also buried in the Hubbardsville Cemetery.

The early home of the **Goldsmiths** was located one-half mile from North Brookfield, up a steep hill, on the right hand side of the road. It was a small, low-ceilinged house. A farmer by the name of Burhyt lived there in 1894. In that house **Deborah** was born. The old church, organized in 1804, once the only one in the village, was still standing in 1894. **Deborah,** as well as her parents, signed the Articles of Faith.

PRESTON HILL CEMETERY, NEAR NORWICH

Located about one mile from Preston Corners toward Norwich. There were buried:

JAMES MASON, died September 10, 1820. Age 61 years.

ABIGAIL (BEAUMONT) his wife, died May 8, 1836. Age 74 years.
SARAH S., oldest daughter of JAMES and ABIGAIL MASON, died August 26, 1867. Age 85 years

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In this same lot, we find other Masons and Packers. The lot was enclosed with a durably built stone fence, the work of the Packers, inspired by dear old Aunt Julia Atwater.

PRESTON CORNERS CEMETERY, NEAR NORWICH

On a small lot, crowded with graves, sadly neglected, **Sarah Stanton (Mason) (Throop) Wait** buried her second husband, Solomon Wait, beside his first wife, Lucy. He died September 25, 1846. Age, 78 years.

(The fact that she laid him by his first wife leads us to think it was her intention to be buried on Coles Hill beside **Dan,** the father of her children.)

ROSE HILL CEMETERY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Section B. Lots No. 552-553. Near Soldiers' Monument

GEORGE A. THROOP—Born July 11, 1810, died Sept. 17, 1849

FOREST HOME CEMETERY, MT. PLEASANT, IOWA

C. T. COLE (Born November 17, 1833, died April 29, 1900)

W. R. COLE (Born August 12, 1828; died August 29, 1915)

CEMETERY NEAR McDONOUGH, NEW YORK

JOSEPH LEDYARD BEEBE, died May 9, 1868.
Age 71 years, 8 months and 1 day

BETSY, wife of JOSEPH L. BEEBE, died March 14, 1865.
Age 65 years
A wife and mother dear is resting here

Leander Beebe's farm consisted of 300 acres, well farmed. It was (in 1894) one of the best managed and conditioned farms in that region.

ROWENA'S STONE SEAT

Forty or more years ago, ROWENA BEEBE and Caroline Burdick, two girls about the same age, contrived a stone seat in a retired place near a running brook, located near a horseshoe bend in the road midway between the BEEBE and Burdick farms. Here the two girls spent many leisure hours, reading and talking. Here, on my first visit in 1857, I was escorted, and here I was introduced to Miss Burdick by ROWENA. It is a beautiful, picturesque place in a sort of gulch, hidden from the road. Two large maple trees fold toward the creek, and two others back. The seat in the shade of these trees was constructed with care and judgment for two persons, with stone back and sides. I found the seat well preserved when I visited it in 1894.

GEORGE AND DEBORAH

HESITATED long before copying these letters that **George** and **Deborah** exchanged before their marriage, even for you, their descendants. I feared some of you might not be one with them in sympathy and understanding.

Try to be young when you read these letters. Go back to 1832. Forget all modern improvements, conveniences and religious toleration.

Try, if possible, to think of distance, transportation and time as they were for **Deborah** and **George.** Hamilton and Preston were about thirty-five miles apart, a pleasant half hour's jaunt as people travel now, in 1934, with many automobiles going both directions. Then distance was a serious matter. They had to travel by stage, on foot, or by one of the infrequent horse-drawn wagons. Time was very precious. No one but wasters even considered anything that would "kill" time. A call or a visit was a real occasion to be well considered and planned and accomplished only as occasion offered.

Do not smile as you read **Deborah's** anxious frankness about herself. Be glad she told all the truth. I love her scorn of the artificial, her uncompromising honesty, her sincere desire to do all that she could to start the most important business in life, marriage, with nothing hidden that might later cause misunderstanding. I love the reserve and formality of their salutations; even their emotional escapes in their descriptions of the beauty and gloom of nature.

George was not yet twenty-two years old. Probably he was a bashful boy. He had made up his mind that he wanted **Deborah,** and had screwed his courage to the sticking point and sent his "declaration" to **Deborah** and her parents. He was happy to have received an answer, more or less encouraging. He drew a long breath, passed over any possible objections but that of religious differences, which would take more time to settle, to their mutual satisfaction, than he then had. **Deborah's** answer filled his heart with hope. He was so sure he could win her that for him the matter was practically settled. He was too inexperienced to realize how anxiously **Deborah** awaited his reply. It is almost impossible for me, and it will be even more so for you, to understand how very serious were the denominational differences a hundred years ago.

Dan Throop, the father of **George,** had died the year before (1831). His mother was very ill. **George,** her oldest child at home, apparently felt great responsibility and, as was the custom then, was filled with gloomy forebodings.

Deborah was the youngest child of **Ruth (Miner)** and **Richard Goldsmith,** who had come west to Central New York, from Guilford, Connecticut, a few years before **Deborah** was born in 1808. Her mother was thirty-nine years old and her father was forty-one when **Deborah** was born. In 1832, her older brothers and sisters were married, living in homes of their own. Poverty was slowly creeping closer to her aging parents, who were almost indifferent to it, as they patiently waited in that "vale of tears" for their release to the heavenly home promised them as a reward for their faithful adherence to the one true church, the Baptist.

To **Deborah,** with her love of beauty, her sensitive nature and her enjoyment of the refinements of life, poverty was a dread spectre. She had managed some way to improve her natural gift for painting. As a portrait painter she supported herself and helped her parents. It was the custom, then, to go to the homes of patrons and remain until the family portraits were painted. It was thus she went to the home of the **Throops** in 1831 to paint the family pictures, before **Dan Throop,** the father, died. The music, the poetry, the earnest discussions of affairs, the many Mason cousins, near by, must have made the **Throop** home seem attractive to **Deborah.**

Probably while she painted his picture, **George** made up his mind that he loved the sweet, quiet, serious young artist, that his future happiness depended on winning her to be his wife. His mother and sister loved her and approved. Religious differences alone stood between them.

When I first saw these letters, there was one other from **George,** written in August, 1832, He suggested, when he called the next Sunday, that they should go alone into the hills with their Bibles to see if they, far removed from human interference, might not come to an agreement on what was Truth for them. That they did, or thought they did, we must infer, as they were married the following December.

Deborah's parents still lived on their farm near North Brookfield. She spent much time in Hamilton, with her sister, Lucretia, who was married to Mr. Sanford Boone. It was in their home she was married.

Deborah loved her husband as "much as she ought." **George** loved **Deborah** so much that, seven years after her death, he wrote to his brother: "I know I should marry as you urge, not only to make a home for my chilrden, but to relieve the friends who are burdened with their care.

"I cannot forget **Deborah,** who still fills my heart with her sweetness and nobility of character. I will try to forget, and find some one to make a home for me and my children."

Deborah, by inheritance, was a sweet example of "life accepting, life conforming," a conservative. Time laughed at a woman's calm acceptance of inheritance in 1836. It was too late to be a sweet, submissive woman, too early to be independent. **Deborah** withdrew when only twenty-seven.

George, by inheritance, especially through his mother, exemplified "life contending," non-conforming. He was meant to be a reformer, a pioneer. Love, that should have made him strong, was withdrawn. He fought on, but with no heart in the conflict. Death demanded his surrender in 1849, when he was only thirty-nine years old.

Love and life were justified in their children, as you will see if you read the letters of **Cordelia** and **James Addison.**

Through these letters, found in The Old Traveling Bag, we came to know and love our grandparents, **George and Deborah,** whom, of course, we never saw. Even their children, our parents, **Cordelia** and **Addison,** scarcely knew them. With these letters, that they exchanged before their marriage, and the letters **George** later wrote to his mother and brothers, we pass on to you our young grandparents——

GEORGE and DEBORAH.

—O. C. S.

Miss Deborah Goldsmith,
Toddsville, New York.

(Paid 10c)

Hamilton, May 20th, 1832.
At Home.

Deborah:

It is with sincere pleasurable feelings that I now seat myself to scratch a few thoughts to an absent friend, one whose moral worth is beyond the reach of the deceiving machinations of the fawning sycophants, whose heart is averse to the flattering deceptions of a coquette, whose mind is raised above the fogs of sense and groveling desires by the light of science; whose soul has been filled with that Love which was manifested on Calvary's rugged mount for a lost and ruined world, where was crucified a loving Saviour, where was spilt the precious blood of Jesus for sinful man.

This morning my mind is deeply affected with a melancholy scene before me (which I will mention in postscript), and the dreadful calamities that daily roll themselves through this community, today beholding a disconsolate widow mourning the loss of a kind husband and dear friend, with two little orphans hanging around her, while their father lies before them a corpse, stiffened in the cold grasp of death, never more to smile on them nor embrace them in the arms of affection. These things affect me, and when I turn on the other hand and see a multitude engaged in the pursuits of life, some after the gaudy bubble fashion, some, the shining dust of earth, others trampling on slandered innocence, it all tends to wean me from the deceptions of a flattering world and to examine my own deceitful heart.

On the other side of this sheet of paper is written the following essay on "Friendship and Spring:"

This is a beautiful morning in May. The earth is carpeted in green. Everything is starting anew to life. All Nature is clothed in beauty. The forest, after braving the furious blasts of winter, is now mantled in a beautiful green. The little foresters are skipping from branch to branch with joy and gladness. They hail the morn with songs of praise and bid the setting sun adieu with their sweet choral symphonies. The blossoms are unfolding their beauty to the morning sunbeams and everything is calculated to call forth the feelings and present to the mind of man the wisdom and goodness of our Heavenly Father. When I behold such harmony throughout creation, I am convinced, as even past experience has demonstrated, that 'tis friendship that sweetens the joys of life, sincere friendship, a principle of the heart. It smooths the rugged pathway of life, quells the stormy passions and opens in each heart a door from which all that is delightful, all that is pleasing, all that is consoling, all that is amiable, all that is virtuous, flow. For what? To be spent in air? Or to float down the broad stream that rolls itself to the briny ocean, and there to be buried in oblivion? I answer, No. It is, rather, to cheer the desponding heart of mortal man and convert him from a downcast misanthrop to a sympathizing friend, and thus bring him home to the enjoyment of society. Although there is a great deal said about friendship, it affords consolation to none but the virtuous, the sincere. To all others, the reverse.

With this letter and essay is enclosed his "declaration:"

That you may not mistake my meaning, I now declare unto you in words, my sole object in engaging your company. It is to obtain a friend, a friend to share with me the joys and sorrows of life; to cheer in the hour of gloom and be glad in the hour of joy; to gain heart and hand, and travel with me down the declivity of life, and, when fortune frowns and I am buffeted about on the stormy ocean of adversity, one who can look with a smile and console the tempest-beaten bosom with cheering conversation.

Yes, Deborah, this is all that urges me forward, and will it surprise thee when I declare that in thee my desires center, and all my hopes of earthly happiness have an end? After mature consideration and closely examining my own heart, I find that thy friendship and thy presence will ever be delightful. To know that thou art willing to comply with this request and impart thy virtue in increasing the happiness of one who respects virtue's innocence, is all that will make life delightful to me. I claim no perfection; such as I am, I offer myself and thus make manifest my desire.

Deborah, I wish not to draw from thee a hasty and inconsiderate answer. No, take your own time to consider. It is an important point; on it hangs all our future happiness. But this I claim: 'Tis truth I send, and truth I ask in return. Perhaps you may think I am asking too much, but please to inform me if I am on right ground, or not. So I add no more. Adieu.

Yours sincerely,

GEORGE A. THROOP.

P. S.—Friends in health. Write soon as convenient.

P. P. S.—Died, on the 19th inst., of the bilious fever, Mr. Hiram Niles, aged about 32. He left a wife and two little children. His sudden death is truly afflicting to the sorrowing friends, and to all rendered more so by the state of his mind. Lived about two miles south.

GEORGE.

George's letter to Deborah's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Goldsmith:

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Goldsmith,
Brookfield, New York.

Respected Friends:

It is with diffidence I now take my pen to address you upon the subject I am about to disclose. But, feeling a deep sense of responsibility that I owe to you, and grateful for the many kindnesses received, I still have one to request. It is doubtless known to you as I have visited your dwelling often; that it is for some object, according to the course of events, you might guess what. The acquaintance that I have had with your daughter, Deborah, has led to a strong attachment. I request to know whether it meets with your approbation. Doubtless, by this time, you have become acquainted with my person and manner of living, and will be prepared to give your views upon the subject. You, doubtless, are sensible of the diffidence I feel in speaking or writing much now upon the subject, though I could not say less. So you will excuse me for brevity. I remain, yours with esteem.

GEORGE A. THROOP.

P. S.—You will please to express your views freely by writing or otherwise, as you think proper, when opportunity offers. Adieu. GEORGE.

Deborah's letter to George in answer to his Declaration:

Mr. George A. Throop, (Paid 10c)
East Hamilton, New York.

Toddsville, May 29, 1832.

Sir:

With deep interest I perused your letter, but I hardly know how to answer it. My mind is agitated with conflicting emotions, and I feel quite inadequate to the task which I have seated myself to perform. But I will tell this much, that truth and truth alone shall flow from my pen, and I sincerely hope that falsehood and deception may be far from my heart.

I do not know that you are going too far, but, still, some objections rise in my heart against the proposal you have made. It is of so much importance and the decision which I make may not be for a day or a week, but it may be for long years yet to come. At least, it will probably be for my whole life. Oh, I am almost ready to shrink from it, and tell you that I would make you happy if it was in my power, but I fear I would not contribute to your happiness—but I will not give you this for an answer.

It does not appear to me a thing of trifling importance to think of giving myself away, and resign the protection of my parents and the home of my childhood, humble, indeed, but no less dear to my heart, for other love, other protection. My heart exclaims: Oh! will your affections always remain the same? Will your friendship exist

through long, long years of prosperity and adversity, ever ready to soothe with a voice of kindness my every sorrow, and when age shall have wrinkled my brow, will your heart then cling to mine amid the ruins of youth with the deep devotedness of youthful affection? Oh, say, can you bear with all my weaknesses, with all my imperfections, as my parents have done? Their love, I trust, will never fail but with life. Will your love prove thus constant? Think not I am asking, or even desiring, an uncommon attachment. Oh, no, I do not ask, deserve or expect it, but I sometimes think of a thousand things which, perhaps, I have no reason to even expect or fear.

It is not that I think myself less liable to err than you that I am asking so many questions, but that at times I feel my own weakness and see in myself many, very many, faults, and can hardly imagine how any person can see anything to desire in me. But if I know my own heart, I would not deceive you; no, not in the least thing. I would be candid and sincere, fearing Him that searcheth the heart and tryeth the veins of the children of men.

Some things I want to remind you of, that you may weigh them well (even now, before it is too late), I do not know but you have, but permit me to name them. Your religious sentiments and mine are different. Do you think that this difference will ever be the cause of unpleasant feeling? Your age and mine differ. I do not know your age exactly, but I believe that I am nearly two years older than you. And now, permit me to ask, has this ever been an objection in your mind? And another thing which I expect you already know is, that my teeth are partly artificial. Nature gave me as many teeth as She usually gives her children, but not as durable ones as some are blessed with. Some people think it is wrong to have anything artificial, but I will let this subject go.

I believe I have been somewhat particular, but I do want that you, as well as myself should count the cost now, and not have unpleasant things to reflect on afterwards. And, now, after all this preamble, I will come to this conclusion: If you will consult your mother and obtain her approbation, and still think your hopes of happiness center in me, I will make no further objections, but comply with your request. Yes, I will be yours if I can add to your happiness; but, oh, my hand trembles and my heart is still more agitated. I do not know as I sufficiently realize what I am doing, but I do sincerely wish to be directed by Him who handleth the destinies of mortals in His hand. Think of this again and again, and do not think better of me than I deserve.

You will probably feel it a duty to consult my parents some time or other on this subject, but I suppose they will allow me to do as I please, and in doing so, I will please them. I know they feel much anxiety about me, and probably more now than when I am with them but the same watchful Eye is ever on me, and I trust that the arm of the great Jehovah will protect me. I do not know how long I shall stay in this place. I have business enough for the present, and for some reason or other, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd seem to be over-anxious for me to remain here through the summer. They are very kind to me, indeed, but I do not think there is much society in this place that will be agreeable to me. Sin abounds, and men make void the law of God, and trample on His commandments.

A lady was here a few days since from Hartford. She formerly attended school at Hamilton. She thought I would do better there than here, and I may possibly go there, or to Cooperstown village, but I do not know yet, for I think I shall stay here as long as I can get portrait painting. Hartwick is six miles from here, north. One thing that makes me think more of going there is because there is a Baptist church

in the village, and I have been informed that there is none in Cooperstown except a small society. Now, do not think that I am uncommonly superstitious, but I should certainly feel more at home there.

I should hardly be willing to own that I have been homesick since I left my father, but my heart feels very sad sometimes, and I could wish myself with the friends of my childhood, if wishes would carry me there, but I intend to make myself contented if possible. I am, sir,

Respectfully yours,

DEBORAH GOLDSMITH.

Deborah's answer to George's declaration was evidently delayed as was his letter of June 7th to her. Letters were frequently sent by friends, as the U. S. mail service in 1832 was slow as well as expensive.

During the anxious interval, Deborah confided to her Album:

WHERE?

I have a heart, a lonely heart,
O'er which at evening stealing come
Sweet tones, which now might well depart,
Breathing of happiness and home.
Where is the speaker?
Where?

I have a future, lonely now,
Days which, to me, are dark as night,
A saddened soul, a gloomy brow,
Oh, Thou who madst the future bright
Where art Thou vanished?
Where?

—D. GOLDSMITH, June 4, 1832.

The following letter by George, addressed to Deborah Goldsmith, Cooperstown, New York, was written in Burlington Flats, June 7, 1832.

Burlington Flats, New York, June 7th, 1832.

Absent Friend:

Partly out of a sense of duty, and partly for my own personal satisfaction, I now take this opportunity to inform you of the present situation of matters in this place, and at home. The Association (Fourier) convenes in this place today, where the doctrines of that gospel which came down to sinful man from heaven is preached in its purity in my view of things. I saw your Father and Mother on Monday last. They said they had heard nothing from you. Your Mother was very anxious to learn respecting your welfare. She said she was lonesome and this anxiety was

increasing for the very reason of your silence. I mailed a letter to you the 13th of May, I think, and have not received any answer. I know not whether you have received it or not, but I have too much confidence in the sincerity of your heart, to think that you would neglect to write as soon as convenient if you had received the epistle I wrote.

Deborah, I know not your situation, whether successful or not, whether enjoying the blessings of health, or languishing in sickness, whether contented or not. But to learn that you are in health and successful in your business or otherwise, would be a great satisfaction to my feelings. If you wish to return, please to inform me when. I will endeavor, if possible, to shape my business in such a manner as to accompany you. By name,

GEORGE A. THROOP.

N. B.—I write in haste, as you will see by the writing. I shall return today.. Friends in health, etc. GEORGE.

LINES FROM DEBORAH'S ALBUM

HOME

Why should my footsteps ever stray,
And from this lovely spot e'er roam?
There is a voice that bids me stay,
An echo whispers—this is home.

Oft' fancy, with her glowing pen,
Portrays the world and bids me roam;
But, ah! amid the haunts of men
My heart would sigh—sweet peaceful home!

Around the cheerful blaze of night,
What can tempt my thoughts to roam?
For here is true and pure delight,
And this my poor, but peaceful, home.

—D. GOLDSMITH, June 4, 1832.

The following letter, written to George A. Throop, Hamilton, New York, as follows:

Brookfield, New York, July 18, 1832.

(There is no salutation.)

Perhaps you may be surprised to receive another letter from me, but do not be displeased. Only tell me this met with an unwelcome reception, and I will not write you again. I did not think. two months ago, that I should address you with trembling or fear, for I thought that in you I should ever find a faithful and

understanding friend; but, alas, is there not a change? If not, why this neglect? I would not willingly accuse you of anything like neglect, but certainly I have some reason to think that your sentiments for me must be materially changed since I last saw you or received your last letter.

The first letter I received from you I answered, and this answer I learned that you received, although I thought for a time that you did not; and the last that I received I thought did not require an answer, and I supposed you did not expect me to write again, if I had written previous to this.

I certainly think I had some reason to expect that I should hear from you again, but it is now about eight weeks since I wrote you, and in that time I have not received one line from you. I think you must be sensible that I have experienced some anxiety, some unpleasant feelings. I know that you offered to go after me when I wished to come home, but your long silence is my excuse for my not sending you word. Indeed, I was fearful that you would not be pleased to accompany me. I was homesick. I was unhappy, and far from my friends, and my health was not very good. Mr. Boone advised me to come home in the stage, and, although I dislike to travel in the stage I had no other way to get home.

I arrived safe in Hamilton last Tuesday, and one of Mr. Boone's apprentices brought me from there to my father's. I thought when I came home I should see you in a short time; even if your feelings towards me were entirely different from what they had been, I thought you would not wish me to remain in suspense, but explain yourself at least. You must have known that I was at home, because I saw your brother when I was coming here, and I saw your sister last Sabbath. I have thought that you were possessed of a feeling and a sincere heart and imagined that you would profess no more than you felt and would scorn to deceive in any one thing. I shall not indulge a belief to the contrary until I think I have sufficient reason. But, what is the matter? What have I done to displease you? Oh, I think of a thousand things, for my imagination is ever busy. But do act consistent with yourself, as you may wish you had in years to come, even when Deborah's aching heart has ceased to beat. And now I'll make this one request: Relieve me from this suspense, for you must think after what has passed that I feel some anxiety still. I may not have much reason to complain, for I know that I sometimes conjecture a great deal that never proves true.

Yours respectfully,

DEBORAH GOLDSMITH.

The following letter from George to Deborah, written July 29, 1832, from Hamilton, addressed to Miss Deborah Goldsmith, Hamilton Village, New York, East Hamilton, August 1, paid 6 cents:

At Home, Sunday Morning, Hamilton, N. Y., July 29, 1832.

Deborah:

The same feelings that first inspired my heart to obtain your society now actuate my heart, and are still more sensibly felt and realized. This causes me this morning, after a delay of weeks, to take my pen to address you, if I have not forfeited every claim to your affection by my neglect that I am guilty of. I deserve to be judged accordingly. Although I think of many excuses, yet I shall offer none. But a deceiv-

ing, unprincipled heart, one that will sport with the finest feelings of our nature and trample upon innocence and virtue, is guilty of a crime of the blackest dye. Ah, were I guilty of such a crime, no punishment could be too severe. Thy disapprobation for life banishment from all society, to spend a miserable life in some dark, benighted corner of the earth, where no human voice was ever heard, would be light in comparison to the crime or deed.

But enough of such reasoning. I submit the case to your decision. One thing more, and I have done with this. That I should be the cause of giving you unpleasant feelings of doubt and fear when far from home, far from friends, with no one to sympathize with you, is what I cannot forgive in myself, though I was ignorant of it at the time. No more.

The perusal of your first letter excited feelings that I shall not now attempt to describe. It seemed to be the language of candor, of forethought, of consideration, and of prudence. It carried conviction to my mind of sincerity and truth in so important an undertaking. Appealing not to the fanciful notions of youth, nor to the unreal forms of imagination, but to the sincere affections of the heart, from which source all that is lasting, all that is productive of happiness, really springs. On this foundation I wish to build, on this rock I rest my hopes. I wish not to entertain vague notions of happiness, but take human life in its reality, with all its curses and its disappointments, subject at every moment to fall a victim to the pale messenger of Death, we should walk thoughtful on the brink of this vast ocean on which we sail so soon, always remembering the supreme object of our existence—to secure a permanent faith in the Gospel.

If we are actuated by the sincere feeling of the heart and weigh the matter candidly, we shall be better able to meet the several objections already raised and that will occur in our set-out in life. Those you mention have been duly considered, and I think the only one that bears weight in my mind is the difference in religious sentiments. This is a monster that has divided friends, separated families, destroyed the good order of society, and rendered the world the scene of havoc and blood. If this cannot be reconciled to the satisfaction of both, it will be in vain that we look for happiness in each other's society. Although the heart will say, "Come," this monster will interpose, will rise up and show his ill-shapen form and destroy all the enjoyment of after life. This has been the case in many instances in all nations, and in all ages of the world, that like causes produce like effects.

But we are not so far distant in this respect as would appear to many. The denominational names that we follow set us farther apart than we really are in sentiment. In the influence that pure and undefiled religion has upon the heart, we do not differ. In the manner in which we are brought to the knowledge of this truth, we are alike, and in all the most important points, our sentiments are alike. Now, as we come honestly by our beliefs, the only way I know of is to submit the case to the writings of the New Testament, and earnestly search for the truth. I am sure I wish to act a consistent part while I sojourn here below, not to entertain any notions about sentiment that are contrary to the Scriptures and common sense.

I cannot tell what futurity will unfold to me in the course of life, but here I pledge myself by all that I am and all that I hope to be in this life (if these objections are reconciled) to support, to love, and respect you through life, in prosperity and in the dark hour of adversity, for even the thought of thy friendship raises my drooping heart and urges me along through the several duties of the day. Should it be otherwise, and we are doomed to part, then farewell to happiness for me. The world to me would be a wilderness. I, myself, a poor, dejected wanderer. You may think it strange to read a letter no better connected, but this is the fourth time I have

seated myself to write. My mother is quite sick, with symptoms of the inflammatory fever. The first time I had to ride for the doctor and bring a neighbor in. My attentions have been taken up all day on other matters, although my thoughts have often wandered over the scene with delight, and now, while the earth is mantled in darkness, I take my pen to finish this ill-written scroll. I know not whether it will meet with your approbation or not, but such as it is, with all its imperfections, I submit it to your perusal. Adieu.

Yours sincerely,

GEORGE A. THROOP.

I return many thanks for the kind reception I met with at your sister's in Hamilton. I was highly pleased with the society.

P. S.—I know not how my mother's sickness will terminate. She has been bled, and she appears to be better, but truly this, to me, is a season of trial. If things terminate for the better, I will meet you at your sister's next Saturday P. M.. at 6 o'clock, and if you wish to return I will accompany you. I shall accomplish all that I possibly can. No more. GEORGE.

All that I have received from you is welcome. Please write again, if proper.

On August 8th, 1832, Deborah writes to George as follows:

(No salutation.)

Although alone and melancholy, I would fain beguile the hours of dreariness by conversing awhile with you. And I would gladly, were it in my power, speak words of consoling sympathy. I would raise thy drooping spirits and "bid thy heart sit lighter," for I feel very sensibly that of late you have experienced a season of severe trial. But is it not good sometimes to be afflicted? The Psalmist exclaims: "Before I was afflicted, I went astray, but now I have kept Thy law." I think that trials often serve to bring us to the feet of Jesus, just where God would have His children be, and teach us to feel our dependence on Him. I know of no source of pure consolation no sacred balm for a wounded heart, but the Word of God and the Throne of Grace, where the oppressed heart may find relief. But a friend, a friend in adversity, as well as in prosperity, is often a very sweet consolation, for "Heaven gives us friends to bless the present scene." But, oh, how uncertain, how fleeting and transitory, is everything in this world. Those that we esteem the most faithful and devoted friends often prove the most treacherous and false-hearted, and if we love one object dearest, it seems that it is most likely to be taken from us. Then how important that our supreme affections rest not on things below, but above, even on Him who died that we might live.

Since I heard of your mother's illness, I have thought much of you, for I know that your feelings must be very painful. You well know by bitter experience what it is to part with a beloved parent,* and now even the thoughts of experiencing a similar trial must be extremely afflicting, but I do sincerely hope your mother's life may yet be preserved, which, I trust, will prove a rich blessing to children and friends.

I received your letter last week while I was in Hamilton, and now let me entreat you to banish forever from your heart the thought that you have forfeited all claims on my affection by neglect, for I can assure you with truth and sincerity, that you have not. I do not think that you ever intended to injure my feelings, and freely forgave you a long time ago, and now I urge you to forget this forever.

* George's father, Dan Throop, died April 10, 1831.

I thought when I perused your letter that I should answer that part which related to religious sentiment, but I do not think it is a suitable time now for such a discussion. I will only say that I cannot think that an error in belief is like one in practice, and I think now it has but little control or effect on the affections of the heart, but I leave this subject till I see you.

You say that if we part you will be a dejected wanderer and a stranger to happiness. I have said, and still say, that if I can render you happy, I would gladly do it. If I can ever soothe the sorrows of thy heart with kindness and affection, methinks it would be to me a sweet pleasure. Yes, and I think that thy friendship would ever be dear to my heart, and thy happiness my greatest enjoyment in this life. Sincerely hoping that your mother's health may be restored, and prosperity and happiness again enliven your dwelling and heart, I remain, sir, with sentiments of sincere friendship,

Yours respectfully,

D. GOLDSMITH.

On September 7th, 1832, George writes to Deborah at her home in Brookfield, as follows:

At Home, 9 o'clock P. M., Hamilton, New York, Sept. 7th, 1832.

Deborah:

If you will deign, I will devote a few solitary hours in conversing with an absent, though much esteemed friend, while all is silence around me, no one to disturb or molest. It truly is a beautiful evening. All nature seems hushed in silence, while the moon sheds his silvery rays on the green heath and the twinkling stars that brighten at the approach of night are peculiarly calculated to calm the mind and dispose it to contemplation. With me, it is a time of reflection. The seasons with the many that have passed, speak with a voice that thrills through every part of my system, that all things earthly must fade and die; the spring with its beauty, the summer with its flowers has passed and are now numbered with the bygone years to return no more. It seems, sometimes when I am driven about by the hurry of business, that I would gladly say: Stop, thou ever-rolling orb, and let the beautiful months of summer stay awhile with us. But, no, the rapid march of time goes on, regards not the beauty of spring nor the blessings of summer, ever hurrying us to our graves; whether we enjoy little or much, it makes no difference, we are hastened onward. But I would say if we drink more of bitter than sweet in the cup of life, we must blame the drinker, not the cup. For I am sensible we are created for happiness, have faculties given us, if rightly used, calculated to make us sociable, agreeable and happy in a limited sense, not perfect happiness, for that is not found here below.

Turning the page, we find:

Sunday morning, 4 o'clock, September 23.

If you see this date you doubtless will think me a strange person, quite indifferent when and what I write, but my time has been occupied in doing something, whether good or bad I say not, but I am sure that I have found no time to write, only at unseasonable hours, when my limbs were weary and called for rest, the mind yielding her assent to the calls of nature. So much for preface.

The subject that now lies before me is one that requires candor and discretion. Yes, more, deep reflection. Reason and judgment must direct my steps and move my pen while I scratch a few lines for your perusal, hoping that you will throw away what is harsh or ill tasted, and if anything remains that is palatable, give it place.

Why is it that this step is one that needs much precaution? It is because on it hangs all the happiness of life. The human heart is so constructed that it is conscious at times of impressions that will last through life, especially in youth. Friendships are easily formed; futurity is filled with objects pleasing and delightful, and the pathway of life smooth and plain. But experience opens the eye, and often, very often, shows us the sad reverse and the little bark of friendship is often wrecked upon the barren shore of helpless despair, and why? Perhaps they did not steer the right course; perhaps they did not apply the oar in season. It requires as much skill and judgment to conduct a vessel across the broad Atlantic as it does to build it, though it has often been traversed and all its dangers pointed out, yet to an inexperienced mariner it is all a dream. He may have his chart well studied and start out full of hope, resting on his own knowledge and the knowledge of others; he may feel safe, yet when he is out of the sight of land on the wide ocean, the billows rising high and mountainous before him, the vessel tossed to and fro by the stormy winds, it is then that his own judgment and personal exertions are called forth to brave the fury of the storm and arrive safely at his destined harbor. So it is with the set-out in life. We may build our hopes on the rock of pure affection and strong personal attachment (which I hope we have); it yet remains for us to conduct the remainder of life in such a manner as to brave the killing winds of adversity and the keen arrows of disappointment, to outride the storms of affliction and the billowy waves of misfortune. Though we may see many difficulties in the way, yet there are thousands of trials that we cannot see or know, nor could we prevent them, did we foreknow them. There is nothing left for us but to build on the sure foundations and trust in the care of an all-wise and all-powerful benefactor, One who sees from beginning to end of human existence. A Being who knows the human heart and will punish it for every evil work and abundantly reward the good. But I must close. I have only to add that when our hearts are prepared and our minds are ready, we will then bow at the shrines of ceremony and manifest to the world the sincerity of our designs. Adieu.

Yours sincerely,

GEORGE A. THROOP.

Write if proper.

The following letter, addressed to George A. Throop at Hamilton, New York, October 5, 1832, from Deborah at Hamilton:

Sunday Morning.

(No salutation.)

The storm is past and the face of nature again seems to wear a smiling aspect. The sun is again cheering the earth with his bright rays. Oh, I love to gaze on the face of nature, and I love to meditate on the glorious perfections of Him who forms so many beautiful objects to delight the eyes of man. Every season brings its peculiar enjoyment and its peculiar pleasure, but I have sometimes thought that the present was more calculated to fill the mind with melancholy reflections than any other. Yet these reflections may prove more beneficial to the mind than others which

we are apt to indulge when nature is bursting to life and loveliness. "Earth is not our abiding place," and when we see nature decaying, the falling leaf, the blighted flower, it reminds us of our own mortality and that youth, beauty, yes, everything that belongs to earth, is fading and fleeting as the airy gossamer or the bright bow of promise, and vanishes like the morning dew. But if these reflections are melancholy, if the thought that we must soon die, that we must soon leave all that is dear and beloved in this world, we may also look forward to a glorious immortality, to a brighter and better world, where disappointment, death, pain nor sorrow can ever enter, and where love and friendship will bloom forever. Oh, well may the soul exult in such a prospect and be truly thankful for such a hope, even a hope of eternal life.

When earthly hopes are blighted and the world looks dreary, it is this which supports the soul, and it is this hope which sweetens all the joys of life and enables us to bear adversity with calmness.

I do not believe that happiness is anywhere to be found but in the path of piety and virtue, nor do I believe that pure and lasting friendship can be built on any other foundation. Friendship cannot be enduring, nor even exist in the heart that is not swayed by virtuous principles. Nor can virtue exist and bloom in a heart where the principles of piety and religion are unfelt and disregarded. Lasting happiness is not a flower of earth, and it would be in vain to seek for it, but I believe the virtuous enjoy a much larger share of happiness than those who pursue the paths of dissipation and folly.

Now, I want to tell you a little news for a change as a variety. You recollect I showed you a very large book which was a present from Daniel Ormsby to Catherine. I thought that so large a present was probably given for something. So, it seems, it was, for Monday a billet was presented to Catherine by this young gentleman, requesting to know whether his addresses would be encouraged or not. The billet came in rather a bad time, as she was almost sick. An answer was requested immediately, as he was going to Portland the next day. After many tears, she concluded to delay giving him a decisive answer till she had more time to think of it, and her strength was better. She had been sick all the week, but I think is improving now. Mr. Boone has been gone since Tuesday, and we have had rather a lonesome and distressing time, but we hope he will be home before long. I have not been to Lebanon yet, but I expect to go next Wednesday. I have not yet concluded when I shall go home, but I think I may in the course of a few weeks. It is so uncertain now when I shall be entirely ready to return that I do not think it will be best for you to trouble yourself about coming after me. Thank you a thousand times for your kind offer. I feel just as grateful to you as though I had accepted it. Perhaps I may not have a congenial opportunity of going home, but I think that I may.

Yours in friendship,

DEBORAH.

As part of the same letter, the following, written in Brookfield, October 25th:

This letter, as you will perceive, was written a great while ago, and the reason it was not sent you was because I had no very convenient opportunity, so you must excuse me for this seeming negligence. I have been to Lebanon and painted four miniatures on ivory. I should have stayed there longer, but my sister was sick and sent for me, but her health is so far recovered that she was able to come home with me yesterday. Catherine is now almost well, and I am quite glad to get home.

Yours,

DEBORAH.

These letters are the only ones that came to us. **George** and **Deborah** were married the following December, 1832. They set up housekeeping in a little home of their own in Hamilton, New York.

Mr. Sanford Boone was a prosperous business man. He had just finished building his fine brick building which he called "The Canal Exchange." He had always been kind to his young sister-in-law, just as he was in later years to her daughter, **Cordelia.** It was in keeping with his kindly nature to set **George** up in business.

All went well for almost two years. Then came the financial crisis of the thirties of the last century. **George** was not cut out for a merchant. It was uncongenial work. He failed. They had to give up their little home and go, with their little daughter, back to the farm, north of Hubbardsville. **Deborah** was ill. Another child was expected, and **James Addison** was born to them December 7, 1835.

Mr. Boone also failed. After a few years, he left Hamilton for Galesburg, Illinois, to make a new start in a new country.

" 'Tis friendship cheers my darkest hour
And charms each care to rest.
Come, friendship, then, with all thy power,
And reign within this breast."

—DEBORAH GOLDSMITH.

Page 1, Deborah's Album, 1826-1831.

Go, little volume, like the bee,
The fertile fields of mind explore;
Pull from each mental shrub and tree
Some grateful sweets to swell thy store.

Go, and in friendship's hallowed name,
Where'er thy wanderings may be,
A tribute fond from feeling claim
A few brief lines for memory.

—DEBORAH GOLDSMITH.

Page 22, Deborah's Album, 1826-1831.

TO THE MOON

What is it that gives thee, mild Queen of the night,
That sweet indescribable grace?
Oh, why should I gaze with such tender delight,
On thy fair, but insensible face?

What gentle enchantment possesses thy beam,
Beyond the warm sunshine of day?
Thy bosom is cold as the glittering stream
Where dances thy tremulous ray.

Canst thou the sad heart of its sorrow beguile,
Or grief's fond indulgence suspend?
Yet where is the mourner but welcomes thy smile,
And loves thee almost as a friend?

The tear that looks bright in thy beam as it flows,
Unmoved thou dost ever behold;
The sorrow that loves in thy light to repose,
To thee it has never been told.

And yet thou dost soothe me and ever I find,
While watching thy gentle retreat,
A moonlit composure steals over my mind,
Poetical, pensive and sweet.

I think of the years that forever are fled,
Of follies by others forgot;
Of joys that are vanished, of hopes that are dead,
Of friendships that were, and are not.

I think of the future, still gazing the while
Oh, couldst thou these secrets reveal?
But ne'er dost thou grant an encouraging smile
To answer the mournful appeal.

Those beams which so bright through my window appear,
To far distant suns they extend,
Illumine the dwellings of those that are dear,
And sleep on the grave of my friend.

Then still I must love thee, mild Queen of the Night,
Since feeling and fancy agree
To make thee a source of unfailing delight,
A friend and a solace for me.

—DEBORAH GOLDSMITH

Pages 56-58, Deborah's Album, 1826-1831.

LETTERS AND DIARY OF DEBORAH'S LAST SICKNESS

Richard and Ruth Goldsmith

Taken shortly before their death in 1854

The following note was written to Deborah by her mother-in-law, Sarah Stanton (Mason) Throop, while Deborah still lived in Hamilton:

Dear Deborah:

I felt disappointed I could not go and see you today, but I am confined at present. I shall go and see you as soon as I can. I have been at work with the medicine all day. I have the syrup and plaster. The syrup must have a pint of brandy and a pound of loaf sugar added. The plaster you can tell how to apply as well as for me to write. She may take the syrup three or four times a day, a wine-glass at a time. I have never been in the practice of ordering medicines without seeing the person affected. Your mother told me so particularly, I thought I would try it. This from your MOTHER.

The following letter, undated, was written to Deborah by her mother, **Ruth (Miner) Goldsmith,** sometime during February, 1836:

My Dear Deborah:

I take my pen to write you a few hasty lines. I have felt great anxiety on your account. The week past we have heard you are dangerously sick, and report that you were dead. Your father would have gone directly to see you, but he has a hard cold and cough. The going is very bad, even if passable. Mr. Boone thought he would not get through. We thought if you had been dangerous and so continued, you would have sent us word some way or other. It seems a long time since we saw you or heard anything direct.

We have indulged the pleasing hope that you would recover and live to do good in the world and bring up your children. I hope if you live, you'll get into the spirit of religion and let your light shine. The Lord is doing a great work in Hamilton. Such a day was never seen here before. The meeting has continued three weeks. They have concluded to continue another wek. Elders Swan and Smitzer attend steadily. A number of others occasionally. Within a week past a number of stout-hearted sinners have bowed and become fools for Christ's sake.

About a week ago a Mr. Osgood that works in tin was taken hold of one evening in a very powerful manner that very much affected a crowded assembly. Since then some of the foremost characters in the village have been brought down. A number have gained hope. I will mention some names: Rufus Bacon Smith, Mott Walker, young Aaron Wheeler, Erastus Wheeler Blish and wife, Philo Orton. Most of the above their wives were with them. A great many Universalists have renounced. Mr. Orton said it was generally known that he had embraced that belief, but it was swept away. He and his wife were gone the two first weeks, but they were taken hold of very soon after they were gotten home. Mr. Ward and wife are much engaged, prayers in their family. A great many young people, some old. Henry is broke down and become another man, they say. Elder Swan felt as though he had a message to the merchants, doctors and lawyers. They have been rather passed by on account of their popularity. I heard some mention (I think it was the first Sabbath evening after the meetings commenced) how he prayed for them, mentioned the conflagration in New York, compared it with what is said in Revelations about the destruction of Babylon.

I must stop. Henry is come to fix to go. This from your mother. I have not attended one meeting since you were here. Last Sabbath Mrs. Shipley was buried. She was Betsy Wheeler; she left a babe three weeks old.

RUTH GOLDSMITH.

RUTH (MINER) GOLDSMITH'S DIARY OF DEBORAH'S LAST SICKNESS

March 4, 1836.

Came to see Deborah. Found her low indeed, a mortal paleness on her cheek, but glory in her soul. She spoke of her approaching dissolution with pleasure; justified the dealings of God with her. Said chastisements were very necessary; had she lived a more self-denying life and entire devotedness she should not have had so protracted an illness and so much distress. But she felt confidence in God that He would do what was perfectly right with her, and that though worms consumed her body, yet in her flesh she should see God.

March 5, 1836.

This morning I found her sinking. No hopes of her recovery. She gave me particular directions about some of her personal things; about her being laid out. She wished to have every unnecessary expense avoided. She still felt a heavenly calm in her mind and wanted I should pray that she might continue firm and unmoved. She said in all her lingering sickness, she had felt best when she thought she must die. When she thought she might get well, a thousand cares and anxieties crowded upon her mind. God had enabled her to give up her children and all to Him to do as He sees best with them. She said: "Tell my brother I thank him for all his kindness to me when young. Tell my sister, Content, I thank her for all her kindness to me."

March 6th.

She has had a rather more comfortable night; continues in the same peaceable frame of mind. Says she feels nothing in her mind that murmurs or repines at the dealings of God with her. She told me today she thought she had been warned of her approaching dissolution by dreams before her confinement. Her grandmother* appeared to her in a dream in celestial splendor, her raiment white and glittering, love and friendship beaming in her eyes. She told Deborah she had not long to live, but that need be no cause for regret. It would be to her unspeakable gain. She had a remarkable dream some time before her last sickness. She thought she had been painting her own likeness; she had a most excellent likeness, the eyes looked like real life. While she was looking and admiring it, suddenly the eyes closed. She felt surprised and called her husband; she said she certainly drew them open. She dreamed they both fell on their knees.

March 7th.

She is very poor, indeed, able to speak but little. Her sister, Anna, came to visit her, and her brother-in-law, Benjamin Sweet. She held conversation with him that quite exhausted her.

March 8th.

She rested much better the night past. Seems much better today. Her father came to see her. It seemed to revive her. She certainly appears much better. How long it will continue, God only knows. She asked Minerva to read the Fifth Chapter of Job

March 9th.

She rested very comfortably most of the night. I thought her some better till afternoon, when her distress returned and continued till night. She has still a patient, comfortable mind, and begged me to exercise patience.

March 10th.

She was rather easier through the night. This morning she is evidently sinking, though considerably easy, yet losing ground on the whole. She is unwilling to take medicine. She says it will do her no good and that it only distresses her. She desired me to pray. She says she has one small request to make, if right, that the Lord will favor her with an easy dismissal from her tabernacle of clay. She is more distressed this evening. We were called up about midnight. Her distress increased. She was in more distress than I have ever seen her, but not immediately dying. Still she felt her confidence in God. She revived a little and we went to bed again.

March 11th.

She is still much distressed, a puking bleeding at the nose. She has but little rest. She asked me to read a portion of Scripture. I read the Sixth Psalm, part of the Twelfth Chapter of Hebrews. I never was so sensible of clinging to hope when

*Ruth (Morse) Miner.

all prospect was gone as in her case. There is no reasonable prospect of her ever getting well, but, nevertheless when her pains subside and she brightens up, I hope. because all things are possible with God. She appears today and last night rather scattering and drowsy. She has never before. She said last night she did not know but it was because she had had so much company. She desired if the doctor or any other came in to let them stay but a moment, and not to have any loud talking around her.

March 12th.

This morning she lies easy; has rested better the night past, but nothing that looks as though she would live long. Perhaps the Lord sees best for her to go. I desire to submit. When I have expressed some hope something might help her, she said: "Oh, Mother, don't flatter yourself. I shall never be raised from this sick bed." She did not wish to have her expectations raised, repeated again she felt better when she gave up all thought of living. Today she has bled at her nose, She appears sinking, but she says she is not wretched, she has divine support. She says she has done with all worldly things and company, all but what is necessary to take care of her. She wants me or her husband with her all the time. She asked once today if I thought her father would come. She said he told her he thought he would come and see her once more. Just at night I read a hymn to her. I told her I wanted to administer some comfort if I could. She said the Lord comforted her.

March 13th.

We hardly thought she would survive the night, but she is alive this morning and some revived. She says she feels a heavenly calm in her mind. The world with its fashions and customs are all passed away. She has been much more comfortable through the day, but evidently is sinking. She has spoken repeatedly of the mercies of God to her. She has mentioned, I believe, every day since I have been here of the mercy in having a Mother to be with her to administer to her. All her friends, neighbors and connections have been very kind. Everything she wants is amply provided. I have never heard her say anything like complaining, but the contrary, justifying the dealings of God to her as perfectly right. She has said: "The Lord knows what measures to take with His children."

March 14th.

She has had a very poor night. I went to bed by her desire. I was called up at half past two. I saw an alteration had taken place. She had been very sick at her stomach. Her extremities were cold, a deathlike sweat on her forehead. She said: "Don't mourn for me." I asked her if she still felt peace in her mind. She said, "Yes," but she did not feel those clear visions that she had sometimes. Her mind was rather scattering at times. She has had severe pain this afternoon, but still remains patient. She said: "The Lord has not dealt harshly with me; 'though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, the Lord is with me.' "

March 15th.

She rested some through the night. There seems to be an alteration this morning. Her countenance is altered. She seems different. She groans continually. She is rather stupid, perhaps caused by taking an opiate. She still feels peace in her mind. She repeated a verse rather brokenly, which was this: "God, my supporter and my hope, my help, forever near. Thine arm of mercy held me up when sinking in despair." I think death is fast advancing. She is in great agony this forenoon. She asked for her husband, who was out. She said she wanted to ask his forgiveness for anything she had said to hurt his feelings. When he came in she asked him to forgive her; said she had hurt her own feelings more than his. She said

she had loved him as well as she ought. She then prayed with fervor, praying the Lord to be with her through the valley of death. She could not bear to see me affected; said we had been commanded to bear with patience the will of God.

March 16th.

Deborah is still alive; has had a restless night, but not so bad as the night before. I think her more comfortable than yesterday morning. Her powers of speech have failed, her swallowing more difficult. I wanted to ask her how she felt in her mind, but felt almost afraid, she was so far gone, but I ventured to ask her if she still felt if the Lord was with her; her countenance brightened, she nodded her head, and said, "Yes." She died at half past three in the afternoon. Her father came about noon. She knew him. Her sister Ann's husband called a short time before her death. She tried to raise her hand to shake hands, which was too much; I steadied it. Her eyes followed him when he went out. This was the last act of consciousness. We discovered her breathing altered, no groan or struggle. After her breathing stopped, she gasped a few times; no feature was discomposed, she appeared to die easy. In this her own prayer and those of her friends were answered. I think it was the night before her death she spoke to her husband of the value of her hope. What would all the world be in comparison with it now?

Signed, RUTH MINER GOLDSMITH.

Deborah died March 16, 1836, leaving **George** a widower with two small children before he was twenty-six years old.

LETTERS EXCHANGED AFTER DEBORAH'S DEATH

MR. GEORGE A. THROOP,
East Hamilton, New York.

Hamilton, New York, July 21, 1836.

Dear Son:

Earnestly desiring to say or communicate something to you in this day of severe visitation, I take my pen in hand this afternoon to write a few lines, deeply sensible of my inability to write anything that may enter into your feelings or afford you any consolation unless assisted by the spirit of Divine Grace.

God, in His all-wise providence, has seen fit to come near to us; has made a wide break in our little family circle. I feel it is a wound that will never close.

When my heart is bursting with anguish I always turn my thoughts to you; perhaps there is one being that feels this afflicting dispensation more than I do. Two extremes, we are directed in the Word of God to avoid: despising the chastening of the Lord or fainting when rebuked. I wish we may be so happy as to make a right improvement of this severe trial. In the day of adversity, we are directed to consider,

we do well to enter into our hearts and search for every enemy that may have been entertained there, and be willing they should be brought out and slain before the Lord.

When my thoughts turn to the dear little orphans, what can I say? My language is too weak to express my feelings. I would fain wish myself able to take care of them, to protect them, as my very own, but I feel a measure of confidence in God that He will provide for them.

The spring is past; the summer far in advance, but all Nature is shrouded in gloom wherever I am or in whatever company I am. The mournful scene is ever before me. I don't feel I gain anything by being crowded with care or company; always it is the same agonizing feeling. I feel it must continue through life. I don't feel it right not to have it continually in view. My desire is that I may make a right improvement of this afflicting dispensation. There is some lesson for us to learn. The Lord does not willingly grieve or afflict the children of men, but if need be, they are in heaviness. My desire and prayer to God is that you may hear the voice of the One who hath appointed it, and say with one of old: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

I hope you will come before long and bring Cordelia. I should be glad to have an opportunity to converse with you free from interruption, but our situation is peculiar. 'Tis very uncertain when I can have an opportunity to visit you. I want to visit Deborah's grave, but perhaps I never shall. I shall close. I hope you will excuse my letter. I have not written at all easily. I have not answered my mind. I have long been waiting for a convenient time to write when my mind was free, but I have had no such time. I don't know how many have come in since I began to write you. Your writing to us was quite a comfort. I should be glad to write something for your comfort. This from your affectionate mother,

RUTH GOLDSMITH.

In this letter to **Deborah's** parents, **George** expresses the emptiness of life without her, his gratitude to friends and a realization of his responsibilities to his two motherless children.

Mr. Richard Goldsmith,
Hamilton, New York.

East Hamilton, New York, July 31, 1836, five o'clock P. M.

Dear Parents:

Yes, it is all true. All that I loved and esteemed here on earth; all that made life desirable and cheered its loneliness with ineffable smiles of joy, my earthly guide and director, my friend, my all, is gone forever from my side; sleeps in the silent grave; is now food for earthworms. Yes, this is all true. Oh, could I but exchange places, it seems to me that she could have been more useful here to protect these little orphans in all the trials of childhood, and guide them through the slippery paths of youth.

I would willingly yield my body a prey to the Grim Messenger, to sleep silently by the side of her I loved and esteemed, for why should I desire to linger here, when

my heart feels so sensibly its loneliness? I mourn because death has deprived me of my earthly companion, and that in the morning of my life, when all its charms seemed animated.

But He who holds the destinies of nations in His hand, and directs the steps of men, has ordered it otherwise. The Lord calls home His children in His own due time. 'Tis not for us to judge of His inscrutable designs, and with the Lord I leave it. I will turn from the subject that is sealed up and beyond our comprehension and turn to what is before me.

The two little orphans are left in my care. To me the charge was given, and this was the charge and last prayer of their dear mother as she took her final leave of them, when the feelings of the heart came up in all their sensitiveness, with composure she said, and said repeatedly: "May the Lord bless you with all spiritual blessings, and support you in all your trials. Be a kind father to these dear little babes; stand by them in every danger, support them under every trial."

This request, in addition to the affection of my own heart, brings the subject home with more than double energy, and in obedience to this dying charge and in conformity to my own personal duty, I am determined to be true and faithful to my promise and to accomplish all and even more, the Lord being my helper, and the consolation of the Gospel my support, with regard to these motherless children.

I think that I stand not alone in these trials. I am sensible there are many who feel for me and are ready and willing to aid with their prayers and their counsel, to send the best feelings of the heart to comfort and console. In order to more fully accomplish this object I ask not your money nor your substance, for it is easy for me to obtain everything that is necessary for their temporal benefit; but I ask your prayers, your benedictions and your counsel. Pray for me, first that I may stand firm in this day of trial and not swerve from my duty towards these little children; that a kind and feeling hand may be extended towards them at all times; that they may be saved from the corrupting influence of sin and iniquity; that the light of the glorious Gospel may shine into their understandings, and the grace of Almighty God may influence their hearts and rennovate all their moral feelings; that they may be true worshippers of their Father in heaven, and obedient followers of the precepts of the Saviour. For I know you feel a nearness to them, for you can plainly see traits of your own departed child in them.

Tell Mrs. Boone that I feel very grateful to her for her great kindness and interest she manifests in the welfare of these little orphans. The Lord will reward her with all spiritual blessings for such kindness.

I thank you for the letter you wrote me, and you will write again, I hope.

You will read these broken sentences with charity, for I have not time nor room to write more. Yours, in affliction,

GEORGE A. THROOP.

N. B. Cordelia Throop and James Addison Throop are two quite interesting children. My responsibility greatly increases as they grow and come into notice. As you have been through all the trials of life, your counsel for me and them, that we may be saved from error and destruction, will be welcome.

G. A. THROOP.

Dan Throop

NOTE—Signature taken from Bible (1747) which was presented to Dan IV, by his mother, Rachel (Terry) Throop. Painting by **Deborah Goldsmith,** 1831.

Sarah S. Wait

SARAH STANTON (MASON) (THROOP) WAIT

NOTE—From a painting by **Deborah Goldsmith,** 1831.

GEORGE AND HIS RELATIVES

1837 - 1842

OUR modern times are characterized by diversions that destroy the propensity to think sensibly or deeply on affairs of general civic importance. To-day the radio, talkies, highly-picturized publications filled with small talk and frivolity, the auto and the general easiness and apparent completeness of social organization, seem to take away the need of thinking. And yet the need is here, as never before. At no time in the world's history have the affairs of mankind been in greater need of manly characteristics than now.

It is something more than merely interesting to delve into the past and find that, in the early Nineteenth century, young Americans, while possessed of the same dispositions as young Americans of today, were then thinking, planning and arguing on themes of vital importance.

Facilities for traveling from one community to another were very limited; the roads were unimproved; pictures were hand-made; theatres were confined to cities; periodicals were then too difficult to produce to be filled with thoughtless frivolity. Life had plenty of sane pleasures, as well as the serious problems attendant upon an undeveloped geography and lack of social organization.

The postage rates of **George** and **Deborah's** time vividly illustrate the progress of mankind's conquest of time and distance in the last hundred years. We take a page from "The Principal Stage, Steamboat and Canal Routes in the United States, and Other Statistical Information," published by Mitchell and Henman, Philadelphia, 1835:

"On a single letter composed of one piece of paper.

For any distance not exceeding 30 miles	6c
over 30 miles, not exceeding 80 miles	10c
over 80 miles, not exceeding 150 miles	12½c
over 150 miles, not exceeding 400 miles	18¾c
over 400 miles	25c

"A letter composed of two pieces of paper is charged with double these rates; of three pieces, triple; and of four pieces, quadruple.

"One or more pieces of paper mailed as a letter and weighing one ounce, shall be charged with quadruple postage; and at the same rate should the rate be greater.

"Postmasters may send and receive free of postage letters and packages not exceeding an ounce in weight, and they may receive one daily newspaper each.

"By Act of Congress, March, 1825.
"Amended, March, 1827."

George Addison was nine years older than Dan DeWitt Clinton, who at the age of eighteen, in 1837, with the optimism and eagerness of youth, was ready to right the wrongs of the world.

George at twenty-seven, had already been disciplined by sorrow, responsibility and disappointment. Married at twenty-two, he was a widower at twenty-six, with two small children. The future weighed heavily upon him. He writes from western New York as though he were "away out West." Evidently it required Dan's letters several days to cross New York State.

The Charts, which give the genealogical background of **George Addison** and **Deborah,** the Diary and the letters that tell so graphically of his bereavement, are finished.

The letters transmitted between **George** and his relatives tell us something of the story of his life, as well as give us much data of historical and family interest. Most of the letters constitute correspondence between **George Addison** and Dan DeWitt, beginning with a letter from Mecklenburg, dated April 13, 1837. **George** was on his way to Randolph, New York, to work for his uncle, William Throop, whose sons, his double cousins, had gone out West to Michigan Territory and Chicago.

Careful perusal is interesting, as well as instructive. They are written at a time when human slavery was under fire, when our young Republic was establishing her geographic borders against the inroads of her then enemy, England. The sores and tragedies of 1776-1812 were still fresh in the minds of her people. The question of slavery entered into all negotiations for the acquisition of Texas, California and the Oregon country, and the dread question of civil war was in the minds of almost everyone.

GEORGE IN WESTERN NEW YORK

A serious undertaking, in the spring of 1837, fraught with many hardships, was the trip of **George Addison** described in the following letter. He was about 100 miles from Hamilton, and yet his description of his travels leads one to believe it was a memorable journey. Nowadays the same territory could, no doubt, be covered on a pleasant Sunday afternoon's auto drive.

He describes the country through which he traveled, and gives a brief account of Ithica and Cayuga Lake.

From Ithica he traveled fifty miles to Bath, whose inhabitants, he says, "are principally engaged in being active and cheerful."

This is probably the first trip he had taken since the death of his young wife, **Deborah,** one year before.

The postage on this letter to East Hamilton was 12½ cents, and 5½ cents additional were required to forward it to New Hartford, Oneida County, New York.

Mecklenburg		**12½c**
April 13th	**Paid ford.**	**5½c**
East Hamilton		
May 14th		**18c**

Mr. DAN D. W. C. THROOP
East Hamilton, Madison Co., New York.
Forwarded to New Hartford, Oneida Co., New York.

Macklenburg, April 13th, 1837.

Dear Brother:

I wrote a letter to Brother Wm. H., giving an account of my journey from Sabins, Onandoga County to Groton, Tompkins County, where I stayed on the night of the 11th inst.; to Jason Gager's from Conn., Windham Town. They treated me very kindly. Gave me a very strong invitation to call on them, if ever I returned.

Jason Gager and Cousin Amos Gager and father were first cousins, the history of whom you will learn from our Mother.

I started from there the 12th for Ithica. Went through a small village called McLean near Groton. There is a beautiful stream coming in from the N. W., which winds around and soon takes a S. W. course to Ithica and rolls itself along majestically with a rapid current into Cayuga Lake.

The land from McLean to Ithica is very broken. The hills are covered with pine. Saw mills, plenty, that do great business. The best pine lumber is sent to New York.

I never saw pine logs till now piled up in such quantities at every mill. The soil is thin land, hardly pays for clearing. Water stands on the surface, which renders the soil very unfruitful. But as I neared Ithica, it grew better, the soil a sandy loam, good for wheat, and easy to till, valued at $40.00 per acre.

Ithica is situated two miles from the head of Cayuga Lake on a low level plain. As I neared the village I bore to the right in order to catch a view of Fall Creek falls. Came on to the Lake road at the head of the lake.

When I got to the top of the hill, the lake presented itself. The water presented a blue appearance bordering on a green, but said to be clear. Steamboats lay off on

the water, fitting for motion. The use of these steamboats is to tow the canal boats loaded with pine lumber and every other thing that the people wish from the inlet up the lake, so that they (the canal boats) find their way into the Erie Canal.

Ice is entirely out of the lake. Farmers are plowing and sowing. When I struck the Lake road, I turned to the left, where the village of Ithica hove in sight. It appeared as though one house was piled on another.

This is truly a business place. Streets are narrow, but dry walks, all paved with large flat stones. A very high, rugged hill on the east inclined about 60 degrees.

I came in sight of the falls! There was a large stream of water tumbling down a precipice of 100 feet, foaming and raging with great noise. It looked like a large sheet of snow rolling down a precipice.

Here, one of the American generals, I think Sullivan, encamped his army on this plain; took up a line of march; divided, one-half marching up the east side of the lake, the other part swam the inlet, and marched up the west side, to destroy the Indians.

On the hill at the Southeast is an engine house, where they draw up the cars on an inclined plane of forty-five degrees, and let them down one at a time. The railroad goes to Oswego. Immense quantities of pine lumber are lodged here for New York and other places.

I left there in the P. M. of the 12th for Bath. Ascended a high hill, through a country of chestnut timber, pine scrubby, but soon large pine trees in abundance appeared till I reached this place. Bath is fifty miles from Ithica, west. The inhabitants here are principally engaged in being active and cheerful.

I want you to let the Sabins read this letter. When you meet you can read with and for one another.

I shall write to Brother Alberto* next, probably not till I reach Uncle William Throop's.

When you have done hearing from me, you may think me dead, for I have resolved to let my friends know where I am and what I am about.

I think phrenology would be a source of diversion to me, for the people here know nothing about it.

I want you to accompany Mother this summer to Sabins, if convenient. I shall direct this letter to East Hamilton, for I got the impression that you would be down about the time this reaches there.

Yours respectfully,

G. A. THROOP.

P. S.—Give my love to all the friends. Tell Mylo I shall write to him, soon as I get anything that will be interesting. G.

*Alberto Sabin, a brother-in-law.

Besides the almost fatherly solicitations and encouragement to an ambitious younger brother, **George,** in the following letter of July 14, 1837, Randolph, New York, tells about early federal river development on the Alleghenny river. His remarks on Dan's claimed ability to read human nature, good naturedly tell of the difficulties attendant on such a study. He refers to the then new "science" of phrenology, the art of character delineation by the shape of the skull.

Randolph, N. Y. **10c**
July 15

DAN D. W. C. THROOP, ESQ.,

East Hamilton, Madison County, N. Y.

Randolph (N. Y.), July 14, 1837.

Dear Sir:

I gladly announce receipt of your favor of the 2nd inst., on the evening of the 9th inst., bringing the ever welcome intelligence of the health and apparent prosperity of friends.

I rejoice to hear that you are pushing your way onward in the sciences with such wonderful success, for, be assured, your time cannot be more usefully spent than in the acquisition of knowledge. Go ahead. Stop not short of your object, if it be a seat in the chair of state (I wot that ye would occupy a more honored station), for there are but few obstacles but that perseverence and resolution and diligent application can overcome.

Our characters in the world cannot be inherited from father to son, nor can wealth, handed down to us from our forefathers, build us up in the eyes of a scrutinizing public. Nothing but personal effort and a firm determination to be something will eventually make the man.

I think you have pressed your way onward and borne your burden like a good soldier, overcoming obstacles that many, with fairer prospects, have shrunk at, and are now reaping your reward in that storehouse of knowledge which yields a bountiful supply to all who will visit, but none can enjoy save only those who come in at the door.

Your prospects now certainly appear to be very flattering to me as well as others. You have a sound body, and, if I may judge from your writing, you have a sound mind that is free from all the contaminating evils of bigotry, superstition, and ignorance; with a strong desire for knowledge, and a willingness to take the right method to acquire it. May the rainbow of hope arching the bright prospects of the future urge you on to greater effort till the accumulated cares of a business life shall call your attention to fill your days of usefulness.

You will probably sometime wish to leave the strong monopolies of the East for the growing enterprise of the West. It is nothing but ecstacy to the mind of a scientific man to travel through this Empire state, to visit its thousand villages and its numerous public works; to see the country, and, what is more than all, what makes a country, the people.

The engineers are now surveying the Allegheny River from Ocean Point to Warren County, Pennsylvania. The United States Government appropriated money last session to improve the navigation of this stream, which is about to be accomplished, so that steamboats can run up to Allegheny City.

You say you have a pretty thorough knowledge of human nature. This, I think, is surprising, since we are so fearfully and wonderfully made. I do not really understand this, but perhaps feeling the *bumps will remedy all this. I know nothing about a bump that will induce church members to refrain from crying that life is all pain and trouble, deprivation and perplexity, and is not worth possessing; nothing but the joys of another world will do for them. And the instant they hear a common civilian say from sincerity—even intimate—that he is sick of life, oh, he is a wretch, an infidel, a dangerous member of society. I think this bump must lay in the back part of the head, where all those dark ideas are centered. There are some very singularly shaped heads in this country. I begin to have some faith in the system and have a strong desire to learn all about it, and intend in future to avail myself of the books. They cannot be obtained in this Western district, not short of Rochester.

This village is divided by the Conewango into two parts, east and west. The east part has two stores and one tavern. The west part, which is the part we live in, has four stores, a post office, meeting house, and tavern, and other merchandise shops, which make it very pleasant.

I have some associates that are very agreeable and interesting. Dayman Coats, Esq., a young man from Courtland County, who has taught a select school in this place for a year, is a very interesting young man. He is studying law; has an office in his own building in which I have my privilege to write and read, and I am now seated at the table beside him, writing while others are lost in sleep.

As for the Misses, etc., I believe that the farther you go West the scarcer they grow. I have been informed there are but two unmarried ladies in Cleveland. One has a wooden leg, and the other has seen sixty years of single blessedness pass off, leaving nothing but the march of intellect to lean upon, so you must make your calculations accordingly when you intend to immigrate. More of this some other time.

Now, dear brother, as we are differently situated as to location, I think we might benefit each other by keeping up a regular correspondence, and I am sure to me it would be edifying, as you are stepping into life with all its novelty and prospects, and acquiring a fund of useful ideas which are continually filling your cranium. I shall ever be gratified to hear from you.

I feel completely unhinged for writing to-night, for weariness bids me retire. I write now so that no jargon may exist respecting what I wish to communicate to mother, as she had not received my last when she wrote. I shall enclose her letter in yours for certain reasons. Write as soon as any new project comes up that will be interesting, and tell me all about matters and affairs down East.

Yours respectfully,

GEORGE A. THROOP.

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM GEORGE'S EXPENSE BOOK 1837 to 1842

The detailed expense book kept by **George Addison Throop** from 1837 to 1842, when in Randolph, New York, is a revelation of all that was accomplished with very little money in those early days. We do not print the entire list for lack of space. The items of his trip back to Hamilton, from October 7, to November 5, 1838, we copy in full.

It is interesting to read in his account book of the things he purchased while at Randolph. His board and room, with washing, was $2.00 per week. He bought the cloth and had his shirts, drawers, pantaloons and vests made. "Kip Boots @ 4.75" were bought twice. Again and again was charged ".50, Top Boots."

In the five years there was ."12c for Tobacco," which leads us to believe it was not for personal use. While he was in charge of the Public House, we find ".42c paid for Wine," and along with it an item, "Treat Stranger." He paid $1.00 which he had "subscribed for preaching," "$1.00 for Lectures," "Music, .50c." Besides tuition for the children's schools, the most constant expense was for paper, postage, ink and quills.

While in Randolph he was paid $16.00 for examining teachers and inspecting schools, $12.50 for assessing lands and copying assessments.

DIARY OF VACATION TRIP FROM RANDOLPH TO HAMILTON

October 7, 1838—Started for East Hamilton; rode to Villamosa with friend Woodbury; attended meeting in evening; heard T. G. Eaton preach; crowded congregation. Had conversation with Methodist preacher; not very interesting. Rather cool—pleasant; country, fine. Distance, 25 miles; expense, .13.

October 8—Villamosa to Forestville. Called at Cattawangus Creek. Viewed the harbor and piers. From there to Buffalo along the lake shore with its tumbling waters dashing against the shore. Distance, 45 miles. Expenses, .44.

Left Buffalo at 11 o'clock P. M. Previous to starting, promenaded the streets. Saw much that I loved; much that I admired, and all that I abhorred. Took my traveling bag and went on board the boat "Michigan," the Merchants Line. Found good company and accommodations. Gentleman from Michigan related the distress and sickness of the inhabitants and poverty of the people. Went to sleep; waked up to find myself in——

October 9—In the Tonowanty Creek. Raining; 20 miles from Buffalo. Expenses for gloves and paid Woodbury, $1.13.

Hit at Pendleton at 8 o'clock A. M. Agreeable passage. On to Lockport. Beheld with astonishment the work of men's hands, grading through a solid strata of rock. A pleasant village, reared on hills and in hollows. Passed on to Medina. Company agreeable and interesting.

October 10—Arrived at Brockport; staid there until 11 o'clock, to unload. Walked about the village. Went into a barber shop and got shaved—.13.

Arrived at Rochester at 6 o'clock—left at 12 o'clock. Rainy. Arrived at Palmyra at noon next day.

October 11—Passed through Port Gibbons, and on through Newark at 12. Arrived at Syracuse at 6:00 P. M. Got blocked in, and had my ears saluted with much profane language. Went to bed for Hall's Landing. Got carried one mile beyond. Got off the boat; walked to Fayetteville. No stage till 1 o'clock P. M. Fare on Canal (Erie), $5.00; contingent expenses, .12.

Went aboard a private wagon for Hamilton, 28 miles away.

October 13—Found my children enjoying health and cheerful; much pleased to see their father.

October 14—Got horse and wagon and rode to East Hamilton. Friends enjoying health.

October 15-16—Visited Brother William.

October 17—Went to village.

October 18—Visited Mrs. T. Nye (Deborah's sister). All well.

October 19—Raining and unpleasant. Contingent expenses, .63; for my children, .78.

October 20—Visited at Sweets. Found friends well, etc.

October 21—Rode to Sherburn. Friends well and happy.

October 22—Rode to Preston; found cousin Amos Gager Throop moved and ready to start for Michigan. Music and pleasant visit in evening. Introduced to many strangers. Expenses at Norwich, .13.

October 23—Visited at County Home. Saw human nature degraded and woefully wretched. Shall reach Sherburn at 10 o'clock P. M.

October 24—Rode to Hamilton. Found James A. Throop sick. Weather warm and pleasant. .13.

October 25—Stayed at home; sick with hard cold. Price of beef, .25.

October 26—Walked with Brother William. Pleasant.

October 27—Visited with Sweet, Sabin, etc. Cold, stormy day with snow.

October 28—Rode to Hamilton. Took leave of my little boy and friends with much pain and anxiety.

October 29—Took stage for Madison at 3 o'clock P. M. Fare, .38.

Waited till 8 o'clock. Took stage for Syracuse; arrived at 4 P. M. Fare, $2.00. Entertained by company. Contingent expenses, .13.

Went on board a line boat for Buffalo, U. S. A. line, B. Lewis Pratt. Pleasant evening.

October 30—Passed through Montazuma on to Lyons. Cold and stormy.

October 31—Pass on to Albion; on to Lockport. Arrived at Buffalo, 7 o'clock.

November 2—Took passage on "Com. Perry." Put to sea. Fare on "Com. Perry," $1.00.

November 3—Started on foot for Randolph. Tired. Contingent expenses, .37.
Do not expect to arrive till the 4th. Expense, .25.
Got home; traveled in the dark. Got into mud; fell down, but persevered, and arrived home at 9 o'clock P. M., November 4th.

November 5—Found friends well. Tended election as Poll Clerk. Expenses, $1.62½.
Gone almost one month. Expenses, $14.36½.

Sunday morning at 7 o'clock, September 19, 1841, **George Addison** answers his Brother Dan DeWitt's letter, received Wednesday "with the postmark of the 7th of September," which, he writes, "roused up in my mind all of those sacred associations that once bound me to earth and cheered me on my journey through life, only to be blasted with the cruel hand of Death."

Oh, the bitterness of heart, the agony, that were still with him, five lonely years after the death of "my lost, my dear partner and wife, whose bosom was fraught with truth, honor, constancy and love."

What fine brotherly affection and confidence is here displayed, that he could bare the anguish of his soul, thus relieving his tortured mind, much the same as does a flood of tears, when otherwise the heart would break.

"But," he writes, "it is of no use to dwell on things we cannot alter, for I have learnt by five lonely years of experience that mournful and gloomy thoughts and sad reflections will never mend the breach nor close the wound made by the hand of Death."

He was "in charge of a public house on one side of the road and a grocery and shoe store on the other, which keeps me very busy." His thoughts were with his children, whom "God and Nature have entrusted to my care," and he was "steady at my business and prudent in my expenses and shall be successful enough to make good all arrearages."

He had a pleasant visit with Father Stacy and wife. He congratulates DeWitt on his progress in the study of law. He notes that the "railroad is in a rapid way of being completed."

In his postscript he sends "my warmest and best remembrances to that little white-headed boy of mine. His father has not forgotten him, but my feelings will not let me say much on that subject."

Mr. D. D. W. C. THROOP, Esq.

Student at Law

Preston, Chenango Co., New York.

Waterboro, New York, Sept. 19, 1841.
Sunday, 7 o'clock A. M.

Dear Friends:

"My heart and thoughts are in my native place,
Wherein my childhood's joyful days were past,
Where rainbow tints the light of time would grace,
And brightness o'er his restless pinions cast."

Your friendly letter, bearing no date, but with the postmark of the 7th of September, came safely to hand Wednesday morning last, which I read with tearful eyes and an overflowing heart. It roused up in my mind all of those sacred associations that once bound me to earth and cheered me on my journey through life, only to be blasted with the cruel hand of death.

O, what is man? Today in the luxuriance of health, exulting in the enjoyment of existence; but in a few days, perhaps in a few hours, loaded with a painful, lingering desire which fills his dreary moments with the reprehensions of anguish, and refusing or denied a comfort as he hastens on to the termination of that life, at the darkness of which his soul recoils.

"Tell us, ye dead, will none of you disclose the secret, what 'tis you are and we must shortly be?" Can it be possible that when I resign this frail, feverish being I shall still find myself in conscious existence? When the last gasp of agony has announced that I am no more to those that knew me and the few who loved me, when the cold, stiffened, unconscious, ghastly corpse is resigned into the earth, to become in time a trodden clod, shall I be yet warm in life, seeing and seen, enjoying and enjoyed?

Ye venerable men and holy teachers, is there probability in your conjectures, truth in your stories of another life beyond the grave, or are they all alike baseless visions and fabricated fables? O, that I as firmly believed it as I ardently wished it! There I should meet an aged parent, now at rest from the many buffetings of an evil world. There I should with speechless agony of pleasure again recognize my lost, my dear partner and wife, whose bosom was fraught with truth, honor, constancy and love.

The death of our beloved cousin must make a sad breach in the circle of friends with whom she was surrounded and so nearly associated.

But it is of no use to dwell on things we cannot alter, for I have learnt by five lonely years of experience that mournful and gloomy thoughts and sad reflections will never mend the breach, nor close the wound made by the hand of Death. No, not all the flights of a refined imagination can satisfy the wants of nature.

Our business in this world is to forget, and keep a cheerful tone of mind, and pass along through life as smoothly as possible, and, like Bro. D., to believe there is no bitter in the cup of life designed by that Giver of all good.

Although I have indulged in a few gloomy strains this morning in addressing you, which the subject led me to think, you seem kindly to interest yourselves in my

future views and prospects. There I can give you no light, only I am situated with the charge of a public house one side of the road, and a grocery and shoe store the other, which keeps me very busy, though not hard manual labor, with a very good compensation, and I believe I shall have means soon to compensate in some small degree my Mother, etc., for the care and anxiety had in the care of my children, for I am feelingly sensible to the duty I owe to them.

Where the individual suffers by the consequence of his own thoughtlessness, indolence and folly, he may be excusable, but where God and Nature have entrusted the welfare of others to his care, where the trust is sacred and the ties are dear, that man must be far gone in selfishness or strangely lost to reflection whom these connexions will not rouse to exertion.

I am steady at my business and prudent in my expenses and shall be successful enough to make good all arrearages.

I cannot leave to visit you at present, but I long to be there with you once more. My associates are travelers who are of all classes, Whig and Democrat. I am acquainted with all and adapt my conversation to suit their turn of mind.

I had a very pleasant visit from Father Stacy and wife a few weeks ago. He is well and retains all of his mental energies. Mrs. Stacy is afflicted some with the ague and fever, but able to be about—the effects of Michigan. He is now living at Columbus, Pa., and called here on a visit to his daughter, Maria, who is married and lives in Fayetteville, Cotton Co., New York, 45 miles east of this place.

I would say to Brother DeWitt, I am highly pleased to hear you are making such rapid progress in your study of the law. You seem to be blessed with a bright view of this world and all of its fascinating scenes. Go on, dear Brother, and rejoice in the days of thy youth, and if you have no bitter in your cup, you will be an exception to the rest of the Throop Six. May the rainbow of hope across the bright prospect of the future, urge you on to greater exertion, and may your youth be strewn with "flowers," for I believe you worthy.

Cousin John and his father will soon start for Michigan, where they intend to reside. They are all in good health and spirits.

John is much pleased with his school and makes good progress. He told me yesterday that it would be impossible to be at Preston this fall, for his business called him back as soon as the school closed.

The railroad is in a rapid way of being completed. *All cleared out and the pile drivers are at work. It makes quite a splendid appearance. It will be all completed next year at the rate they are going on.

Remember me to all and write me again soon. I hope you will do me the justice to believe that it was no defect in gratitude for my long silence. I am the same warm-hearted friend that I always was and have as severe reflections, but I am chained to misfortune's wheel. Adieu.

Yours respectfully,

G. A. THROOP.

D. D. W. C. Throop and Others,
Preston, Chenango Co., New York.

P. S.—My warmest and best remembrances to that little white-headed boy of mine. His father has not forgotten him, but my feelings will not let me say much on that subject. But I love to hear others write about my children. This is for you all to read.

*Right-of-way.

This very interesting letter was written to **George Addison** by his mother and his brother, Dan DeWitt Clinton. It shows the love and esteem they had for his kindly personality. Evidently **George Addison** was concluding whatever business he had in Waterboro, New York, and this was in answer to his letter wherein he stated his "resolution" to return home to his loved ones.

Mr. George A. Throop,

Waterboro, Chataque County, New York.

Preston, New York, February 17, 1842.

Dear Brother:

Your epistle of the 11th inst., bearing to us truly the glad tidings of real joy, received this morning. With a heart full of lively emotions of thankfulness in anticipation of ere long beholding you face to face and enjoying the satisfaction of fraternal association, I now write.

You can scarcely imagine the effect of your letter upon mother at the glad intelligence of your resolution. With a joy in her countenance, she handed the letter to me without saying a word, and soon I felt the kindly glow of gratitude creeping through my veins. We are all on tiptoe for the performance of your resolution. Addison and mother have almost had a celebration on the matter. Besides the happiness you will confer upon us we will try to reciprocate the blessings of social enjoyment, and thus to strew the pathway of life with as many flowers as we can.

I cannot but again urge you to let not another circumstance prevent you from coming. You speak of your regret in not being able to bring a greater quantity of this world's goods, but never mind. You have something we think vastly more of: a feeling heart, a well-stored mind to think and feel, to cheer your friends and to enjoy their society.

Believe me, the great debt you imagine you are laboring under is all cancelled, and the best way you can pay us the rest of what you owe us for keeping so long away from us is by coming here and helping us to live.

We have here a plenty of pork and potatoes and suchlike, and we think when we have good society we are as happy as anybody. Let us not lose longer the true joys of life because we lack a little of the cumbrous trappings of etiquette. I know you care but little about these things.

There is now an opportunity for you to do much good by assuming the care and training of your little boy, by lifting the care from mother and by aiding father. He is declining in years, his children are scattered and scattering, and he needs someone to trust the charge of his business to, and there is no one so suitable as yourself. He has been for some time looking for a hand to labor next season, not knowing where to find one. He is now much gratified with the idea of having you to assist him.

These are a few of the temporal blessings you will confer upon us, but I think more of the home we shall have. We have a good one now, but it will be better when you get here. Full half of our household and the rest of our household near by, excepting our beloved sister who has resigned her earthly house for the shining robes of the blessed. We all deeply feel the loss of her society. Then let us make haste to enjoy while yet we possess them.

Let not trivial things separate us and realize the words of the poet, felt and understood:

Our portion is not large indeed,
But then how little do we need,
For nature's wants are few.
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice.
And make that little do

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Her aim beyond our power;
And if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all
Nor lose the present hour.

I can hardly keep the idea of your return out of my mind long enough to write about anything else. Father will depend upon your aid the coming season and look no farther. We are all in health here.

Solomon's folks leave the county house on the first of April, and then think of going to Michigan. The last we heard from Hamilton, all were well. Alberto has located in Sherburn. Uncle Sanford left here two weeks ago. He is probably now in Randolph. I am still in school. It will be out in three weeks and I hope it will not long exceed the time we shall see you.

P. S.—Addison wants I should tell you he has got to the "Horned Horse" in Peter Parley, and have you to be sure to come to Chenango. I have written just as my feelings dictated without regard to order or elegance. Trusting you will receive it as a sincere effusion of the heart of your brother,

D. D. W. C. THROOP.

As part of this same letter is the following from his mother:

George: You cannot imagine what a load of anxiety has been removed from my heart since I received your letter. The thoughts of once more beholding you seated in my family circle seem to enliven my future prospects and give a new impulse to my almost broken heart. I fear that something will happen to prevent it. I write this to let you know how very welcome you will be received by us all, and you must not disappoint us, as we shall not look out for any other help. There is everything here to make your life comfortable, and if you have not strangely altered, you can make your life agreeable. You are just such a person as we want, and if you will come it will accommodate us. We will expect you soon.

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*After the death of her first husband, **Dan Throop** (b. 1777), who died April 10, 1831, **Sarah,** when she was 56 years old, married Solomon Wait, in 1839.

GEORGE ADDISON IN PRESTON

THE following group of letters, August 3, 1842, to April 13, 1847, constitute a rare collection of personal letters which yield vivid pictures of the political and social conditions of their times, as well as give us an insight into the characters, the intimate and affectionate relationship, of the writers.

George Addison returned to Preston from his sojourn of several years in Randolph and Waterboro, to take up the duties of the home farm. Dan DeWitt wished to go to Hamilton, New York, to study law and be with his brother, William.

Evidently **George,** with his mother and eight-year-old son, **James Addison,** soon moved into Preston, for the letters tell us he taught school, became "Constable, Commissioner, Trustee, Postmaster, etc."

Dan's letter of August 7, 1843, to George expresses a respectful brotherly sentiment and disposes of personal matters very briefly. He then goes on to express in beautiful language his work as lecturer in behalf of an idealistic organization for the education and uplift of humanity. At this time, to preach love of God and brotherhood of man seemed contrary to the so-called orthodoxy of that day. The almost ecstatic joyfulness and keen appreciation of God's Purpose is beautiful to read. This letter was a folded sheet 11x17 inches, closely written, and mailed before stamps were used, the postmaster stamping or writing the amount of postage required to carry the letter to its destination. Dan addresses this letter rather facetiously.

MR. GEORGE A. THROOP, ESQ.,

Superintendent of Common Schools, and ex-Assessor, Constable, Commissioner, Trustee, Postmaster, etc.

Preston, Chenango County, N. Y.

Sherburn, New York, August 7, 1843.

Brother George:

I received your letter of the 24th ult., while at Brother William's, and found the intelligence and kind sentiments a source of much satisfaction, and should have answered it before had not a press of business and various other calls prevented. But better late than never.

Time passed pleasantly and agreeably away at Brother William's. I have realized how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. It improves and strengthens our physical frames; invigorates and heightens our capacity for enjoyment; and satisfies our social wants with the food so well adapted to our social needs.

The longer I live, the higher I prize the converse and society of my friends, the more thankful I am that I am so amply blessed with their society. To me it softens the asperities of life; it cheers the darkness which sometimes appears to lower, and lifts me above the petty difficulties I now experience from the fear of my ill health, which, thank God, is the only evil I suffer, and that but a little, and growing less and less. I am better in this respect than I have been for two years and I am growing better; yea, and stronger and happier, and shall be while I find around me warm and congenial hearts, and breathe the pure atmosphere of sincere kindness.

In this there is a consolation to know there are those between whom exists a congenialty of tastes and a harmony of sentiments. 'Tis not to be exchanged for any earthly consideration. How trivial, compared with this, are the petty distinctions the populists are now scrambling for. The foregoing sentiments have been peculiarly impressed upon my mind by the last three weeks, for now I'll tell you the particulars.

According to the appointment given when you were there, I tended at Hubbard's corners and addressed a full house upon the subject of *Association; subject, "The Destiny of Man and the Means God has Provided for Raising Man to His Proper Station." I spoke for the short space of **two hours,** when there was a prompt and unanimous call for another meeting on the next Saturday at five o'clock. A first rate assembly congregated and a first rate meeting. It was truly a joyous occasion. Every person's countenance was lighted by animation and joy.

Another meeting was appointed a week from the following Sunday at ten o'clock A. M. and your humble servant called on as a first speaker. The news went into the country round about, a general call to the friends of humanity. I just went over and carried Cousin Maria over that she might partake of the joys of social liberty. It was a glorious day for suffering humanity, no mistake. Our little **earthen** vessels **were full.**

At four o'clock P. M., we attended a Mass Washingtonian Temperance Meeting on Cowle's Hill, at the Christian meeting house in our old neighborhood. This, too, was a glad meeting, a meeting where sympathy prevailed, where the longing wants of our nature can be satisfied, and were satisfied. Speeches were delivered by Messrs. I. K. Nils, G. H. Stebbins, D. D. W. C. Throop and U. N. Rhodes. They were all in the true spirit of Washingtonianism. There was a great deal of good feeling thrown out all around. **Maria** thought it was almost equal to hearing Elder **Dyer.** It was a day for getting our **spiritual** strength renewed.

Such meetings as those were would make me love the Sabbath. It was not a day for a man to afflict his soul or to bow down his head like a bullrush, or to spread sack cloth and ashes under him, but it is to loose the bonds of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free and to break every yoke.

It is in social converse like this that we are enabled to partake slightly of the rich provisions which God has thrown around us, and to satisfy the longing desires within. And by continuing so to do, to give our social faculties activity.

*Fourierism. See note, page 8.

Man will ultimately attain his proper station. Man has long sought happiness, but has not found it. He has crossed the healing ocean, penetrated every zone, ascended the loftiest mountains, delved deep into the bowels of the earth, mingled with the tumultuous multitude, retired to the wastes of solitude; has sought it in enterprise; has searched for it in supine and luxurious ease, and yet he is **unsatisfied, unharmonized.** What is the reason? Has God so ordained?

When we look around us we behold harmony in the evening zephyr, harmony in sound, in color, in mathematical quantities, in philosophical principles, in the majesty of the celestial machinery of the universe, and in the widespread volumes of nature and in the lower animals. They attained their destiny. They find harmony and contentment and in sight of this are we not ready to exclaim great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty? But shall we say He has provided for all creation and yet left the noblest work of His hand unprovided for; that, after all the provisions He has made, that man, the love of His creation, must forever remain unsatisfied? Such a conclusion is a libel on the Creator. Man has a definite nature, and definite wants to be satisfied, and God, wherever He has implanted desires, has also furnished means to gratify those desires. This, say you, is strong ground. I grant it, but it is true. Then what is necessary for mankind to secure to themselves permanent peace? I answer, make use of the means God has instituted and it will follow as sure as cause follows effect. I speak as unto strong men. The reason why misery and unhappiness exists is because people have not taken the right course. They all look to their own way, everyone for his gain from his quarter. This is God's earth, and He has never deeded it away. He holds the title in fee simple and always will, and we are all God's children and heirs in this possession and all alike in title to His favors and it's our business to improve and beautify this earth, first by harmonizing the dispositions of men, by removing want, sickness, sorrow and discontent from every bosom, and thus bind men together in the strong bonds of brotherhood and love; and then beautify and adorn this earth (not a few places in it), yea, the whole earth, every desert and swamp and waste place, for until that is done we shall suffer by disease which generates in these places and suffer by the noxious animals which live and breathe in them.

This is a great undertaking. Do you ask me if I believe this will be accomplished? I answer, most surely I do. Yea, and an abiding faith that I shall live to see the present system of things, all the petty notions of the present time with all the refuge of lies, swept away and a new order instituted.

What did the Saviour of Men mean who came to preach deliverance to the captive, the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound, to heal the sick, cure the lame, when He cried upon the cross, "It is finished," if He did not mean that He had provided and secured the means to secure the end of the same? Think you He taught **us** to pray to be delivered from evil, without providing the means for answering that prayer? Think you He taught us to pray for His kingdom to **come,** if He had not made it possible to establish it here? Think you that God has pledged His solemn oath for naught as for what that kingdom is? See Isaiah ix:6-7; xxv:6-8; xxxv:6-9; xli:18-22; lxv:17-25; and, for the certainty, I Cor. ii:9; Isa. lxii:6-9.

Is not this a consummation devoutly to be wished? This cheers my soul. The fire has commenced which is to burn up the stubble. Let every philanthropist be on his post, say you, these months, and there cometh the harvest. Behold the fields are already white for the harvest. Thrust in the sickle and reap. The hosts of Arah are alarmed, but, whether they rage or laugh, it is all the same. Their kingdom is **ended.** O, how cheery is the prospect. Our cause is assured. Let us forget the things behind and press forward toward the mark, the prize of the high calling of God which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord. There is not a movement but betokens our

favor. I can but exclaim, O, the depth of the riches both of wisdom and knowledge of God! I tell you, my friend (as a young convert exclaimed), I am bound for the Kingdom, **and it is not far off,** where we shall enter into the crystal gates of enfolding bliss and walk the shining streets of the New Jerusalem, and sit down in the heavenly courts of the Prince of Peace, and eat the bread of eternal life, and drink the waters of peace, which shall fill the soul with joy unspeakable.

Think you I am insane? I never was more sober in my life. The veil is torn from my eyes. I see now the majesty of the God of Jacob, as shown in the destiny of man, and at the view of it I am overwhelmed with the display of infinite power, and can only exclaim: O, glorious Purpose, worthy only of Infinite Love! O, mighty Theme, worthy of Infinite Wisdom! O, complicated, yet simple System of **"creation"** (original writing for this word obliterated), worthy of Omnipotence! O, transcendant Consummation, a glorious manifestation of all the attributes of God combined!

Now I understand why the morning stars sing together, and all the sons of God shout His glory; why the angels on the plains of Bethlehem sang "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men, Amen! Hallelujah."

Brother George, I thought one sheet of paper was longer. It used to be before I found so interesting a theme, so endless a one; but I must wait till I see you before I can say what I want to. I can hardly descend to worldly matters just now. I now intend to come to Preston some time this month and stay about a week or two. I am determined to try to commence the winter with a better state of health than I did last winter. I find the best medicine for me is the milk of human kindness, drawn out by the social intercourse of congenial souls and the enlightening company of cheerful friends. O, I almost wish I was there now.

It will be somewhat doubtful whether I attend the convention at Norwich, as I have many things to detain me here this week and next. I will come if I can. I am now attending a course of physiological and anatomical lectures in this village by Mr. Wietiny, a very interesting lecturer. He is a master of his subject. He has a complete representation of the human system, called a mannikin, representing all the various parts of the system, which he dissects the same as a subject is dissected. He imparts much useful information. I consider it a privilege worth much. He tells me what I have long suspected. If I wish to enjoy health, I must quit study and take to laboring, and I'll tell you I'm more than half inclined to take his advice. Before I would pass through again what I did last spring and last year, I would rather die in the outset. Give me **health** and **friends** and then I **live.** Just take my case into consideration and give me your advice when I come home. There are other things I wish to say, but I leave them till I come home to talk over. My advice is, keep things going every hour.

D. D. W. C. THROOP.

The letter of William Huntington Throop (B., May 3, 1807) dated December 3, 1843, to **George Addison,** shows the sincerity with which he embraced Fourierism, a society with the object of establishing an ideal condition among men and nations.

These earnest citizens of the early days of our Republic sincerely sought, with true pioneer spirit, to advance what they believed to be God's Purpose among men. They were brave, intelligent and sincere.

GEORGE A. THROOP

Preston, Chenango Co., N. Y.

East Hamilton (New York), Dec. 3, 1843.

Brother George:

I sit down to inform you of a meeting of the directors of the Hamilton *Fourier Association, which will take place on the 9th inst. at our place. We shall expect you to be there. Almira, too, wants to be under the doctor's care one week more. As to her eyes, she cannot say. I can say, though, I think they are better. The doctor thinks there is no doubt but that he can cure them.

We had a Fourier meeting last Thursday evening, called the best we have had. I regret much that my friends could not all be there. A feeling of unbounded sympathy for human want and suffering seemed to pervade the whole audience, and when Mr. Cook impressed upon the meeting the importance of a home Association and the misery and unhappiness attending the breaking up of households, children and parents, brothers and sisters scattered to the four corners of the earth, in many instances never expecting again to grasp the warm kindred hand of love or hear the soothing voice of friendship from those so near and dear to them, it touched a kindred chord that vibrated in every heart alike.

That the social feelings are not enough attended to I think is evident. Whether Association will cure the evil, we have yet to find out by trying it. That it will, I have my reasons to say yes. At all events, it is best to try it. If it succeeds, O, happy era; better, far better, to me than any heaven all the priests have ever told me about; a heaven of equality to all, the good, rich and poor, bond and free.

If there is anything that will purify human nature it will be such a state of society as that.

Are not the signs of the times ominous of good to the mass? Look to Ireland. What do we see? An O'Connel, who said years ago that English gold could not buy him as it had so many so-called great men before him. No; he stands the noble champion of equal rights, especially to his oppressed countrymen, wearing out his life in raising up his degraded and downtrodden brethren. If you have read his last address to the people of Ireland, you will say with me: "Go forward, noble son of the Emerald Isle. Every freeman and philanthropist under heaven will second your efforts."

Did you read what the worthy John Q. Adams said to the abolitionists who asked him to address them? If you have, say with me: "Worthy, venerable patriot of almost a century, we hope your last days may be your best days, and if you do not live to see slavery abolished in America, we hope to." Yes, and to have a hand in it, too; not by force, but by the more powerful weapon of justice and the exercise of the law of kindness.

Why, the whole world is in commotion, and it seems all tending to one grand center, viz.: the upraising of the oppressed and the advancement of correct liberal principles. The people are determined to make a trial and a thorough one, to see if

*Fourierism: The system of Charles Fourier (1772-1837), a Frenchman, who recommended the reorganization of society into small communities, living in common.

they can form an Association here. We had at our last meeting to speak to us the persevering, go-ahead Mr. Cook; the faithful, upright Mr. Stebbins; the eccentric, but humanity-loving Mr. Hatch; the blunt, honest Mr. Hart. They all seemed to feel right, and, of course, spoke to the point. I hope to hear something from yourself and DeWitt and others at our next, which will be on the evening of the 9th inst., the same day as the directors meet. No more.

WILLIAM H. THROOP.

Dan says, "Away with your dollar and cent business," and goes on to describe the exciting debates and addresses for and against the owning of human slaves. One can see how earnest those old New Yorkers were on the evils of others. At this time, March, 1844, the question of slavery entered into every governmental problem. Democrats, Whigs and members of the Liberty party either defended or attacked slavery as the paramount issue. Territorial rights, national security, etc., were in the background. If Congressmen pointed out needs for securing Texas and Oregon and California to protect our boundaries against foreign-enemy ownership or control, they were confronted with storms of protest because the proposed territories would be slave holding or free.

GEORGE A. THROOP

Preston, Chenango Co., N. Y.

Hamilton (New York), March 7, 1844.

Brother George:

I have washed, shaved, and partly dressed up, and I would be right glad to call in and see the good Prestonian this night, but I'll improve the time by writing, and I'll presume in the beginning that I write for the purpose of obtaining an answer forthwith. I am anxious to hear from the good folks, especially how Cousin Maria's health is, and how God's cause prospers with you. I am improving day by day in point of bodily health, and am now able to labor nearly all day at light kind of work. I am nice and fat and red, and with my hair close trimmed and my whiskers shaved off, I carry the largest face in town, I guess.

The appraisers spoken of when you were here to value the land, chosen on the part of the Association, were: William Lord, Esq., and Cyrus Ackley, on the part of the stockholders; Justice Beebee and Amos Thomson. Uncle David Brookfield's farm valued at $16 per acre; his home lot, at $52; mills, at $2,200. J. H. Dunbar's south half of farm valued at $55 per acre. Dr. Silas Graham's farm, at $51 per acre. Zenos Graham's farm, exclusive of buildings, valued at $46 per acre. N. Nusher's farm, at $25 per acre. W. H. Throop's farm, valued at $23 per acre.

On the meeting of the stockholders owning real estate, there were none of them willing to abide by the price of the appraisers excepting Brother William. So, by mutual consent, operations are suspended. I make no comments excepting that every move I see unfolds something new and opens some new page of useful instruction. The termination is what I have confidently expected, but the manner is what surprises me, or at least is something new.

But away with your dollar and cent business. Let us touch a higher note, something which stirs the harmony of life, which leaps the tantalizing bounds of selfishness, set up by man upon God's beautiful earth and unshackles the pent-up fountain of felicity. I have just been perusing the last Phalanx. It comes loaded with the rich, the animating, the life-giving, and priceless treasures of the gospel of peace and good tidings to crushed, bleeding humanity, and in tones of thunder-quaking terror to the cursed of earth who are endeavoring to shackle the bodies or minds of their fellows. Well may they cry, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." The Ark of the Covenant of God's impartial love is amid their numbers, and though they labor with untiring diligence to sustain their murderous course, their Dagons are found fallen each morning.

The Tribune, too, always brings something good and cheering. You have them with you, so I need not particularize. But give me the heart to appreciate the converse of minds like Channing, Goodwain, Brisbane, and other kindred souls whose hearts are living altars of liberty and love. For whether they indite or enjoy, so be that their hearts are right, and, under the broad, strengthening pennant of universal liberty, nailed to the mast, I'll cut the cable and bid defiance to a heartless, a selfish, a calculating and miserable world lying in darkness, and spread the canvas for the haven of peace and happiness.

I enjoyed the rich and animating privilege of listening to the eloquent and fearless discussion of equal rights at Hamilton Village on the 28th and 29th days of February, and could I have had a few choice souls from Preston, my little earthen vessel would have been chuck full. To say that the eloquence of Garrett Smith is music is doing him great injustice. It unites a pathos, a sublimity, a deep and shivering melody, and, when exposing iniquity, a killing sarcasm that to be appreciated must be heard.

Mr. Smith had thrown the challenge to both the Whig and Democratic parties, each with two speakers, thus entering the arena with them as one to four. And shall it be said (it must be) that on the afternoon of the 28th no opponents appeared, and we listened with edifying pleasure to the forceful and eloquent appeal of Mr. Smith, assisted by the erudite, long-headed and argumentative chaplain whose Yankee urbanity accorded finely with the classic dictions of Mr. Smith.

In the evening, Mr. L. Sherwood appeared to advocate the claims of the Democratic party, with the intention, as it ultimatealy appeared, of talking the audience out of the house; but, after occupying an hour and twenty minutes, he found he had misjudged as to the character of the audience and gave way. Then a Whig speaker was called, but none appearing, Mr. Smith rejoined to Mr. Sherwood. Where was there any chance for Mr. Sherwood? So far from attacking the Liberty party, he spent his whole time in endeavoring to justify himself for not belonging to it and endeavoring to persuade others from voting the Liberty ticket, because there was no hope of obtaining a majority. To which Mr. Smith replied, in his accustomed energy, that "a man is in the majority if right, though alone, for God is with him."

February 29th no Whig or Democrat appeared, and we listened to Mr. Chaplain in the A. M. and Mr. Smith in the P. M. In the evening, Charles Mason, Esq.,

appeared for the Democratic party and with all his energy attempted a justification of slavery, and again attempted to talk against time to prevent Mr. Smith from replying, by refusing to desist after he had spoken the specified time (45 minutes). But Mr. Smith told him that unless he did, he (Mr. Smith) would leave the house. The replication of Mr. Smith I did not hear, but it is said it was a scorching, withering reply.

The abolition vote in this town stands about the same as last fall. While the other parties are smaller, it is said that the town of Hamilton has an abolition majority. It is not certain that is so.

That awful calamity at Washington is unprecedented in the annals of our country. Would you believe me if I should tell you that that was in consequence of slavery; that ambitious love of superiority generated by the cursed system of slavery prompted Mr. Gilmer to request a third discharge of that fatal gun? But that is small in comparison with what God has in store for this guilty nation.

The next great news from Washington I look for with much anxiety. I wait to see what move the chivalrous South will now make, whether they will take the advice of Mr. Holmes or not, whether they have any other defense than gag laws.

I have been much instructed and amused in perusing Dr. Sherwood's Native Powers of the Human System. I am now reading Farnnam's Travels in Oregon. I find them very interesting. I will make them the subject of a yarn by and by to you.

Last Sunday I listened to a discourse by old *Father Stacy, from the text recorded in St. John: "For this cause came I into the world," etc. I tell you, Sir, it was a sermon which no man in this state can better. A very crowded audience and two-hour sermon, but no one went (left).

My good wishes to all the elect. I cannot now particularize, and no need of it. When I have more room I'll write more particulars. I wish I had you all here to our celebration next Saturday. I only about half enjoy them alone. Be sure and tell me all about the folks down there and write soon.

D. D. W. C. T.

George's letters to Dan between March and May, 1844, are missing, but Dan's letter of May 15th, that year, intimates that **George** saw the great problems of our struggling Republic to be other than the one question of abolitionism. Dan's letter is remarkable in its intensity of expression. He, like many others, thought, talked and acted as though

*Father Stacy was one of the earliest itinerant Universalist preachers.

abolition of the slaves was the only question worthy of consideration. National safety, power and honor were disregarded except as those qualities related to freedom of negroes.

This is a long letter, worth perusal, as it elucidates in a remarkable degree the state of mind which grew until it brought forth the "Slaveholders' Rebellion"—the terrible Civil War.

GEORGE A. THROOP

Preston, Chenango Co., N. Y.

Hamilton (New York), May 15, 1844.

Brother George:

I improve the present opportunity to fulfill my promise. All the excuse I have for delay is that I have a very large amount of reading on hand, and that a very interesting kind. I have read too much for my physical strength and consequently have not felt in a writing mood. I received your favor last Saturday. I'll say, before I forget it, that we have Mr. T. Southworth for our schoolmaster.

You ask, Sir, what has become of my zeal in the great cause of Social Reform? I answer, it remains not the indistinct vision of men as trees walking, but the clear perception of sound vision. "Time but the impression stronger makes as streams their channels deeper wear." The object for which I labored is accomplished. The subject is before the people. Nothing but delicate health and the impossibility of obtaining means without oppressing friends prevented me from becoming an active member of the visible church of God. If you and other beloved ones are ready, thank God! The night is far spent, the day star has risen and the morning is at hand. I will also add, "Be ye also ready."

Last Sunday I held forth at the Corners upon the subject found in the last verse of the third chapter of Genesis to a large and attentive audience. It has sent dismay into the souls of the pious ones. They have raised the cry of "Infidelity," which is always their note of distress.

You say I am all abolition. Would to God I was, and not only myself, but all who walk erect and bear the image of God were wholly and totally so.

Again you say, "I cannot see that we of the North are guilty for the sins of the South." No, Sir; nor do I! Not for the sins of the South. We have enough of our own. Our own skirts are reeking with the innocent blood of crushed and broken hearts, torn and lacerated affections, mangled limbs and murdered bodies of our citizens in consequence of our own willful, blind and murderous iniquity. This, Sir, is not hyperbole. Had I time to review the action of our federal government (with a majority of free representatives and forty years out of fifty-six, yea, forty-four out of the fifty-six, in the hands of a self-styled Democratic party) every candid person would feel the utter incompetency of language to describe the devilish policy.

Again you say: "I can see no more glory in political abolition than in the Florida war." I am sorry you shoot so low as to utter such a sentiment. Yet I rejoice that you have so far advanced as to set no glory on the Florida war. That certainly is ominous.

Again you say: "If it is what you represent it, it is too good a cause to be dragged into the **muddy** stream of politics." Ah, Sir, what need of having a **muddy** stream of politics, if you will but cease to bark at the bidding of your heartless scoundrels, the present leaders, and hurl them from their position and place **honest** men in their stead.

When you conjure me to leave my abolitionism, do you wish me to submerge myself in the muddy stream of politics? Sir, I'll return the compliment. Come out of the muddy stream into the pure and rock-bottom of freedom, at least from political truckling.

Lastly you say, "I am for **re**-annexation of Texas," etc. Now, Sir, this I take to be ironic, for I cannot believe you serious, and, what is still stronger evidence, I observe you commence the word "annexation," which you erased and wrote **re**-annexation, which savors so much of nonsense that no persons, unless they are completely steeped, body and soul, "in the muddy stream of politics," would ever utter it in earnest. Nor can I believe that one "nursed on that great heart where **truth** unfettered glows and through whose being a kindred current flows," would ever stoop to become the echo of the contemptible policy of the venal and unprincipled sage **Lindenwold,** who scruples not to sacrifice the life of his fellow beings or to clinch again the bursting chains upon a million of his countrymen, doom them to servitude, rapine, and cruel death. Yea, to disgrace his country and render the name of America a byword and a reproach in foreign lands and thus to strengthen the hand of tyrants and crush the hopes of oppressed and suffering millions merely to gratify his office-seeking cupidity; who has been and is sustained in his shameful and murderous course by the suffrage of northern freemen, who sapiently wipe their guilty hands and say: "We are not to blame." Such a person is a fit father of the idiot child of **re**-annexation. These, Sir, are hard charges to bring against any man, much more against a man who has been honored by the highest honor and the gift of a (so-called) free people.

Now then to the testimony. I charge: In the month of August, 1839, that year of political excitement, the schooner "Amisted" was taken by Lieutenant Galney of the U. S. Navy, and carried into New London. It appears that his crew consisted of four fresh Africans and two Spaniards, Montes and Ruiz, who had just purchased these for slaves and hired a vessel to transport them to Port Principo. When out, the Africans rose and murdered the crew, except their owners whom they retained to navigate the vessel back to Africa, but who deceived them and steered east. Now **mark,** Mr. Van Buren, president. Recollect, we have laws declaring the slave **trade** piracy, and treaties binding us to use our endeavors to suppress it. The law of nations fully justified the Africans in their course, and, further, that beside their Liberty, the ship and its effects belonged to them; that sending these Africans to Havana to be tried was to all intents and purposes throwing the whole of them into the jaws of a cruel death. All this Mr. Van Buren knew perfectly well. Yet these unfortunate **men** would have been immediately given up but for the interference of Messrs. Joselyn, Leavitt, and Tappin. The Mexican ministers did not demand them as **property,** but as criminals. W. S. Haliburd was a district attorney of the district court. Mr. Haliburd writes, Sept. 5, to Mr. Forsyth (then Secretary of State) that the court sits on the 17th of September when he will have to attend to the trial: "Unless they were in **some other way disposed of.**" This shows there is figuring going on. Mr. **Forsyth,** under instruction, replies to him telling him to not permit the district court, nor any other judicial tribunal to remove the prisoners beyond the power of the **executive.** Mr. Haliburd immediately filed a bill in behalf averring that the Spanish government claimed them as **property** (which was a lie), and at the same time a bill declaring

them imported contrary to our laws prohibiting the slave trade (which is a full answer to the first bill). The bill concluded, praying the court to decree the marshal to hold them to the order of the executive. The prisoner's council caused a writ of habeas corpus to be issued, but the court decided they could not be examined upon that writ because (now mark) they had been labelled as property). Here you see those men denied a hearing and consequent liberty, and which would have saved this country the great expense of a trial and a vast amount of disgrace, by the wicked instructions of the executive, in which he scruples not to lie, to secure if possible the murder of these men. He also has additional counsel employed to compass the same glorious end, and before the trial, i. e., Jan. 2 (the court was to sit Jan. 7), orders were issued to the "Granpey," then lying at New York, to anchor off the port of New Haven (what fox-like policy), as early as the 10 of January, and to place himself in communication with Mr. Haliburd and to receive the earliest information of the decision of the court. What should we think of a judicial officer who should, before the trial of a suspected criminal, erect a gallows for him? We should justly consider him a disgrace to any civilized country. Yet that would be tame in comparison to this despicable attempt to compass the death of these innocent men. But the blackest and most wicked criminality appears in a letter of instructions, dated Jan. 12, in which he (the executive) says: "that if the decision of the court is such as is anticipated, the order of the executive is to be carried into execution (i. e. to carry them on board the "Granpey." The order was made and signed by the executive on the seventh, the very day the court convened) unless an appeal shall actually have been interposed. You are not to take it for granted that it will be interposed."

This plainly shows that by the power of executive influence he "anticipated" to overawe the district court, and by these instructions, to hurry those unfortunate men into the hands of the executioners before an appeal could be made to the U. S. Supreme Court, over which his arbitrary power could not be felt. If this darstardly and sacriligious and murderous act does not show a willingness to sacrifice life to gratify office-seeking cupidity, then those who by their vote elevated him to that office and continue to uphold him are not guilty of innocent blood. All this has gone forth to the world.

But this same man, as if glorying in his own shame and fattening on his own corruption, now conceives the idea of re-annexation. If we ever had a right, we have relinquished our whole title to it by the highest power known in the law of nations and have no more right to it than we have to Cuba. Yet this foolish doctrine not only tramples the law of nations under foot, but forces this nation to falsify in the face of the world the little we have remaining of the sacred obligations of national honor and honesty.

Now then, annexation away for the present. Take the fact of our treaty of peace with Mexico and the violation of that treaty in the Texan revolution and a glance at the history of Texas. In 1829, Mexico abolished slavery in her dominion, which act immediately incurred the hatred of the slave states, and this government, kneeling at the footstool of slavery has heaped much abuse on the Mexican government, so much as to excite the disgust of the nations of Europe. If you doubt this, examine the presidential messages of the last ten years. Yet Northern men say they have nothing to do with slavery. They might with much more truth say, they have nothing to do with the government, for they have done nothing except by Southern dictation. Texas, then (1829) had a thin population. The riches of the soil excited immigration from the Southern and Western states. These (the very scum of rascality) but very liberty-loving men, side for the sweets of slavery, which the tyrannical government of Mexico prohibited, and at that time the scheme of annexation was commenced.

Judge Upshur, in 1829, declared in the Virginia Convention that "If Texas should be obtained, which **he greatly desired, as it would raise the price of slaves** and **be a great advantage to the slaveholders in that state.**" What patriotism!

Mr. Gholson, in the legislature of the state, in 1832, declared that acquisition of Texas would raise the price of **slaves 50%,** recollect. Virginia is a slave-breeding state, and conceive, if you can, the horrors of that practice. Yet this is the argument in favor of annexation and one other, that the territory of Texas can be cut into nine states to **counterbalance** the increasing power of the free states. Mr. Van Buren, secretary of state in 1829, offered the Mexican government $4,000,000 for the territory which he now wishes to **reannex.** Texan **land** companies were formed at the North for the sale of extensive tracts of land, **said to have been obtained from the Mexican government,** and capitalists, speculators, and demagogues engaged in it, and became vociferous for Texan liberty, as it **appeared that was necessary** to give them a title for their land. The late **"Texan Treaty"** (the Calhoun treaty) might be called an order to pay John Dawson of Baltimore $250,000. In the meantime emigrants from the United States continued to settle in Texas, carrying their slaves with them, and finding their declaration of independence (of infamy, it should be called) against their oppressors. What, pray, were their galling chains? Why the "cruel" Mexican government would not permit them to traffic in human slaves? (This, Sir, is the whole head and front of their offending). And the liberty-loving sons of Texas would not brook this oppression, but declared for slavery or death. What a noble cause!

Permit me to ask who and what are these Texans? They are men who are determined to make their country a land of tyrants, a den of slaves; men who have voluntarily exiled themselves from our own country and laws, that they might give loose to their desires of crime and iniquity. Garret Smith terms it the "Valley of Rascals," a very appropriate name. A story will perhaps illustrate its character: A citizen of Texas had committed some enormous crime which was likely to be proved against him. His counsel advised him to run away. The criminal looked up with amazement and exclaimed, "Where shall I go? I am in Texas now." In violation of the law of nations, which we are solemnly bound to uphold, military companies were openly organized in the United States and sent into Texas, and immense quantities of military stores were sent from Ohio and other northern states to Texas to further her in her murderous project (yet Northern men have nothing to do with slavery). ——— Gaines was sent into Texas for the pretended purpose of preserving neutrality, but in reality to swell the Texan army, for we find in a short time his army was rendered powerless by desertion. Then observe the railroad speed of our government to acknowledge the independence of Texas, which was done within twelve months of Texas' declaration of independence, while the Republic of Haiti, which gained her independence thirty-five years ago, has asked in vain at our door to be recognized as a nation.

One fact more, the House of Representatives, with always a majority of Northern members, voted a salary for a Texan minister **before** the acknowledgement of her independence.

If these facts do not show a base idolatry to slavery, then I know not in what virtue consists, and all this crime, not only sanctioned but advocated by the North. (Yet Northern men have nothing to do with slavery).

I will not produce the evidence in relation to the charges farther for as regards the first charge, there are others equally guilty with Mr. Van Buren, for the condition of Mr. Van Buren excites my sympathy rather than my indignation. It is no honor to pour water on a drowned mouse, I must think when he wrote his letter on annexation he was either drunk or insane, for he has been reported as artful, but that letter

has virtually dug his grave. It is now extremely doubtful, after all his crawling, whether he will receive the nomination of the Baltimore Convention, although that nominee will have little or no hope of being elected. Himself and his accomplices have, Hamaan-like, erected their own gallows. Yet it is with heart-sickening shame and humility I see monsters calling themselves men, boasting of their fine instincts, advocating and upholding the wicked policy I have been reviewing. Yea, men of free states, ready to sacrifice the life and liberty of three millions of their countrymen, and that, too, without any provocation. Yea, men, too, in which I once placed some degree of confidence.

Mr. Buchanan shamelessly declares his desire for annexation, impiously declaring that God has destined us to carry our free institution to the Isthmus of Dorrien. Which means that the clanking chains of slavery shall be heard over all the plains. Why, I wonder, he was not paralyzed by such turpitude. Then the letter of Senator Benton. When I read its shameless depravity, it chilled my blood. Then to notice the different papers who become the unblushing heralds of their own depravity. I ask myself, are they men or gods (images etched on base alloy)? What excuse have they? Are they the victims of brute ferocity or are they suffering under a scourge?

I'll only add that if you wish an approving conscience in future years, cease to support such men as leaders of the Democratic party. I say nothing of the Whig party. **You know them.** I have no room for comments.

We are in our usual health. Tell mother I am looking for a letter from her.

Have you read the resolution, passed at the great Baptist triennial convention, April 29 (1844), at Philadelphia? I shall comment upon their blasphemy and wickedness in my next. The proceedings are in the Tribune.

I have just obtained some cheap publications, two numbers of Brown Quarterly Review, Rural Life in New England, etc.

Thus I have presented you with a few facts—all my limits will permit. You will know my opinion concerning annexation without any declaration. I have used great plainness of speech because the necessity of the case demands it. I understand you to be jesting when you say you are in favor of re-annexation, the more so because you say you are opposed to all kinds of slavery in men, and as annexation is urged for no other purpose you cannot be in favor of it. If I am mistaken (which I hope not), I wish not to soften anything I have said, but shall only regret my limited space to lay before you more of political wickedness. Believe me it is not a pleasant task. I would much rather speak of the virtue of our rulers, if they had any to speak of. In my next I hope to have a more pleasant subject.

D. D. W. C. T.

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George's letter of June 2, 1844, apparently is his answer to Dan's letter of May 15th.

Careful perusal of this letter discloses **George's** broader outlook on our national problems, a certain sweetness and patience with Dan's vehement expressions. It points out, carefully, yet strongly, that the concerns of national government are many—not confined to the one problem of negro slavery.

George's breadth of opinion, his perception of the nation as a whole, expressed in this June 2, 1844, letter, shows him to have been exceptionally well read and to have been a man of fine discernments and characteristics.

D. D. W. C. THROOP, ESQ.,

Hamilton, New York.

Preston (New York), June 2, 1844.

Dear Brother:

Your long-looked-for and expected letter at length arrived, and is now before me. I read with much interest the measured periods and labored arguments against the present diplomatic and financial condition of our beloved country (though, according to your theory, hated country). Yet there are principles and there are institutions throughout this broad extended land that are worthy the love and approval of every true American heart; and every true patriot should labor to sustain them. Compared to the kingly powers of Europe, there is much in this country that should warm the heart and call forth the thanks and praise of even the most pessimistic.

Yet you seem to be so far carried away into the arena of Political Abolitionism that you can see nothing but fraud and corruption in every department of the government. That you are sincere in all that you have said and written upon the subject of slavery, I do not doubt. You appear to be so sensitive upon the subject that I would even forbear saying anything in reply that would give one unpleasant feeling, did not the tenor of your letter court some remarks upon the (with you) mighty theme of Politics. The limits of friendly correspondence are not sufficient for me to give my views upon so exciting themes as abolition and annexation of territory, as this is a private interchange of views and not designated for the public eye. Yet it is written, and may be preserved, and whatever views are now put forth and acted upon by any party directly and indirectly, may operate upon the future condition of our country.

Your attack upon the personal character and administration of Mr. Van Buren I will leave for you and him to settle. As you assumed the character of prosecutor plaintiff attorney, judge and jury, tried and condemned him, without benefit of clergy, and as he is not now for any office before the people, I will let him and his public acts remain before an enlightened world to pass sentence upon.

But upon the subject of annexation or reannexation of Texas, which you oppose so ably, I must claim the privilege of dissenting from you, though perhaps I have not half the feeling upon the subject that you seem to express. And now I must here say, notwithstanding you consider it ridiculous, that I am in favor of the admission of Texas to this Union in earnest.

The objection raised by your party is "It will have a tendency to perpetuate the institution of slavery."

Have we here a question which is to curtail the limit of the Republic, to threaten its existence, to aim a deadly blow at all its great and vital interests, to court alliances with foreign and hostile powers, recall our commerce, and expel our manufacturers from bays and rivers that were once all our own—to strike down the Flag of the Union as it advances towards our own ancient boundaries, to resurrender a mighty territory and invite to its occupancy the deadliest (in truth, the only) foes this government has ever encountered?

If abolitionism can affect all this, may God in His infinite mercy save and perpetuate this Union, for vain are the efforts of man.

The subject is so interwoven with the party feeling of the day that it is hardly safe to express an opinion at present. But, Sir, there are clustered around this question mighty principles that are to operate upon the future destiny of this nation.

If we regard the opinions of **Jefferson** and **Madison** and the founders of our system of government of any consequence, we cannot but come to the conclusion that the extending of our territory and the upbuilding of our republican institutions will be for the general good, add strength and renown to the nation and tend to benefit mankind. If our principles are worth maintaining, they should be extended till Texas and Oregon become wholly Americanized. The treaty that struck Texas from our Union inflicted a blow upon this mighty valley. What American will say that the Flag of the Union shall never wave again throughout that mighty territory? Who will oppose a re-establishment of our glorious Constitution over the whole of the mighty valley which once was shielded by its benignant sway? Who will refuse to heal the bleeding wound of the mutilated West and reunite the veins and arteries dissevered by the dismembering session of Texas to Spain?

But I must stop. This sheet affords no limit to bring forth arguments upon so important a question. I can only say I am for or against a measure, and I am down to the bottom (of the page). We must agree to differ on this question, without waiting to reason. G. A. THROOP.

N. B. (written in margin)—I believe that most of the abolitionists are brave and warm-hearted philanthropists whose sympathies and convictions are shocked by slaveholding. Yet in the midst of all their burning invective and accusations, they are only spreading their sentiments without producing any practical change. I long to see the social ills and diabolical principles in our own community abolished first, then we shall be better prepared to heal the diseases of the slave states. I rejoice to hear that you are firm in the great doctrines of *Association, and that you are resolved on enlisting your interests, your influence, and your all in this great cause, which will heal the evils that now exist in society.

*Fourier Association.

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This letter, July 29, 1844, of **George** to DeWitt, is strictly personal, as one friend to another, in which, however, can be seen the yearning of two great souls for the approach of better times for all mankind, when tyranny shall be dethroned, bigotry and superstition driven to the dark corners of the earth; when the chains that bind men in slavery shall be broken, and the great Gospel truth that we love one another shall prevail.

At this time **George Addison's** children were divided, **Cordelia,** aged eleven, living with her mother's parents, and **James Addison,** aged nine, with his father's people. **George** taught school, was superintendent of schools at Preston; postmaster in a village where the thrice-a-week mail brought all the newspapers and letters. His habits were exemplary, and yet, as monetary wealth goes, both writers of the exalted sentiments contained in these letters were poor. Really, it seems to us, true wealth should be counted in fine character qualities

rather than in dollars and cents. George's children were dear to him. He wrote to them, sent them not only loving thoughts, but whatever money he could.

It seems these letters were more in the form of mental exercises in the expression and exchange of opinions rather than ordinary personal letters. Two young, vital men, whose tastes and education were similar, were giving expression to thoughts on important events of that day, rather than an exchange of mere personal gossip.

D. D. W. C. THROOP, ESQ.,

Hamilton, New York.

Preston (N. Y.), July 29, 1844.

Brother DeWitt:

I have stolen away a few minutes to improve this opportunity of scratching a few lines, for Mr. Sweet starts soon. But I do not know how to interest you after being refreshed by so many high and lofty sources in your mind and feelings, and your "little earthen vessel" has been filled to overflowing so many times that it will be in vain for me, at this time, with my sorry, dull feelings, to edify or instruct a friend in the heart-cheering prospects of the age. For, while I preach to others, I myself have become a victim (or it seems so) for sorry dullness has come over me which I cannot well get rid of, and, when indulged in, poisons all the fountain springs of happiness.

We have no interesting meetings here as you seem to enjoy. We tried to revive Washingtonionism, but the bigotry of the church opposed us. Mr. Dyer has come out publicly against W. Temperance on the ground that infidels are engaged in it. How long, oh, how long shall error, bigotry and superstition triumph? My heart sickens and my spirit almost fails me before the persecution carried on in this vicinity.

Oh, if I had the means, I would purchase a domain and it would be a dwelling place for choice spirits and generous souls, where mind could be free to think and speak (but this is idle talk for me). They bear on and persecute Miss M. worse than ever. It is getting to be somewhat serious. They are determined she shall come back to the church, ask forgiveness, and bow at that accursed altar (but I had better stop and not write any more).

The day star of hope has risen in my mind, that the great system of reform is onward and will tell largely for future generations. Tyranny shall be dethroned, bigotry and superstition driven to the dark corners of the earth. The chains that bind men in slavery shall be broken, and the great gospel truth, "that we must love one another" will prevail.

I know not what is before me, the growing wants of my children loudly call me to do something. I hope yet to experience the blessed benefits of an Association, where truth and honesty shall prevail, and honestly be taught and encouraged, for I believe the principle is true and can be practised, and if I am denied this hope "I am of all men most miserable." You say you will go into an Association. Are you in earnest? Yours, etc.

G. A. THROOP.

October 27, 1844, was just before the November presidential election. In this election Dan sees only the one issue—abolition. He earnestly strives to make **George** see the issue as he sees it. His arguments are powerful in support of his contention. He describes various "meetings" and brings out the excitement of those closing days of the campaign very clearly. Dan uses extremes of expression in his arguments to **George,** endeavoring thereby to persuade against voting at the forthcoming election. His talk against the government would not have been couched in such uncompromising terms had he realized his letter to his brother was to be saved for his descendents to read. Dan's beliefs and hopes and his writings of later years were always for mankind's betterment. His complaints were ever against the errors and shortcomings of the world. His voice was always raised to what he thought added to mankind's happiness and a more satisfactory social condition.

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GEORGE A. THROOP

Preston, Chenango Co., N. Y.

Hamilton (N. Y.), October 27, 1844.

Brother George:

I have been looking some time for a letter from you and as William wishes to send some money to Mother, I have concluded to write. The inclosed twenty dollar bill is for Mother. William's hops sold for $600 this year. His surplus brought eleven cents per pound. All things remain as they are as yet.

We have a terrible blow of Millerism about these diggings. On Monday evening last, at twenty-five minutes past six o'clock, was the exact time when the great flare-up was to happen. I went to their waiting meeting and it was five degrees below the ones they had at Preston two years ago. It is heart sickening to see such foolishness manifested by individuals bearing the impress of God and capable, when rightly directed, of elevating, refining, happyfying mankind. Such perversions we must expect to see. They only add one more testimony of the radical defects in society. When, I am constrained to ask, will mankind cease to be carried away by popular delusions? When will they cease to smother the better impulses of their nature and consent to be led willingly to their own destruction? The political zeal and devotions now so prevalent is about on the same level with Millerism (as Hart says, "in my opinion").

Allow me to say a few words to you in plainness, wishing you to ponder them before you cast your vote and influence in favor of the democratic party. I call them democratic out of courtesy. Andrew Jackson being my witness, I assert that the representatives of that party at Baltimore last May yielded themselves willing servants to do the work of slavery. That monster bid them throw away their favorite chief and embrace another, and they did so. This has gone forth to the world. Coming generations will read the present page of our history with disgust and contempt. It will add the finishing stroke to the monument of our infamy. Already have we become a byeword and a reproach among enlightened nations of the old world.

An American citizen, not long ago, passing through one of the cities of Europe, saw displayed a large painting representing a man whipping a supplicating colored

woman, and under it the motto, "A Specimen of Equality from Republican America." Does not national pride and your love of country feel humbled when you are forced to acknowledge the justness of such a reproach? Yet as long as freemen continue to uphold and support the deep and damning curse of slavery we must bear this, and more. We must blast the fond hope which the oppressed of other countries have long cherished of our prosperity that in this land might be realized the blessings of liberty. Yea, more. We must verify the prediction of tyrants and despots who deny the right of liberty to universal man. Is not this, I ask, true? Does not every vote to elevate a slave holder to the chief office of our government inevitably write our own damnation? The more benevolent and philanthropic our protestations (when acting thus wickedly), the more contemptible we appear. And if we sacrifice our national honor and respectability, will we gain anything beside?

Are you a friend of intelligence, do you wish the light of science to spread its benign influence over mankind, developing their mental powers, elevating them in the scale of creation, fitting them to appreciate the blessings of nature and leave the impress of their own high origin upon the world? Can you expect to secure this, when doing the dirty work of slavery? Slavery is the deadly enemy of all intelligence and must of necessity be so in the very nature of things.

Are you a friend of virtue and a lover of justice? How then can you support that system which sacrifices virtue upon its cursed altar and tramples justice under foot? Are you a friend of improvement, and do you rejoice to see the tokens of progress which are manifesting themselves at present and producing that glorious era, when the claims of brotherhood shall be practised throughout the world, when misery and wretchedness shall be greatly ameliorated, when we shall preach (yea and give) deliverance to the captives and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound, when democracy shall become a reality, and peace and liberty prevail? And can you expect this by submission to slavery, the deadly enemy of all progress?

Now, by your love of liberty, your love of country, your love for humanity, your love of righteousness, of education, of justice, of right, of progress, I beg you to come out from among demagogues and hypocrites, and let the world know that although we cannot at present vindicate our professions of liberty, we will not be willing accomplices of despotism.

Talk not of upholding government. What is government but the securing of liberty and freedom to those governed? Does our government secure this? Most signally has it failed and must forever fail as long as we outrage the plainest principles of justice. What can we think of a government that when an oppressed person is free from his pursuers, arrests and thrusts him back into bondage, and pretends to justify itself upon the pleas of obeying the requisites of law? No, I take the ground that no judge can surrender back a person escaping from slavery without violating his oath to support the Constitution. No, in the language of the Vermont judge: "If you wish me to give up this person (a slave), you must produce a bill of sale signed by God Almighty." That's the authority which must be cited as owning human beings.

But I must stop, and pray stop before you cast a vote this fall. Mind, I only ask you **not** to vote.

I do wish Mother would come up here and make a visit this pleasant weather. The world stands yet, no news, only Uncle Elijah Holmes is out for reannexation.

D. D. W. C. T.

Ten days after Dan's vehement letter, viz., November 7, 1844, **George** answers him masterfully. In his letter he expresses breadth of viewpoint, a keen sense of justice, and a clear perception of governmental problems. He urges that a true American's duty is to vote, and to vote his convictions. Indeed such expressions as **George** uttered in this letter came from a great mind imbued with staunch goodness and sound judgment.

D. D. W. C. THROOP, ESQ.,

Hamilton, New York.

Preston (N. Y.), November 7, 1844.

Dear Sir:

Your favor of the 27th (October) is now before me. The inclosed twenty dollars came and is disposed of as requested.

I now improve the first opportunity in attempting to answer so interesting and so urgent a letter. And, first of all, I will cheerfully acknowledge your sincerity and good wishes in all you have written, and though I have no goodness to boast of, yet as far as I know myself, I as ardently desire the elevation and improvement of human society and the ultimate universal emancipation from slavery and bondage of every kind and description of the whole human race. Freed from the tyrants' chains, from self degradation, from poverty and want, from consequent sin and wickedness, from the withering scorn and cold neglect of our aristocratic, yet censorious public opinion, and from all the countless evils that now afflict us under the present antagonistic and fragmentary condition of society.

To accomplish this will require an entire new reorganization of society in all its parts, where equal justice and equal rights can be extended to all, that every rank and grade of individuals can seek their proper level and be left free to enjoy congenial society.

Compared with other evils, slavery as now existing in the Southern states, is but a small weight in the balance, in my opinion, and if ever removed, it must be done with "the still small voice" of moral suasion. Any other effort will tend to bind stronger the chains of slavery, as I believe.

But you seem to call upon me very urgently to take a neutral stand and not vote at the coming election for a Southern man for president. Why? Because he will sustain Southern interests. Not vote for Silas Wright for governor of New York. Why? Because he, some time in the United States Senate, voted for a Southern measure.

Now, dear brother, it is very unpleasant to be compelled to differ from true friends on any topic, and much more so on the great principles of our national and state government. My political views were not hastily formed. With the small lights that I had, I weighed and considered the great principles of our government, from its foundation up to the present time; the character of the men who labored in its organization, and the final triumph of the Jeffersonian principles over those of Hamilton and his followers convinced me against my youthful impressions that the final success and prosperity of our country and its civil and religious institutions depend on the triumph of Democracy to sustain these principles.

I have ever stood by the ballot box and voted, and if ever I was fully convinced of the truth of my political views it is at the present time.

If I were a man of influence, worthy of the notice of the future historian, I should feel proud to have my name mentioned among those who voted for the Democratic candidates for national and state officers.

The stigma of "Northern Dough Face" and "Loco Foco," I care but little about when in the discharge of my duty. We want a man for president who will watch over the Constitution and execute the laws for the whole people, not a particular portion.

Before this reaches you, probably the election will be over. I am firm in the belief that it is my duty to vote, and if you deem it your duty to stand aloof and be an indifferent looker-on, it is your privilege to do so. I cannot, in one short letter hardly glance at the topics mentioned in your favor, but as this is a private correspondence I must let it pass, I forbear saying what the nature of the subject suggests. I wish to injure no one's feelings.

GEORGE A. THROOP.

N. B.—I have engaged no school as yet. Schools that I wanted I was underbid. If I labor for nothing, I choose to do something besides teaching school.

———o———

George's letter of August 10, 1845, nine months after the foregoing letter, is a paean of praise and of hope. He rejoices that, "I have a brother whose mind is enlightened by the true light of heaven, endowed by the holy unction from on high and fitted to labor in the vineyard of our God."

These two brothers, while not occupying conspicuous places in the affairs of men, were indeed valiant soldiers for Truth. The narrowness, the bigotry and ignorance of that day, were the enemies against which all the powers of their intellects were turned. Who can say just how far the flame has spread which burned in the breasts of these pioneers? Verily, the Light of our minds comes from the Source of all Light, and will eventually break down the shadows and enlighten the mental darkness of our earth.

In reading the following letter, we must keep in mind that **George,** both in his private and public life, had suffered much as the one especially singled out to suffer the wrath of an angry God because he was a Universalist and dared maintain that the mind of man was a safe guide in the search for Truth.

Both the Universalists and Baptists of that day believed implicitly that the Bible was the Word of God. Both believed in the Trinity and Salvation through Jesus Christ.

The great difference in their belief was concerning the nature of God and the reality of an everlasting Hell. The Universalists, claiming the Bible as their Authority, proclaimed a God of Love who **could not** everlastingly damn His children, and the Baptists, by the same Bible, claimed man was naturally depraved and must suffer everlasting torment to justify the omnipotence of God, unless saved by joining their church.

In all the letters that have come down to us, this is the one and only expression of bitterness on the part of **George.** His mother, in one of her letters, gives us an insight into what he had suffered. The injustice of it rankled in her mind long after her best beloved son was dead.

He describes early cattle traders and market conditions, and comments on the new postal law which enabled them to mail their letters for five cents.

D. D. W. C. THROOP, ESQ.,

East Hamilton, East Hamilton, Madison Co., N. Y.

Preston (N. Y.) 8 o'clock A. M., August 10, 1845.

Brother DeWitt:

What a great blessing it is to enjoy the true religion, and triumph in the faith and hope of a true Christian believer, for I speak from experience.

I am assured, from the tenor of your letters, that you have been drinking at the a pearl of great price, a spring of living water, springing up to everlasting life. Yes, happy is he, in these days of apostacy, who stands erect amid the corrupt multitude, adheres strictly to the pure doctrines of the great moral teacher: "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon," etc. Oh, how true! I should like to hear you preach or comment upon this text.

I tell you, my friend, I am happy. Religion is what makes the soul happy. My mind is free of the God riches, with all its apathy and awful indifference to the cause of suffering humanity. I am happy to have my name recorded in heaven among the hopeful and true laborers of the kingdom of God. My sleep is sweet, my food relished better, and it seems that nothing will hurt me; poisonous substances, and the bite of the deadly serpent (for I am sure they will not bite) will not harm or molest.

All the blessings of life both spiritual and temporal are ours to enjoy as long as we walk in the light, for you seem to be spiritually minded.

I rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory that I have a brother whose mind is enlightened by the true light from Heaven, endowed by the holy unction from on high, and fitted to labor successfully in the vineyard of our God. Oh, I would travel across this weary world to take such a man by the hand.

The Baptist Church in this place has had one law suit and last Sunday Elder Crandall preached against the doctrine of election and reprobation, and old Esq. Hall arose, gave him a real blacken, for attacking his darling theme. "O, it is pleasant to look through the loop holes of retreat" and see these old antiquated errors raise their monstrous heads and show their ugliness.

Griffin, the criminal indicted for murdering Coit, was last Thursday at 4:30 o'clock P. M. acquitted by a verdict of not guilty. The jury never left their seats after the charge from Judge Edmonds, the verdict was given. No summing up by the lawyers. I was present; court house full, feeling strong in favor of imprisonment. Doc-

tor Bridgham's testimony settled the matter He pronounced him a more fit subject for the insane asylum at Utica (at which he is a physician) than a candidate for the gallows. Yours in the bonds of peace,

G. A. THROOP.

P. S.—Friend Fayette has again gone to Ohio to purchase cattle. They have a drove on hand of 130 head unsold. The market is bad in consequence of the drought. Drovers coming back from market say they lose money. Never saw it so bad. He is to buy fat cattle this time. I cannot tell how much he will get, as he is worshiping the god of riches, and, of course, knows nothing of our joy, for we know what we worship, the Lord of Life and Glory. "Great peace have they that love thy law, and nothing shall offend them." Go on, dear brother, in battling down the strongholds of error and wickedness, till this land shall become Emmanuel's land, and this mountain of human pride become a mountain of holiness in which dwelleth righteousness and peace. I some expected to send this by Mr. Forman, who is now here and goes to Utica tomorrow, but he thinks he shall go through the village, and I am a friend to the new postage law, and wish to patronize it. You say you have got five cents, and I think I have written about five cents worth, so let it go by mail.

———o———

This October 6, 1845, letter of **George** to DeWitt describes the effects among mutual acquaintances and relatives of an epidemic.

Modern taxpayers, too, will be interested in the closing paragraphs, as they discuss the building of a new 28x36 frame school house, and an attendant assessment of taxes to pay for it. Evidently, after trading around, the amount of the tax raised, $374.75, was ten cents too much. It will be noted that there was "much scolding" about such a tax, and the objectors threatened to carry a vote to "allow no meetings or singing schools in the new house."

D. D. W. C. THROOP, ESQ.,

East Hamilton, East Hamilton, Madison Co., N. Y.

Preston (N. Y.), October 6, 1845.

Brother DeWitt:

In acknowledging receipt of your favor of the 3rd inst. announcing the arrival of our long absent aunt and cousin, I have to regret that circumstances will prevent my seeing them at Sherburn, for in addition to my little public cares which require my attention at this time, I have the charge of the post office with the tri-weekly mail, with no one I can leave with it at present. I sent a strong invitation to Sherburn to have them be sure and visit us before they return, hoping that you will renew it, for there are many friends here would be right glad to see them aside from us. If they will come, we will do our best to have a downright good visit, but if they resolve not to come, remember us all in much kindness to them, hoping that we may yet be privileged with many good visits ere we are laid away in the cold grave.

Mrs. Lewis, who, I learned tonight, is quite sick, and threatened with the hateful fever, typhus; and the angel of death broods over us, and is sweeping us away to the narrow house.

Mr. William Clark, of Rogers Street, died last week; wife and son sick at the same time with the fever; wife's mother died a few weeks before in the same house. Mr. Clark had a fever, but at last had delirium tremens. The young man of seventeen years, the son, died last Friday morning. I watched there a few nights before, while he was in the struggles of death. The mother was confined with the birth of a child. A distressed house indeed.

Miss Lucretia Ashcroft is now sick with the fever.

Dr. Mason looks old and careworn, constantly on the go night and day.

Jane Riddell died in two weeks after the attack. We feel here that she was a victim of cold neglect. She lay six days in a small chamber, hard sick one day, deranged, with no medical aid except her mother, who was a miserable tool at best. Dr. Mason was called on the evening of the sixth day, and had almost to use force to get consent to have her moved below into a suitable room. He told them she was then, in his opinion, beyond the aid of medical remedies. She died the next week, Saturday at 2 P. M.

But I will leave this gloomy picture, and say no more about stomachs, bile, and fevers. We are going to have a new school house in this district. It is to be finished by the 20th of November next; that we may have a term of three months school this winter. Will you come and teach? The house is 28 by 36 feet, 10 feet between joists, with six feet entry, two rooms on each side the entry. The school room is 28 by 30 inside, after the most approved method.

Some scolding about the tax, which is just made out. The money to pay for the land is what some complain of. The old house sold for $8.50, and the old stove for $1.37, and the opposition now say they will carry a vote to have no meetings or singing schools in the new house. Tomorrow evening we shall test it.

Another new school house is being built in the new district. The site of our school house is north, and bordering on D. Wait's house lot, one-half an acre of land. The building of the house and privvys bid off at $260 by Mr. Randolph of Norrich, the fence, by Smith Johnson, at $1.25 per rod, 27 rods, $33.75; the moving and putting up of the wood house, $6.25; the site, $100, minus the sale of the two old school houses, leaving $74.85. The total amount raised by tax is $374.75.

If I should engage a school this winter for a few months, will you come here and stay and take charge of the post office? But we want you to come and keep our school in the new house.

The district is now larger than formerly, eight or ten more families. Cattle speculators are all alive, their droves passing through and collecting here constantly. The market is good.

How is it with the abolition cause? Are they like the French king who marched up the hill with twenty thousand strong, and then marched down again?

GEORGE A. THROOP.

In this January 14, 1846, letter, **George Addison** expresses his joy in fraternal and filial relationships, and a deep appreciation of

a "free interchange of thought." "For what," says he, "is life devoid of friends and friendly intercourse?" He values true friendly relationship beyond price.

His advice to Dan to not be "driven by every wind of doctrine," etc., is sound and should be carefully read. His spirit is altogether fine, displaying sincere desire to correct a fault in a dear friend.

D. D. W. C. THROOP, ESQ.,

East Hamilton, Madison Co., N. Y.

Post Office, Preston, New York, January 14, 1846.

Brother DeWitt:

Sir, I received your favor of the 8th inst. and was right glad to hear that you and all the friends are in good health and apparent prosperity. Brother S.'s recently and elevated station is not to me a subject of so much rejoicing as to those who view these things differently. To all ordinary minds in this age of the world it is too apt to reflect stronger those prejudices so averse and deleterious to a right improvement of this noble workmanship (the mind) in my opinion. But let that pass. Friend S. has good and honest intentions, no doubt, and believes he is in the path of duty.

Now Br. D., it is one of the highest sources of enjoyment to me to have a free interchange of thought and sentiment between and from those I regard as friends, and more especially from those who are bound to me by the endearing appellation of brother and sister, Father and Mother, uncle and aunt, and I should regard any circumstance or condition, incident or event that would tend to destroy or lessen this free interchange as one of the most unfortunate evils that could cross my pathway. For what, to me, is life devoid of friends and friendly intercourse? To me, the world looks dark and gloomy with all its glittering splendor. If I sit down by the winter fireside, when dreariness is without, it is there my happiness is dependent on the society of congenial souls and kindred spirits. If I go forth into the fields when the glowing promises of spring are distributing blessings to all the ranks and conditions of men, it is there I feel the importance of friendly society. If I see beauty and order in the vegetable kingdom, how it rejoices my heart to have or confidently believe I have a true friend that can see the same and discourse upon the wisdom and goodness of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe in unfolding to our view the great view of nature. Finally, in whatever condition in life I find myself placed, in health or sickness, prosperity or adversity, I am not above this entire dependence on friendly intercourse, and to secure this I feel willing to sacrifice all things that have a tendency to weaken or exchange this free intercourse of thought.

The limits of this sheet will not permit me to answer you on the various topics mentioned in your last and previous letters I have received in the past year, which if you are sincere and honest in your opinion, will compel us to differ entirely in opinion on all matters relative to the diplomatic and internal interests of our country.

All that now remains is that we agree to differ, and in our epistolary correspondence touch upon other and different subjects, for I must here be allowed to say I cannot understand you nor your position in respect to the soundness, justness, and perpetuity of our national and state institutions.

Were your views, expressed to me within the last two years, published, they would present a strange mass of inconsistencies, incongruities and contradictions to

an impartial reader, in my opinion. To solve them, one would need a diploma from the airy castle of the Arabian nights, for no ordinary mind can interpret them. You suggested that I desire to recall the act of casting my vote for democratic electors in 1844 is entirely unfounded, and if you have any reminiscences for voting for the Liberty Party electors let it be forgotten and numbered with the things that were and are not.

If you will permit me to give a word of advice here, I can do you no greater favor, in my opinion, than to advise you to retire from the political field, repair your shattered views. Your vessel (to use the allegory) appears strangely out of rig; your rudder is gone; your masts are shot away, and your sails are in tatters. Thus you are driven by every wind of doctrine, and if you do not fall off into some safe and retired harbor, methinks you will certainly be wrecked with all your hopes, and, too, the fond expectations of many true and anxious friends.

You, sir, were born and educated in the Democratic school, but you have strangely wandered and it is now and always has been hard for a man to "kick against the thorns." Seek somewhere a resting place. Get upon some policy. Put forth some positive principle, for enough of the negative has already been written. If you have got any policy, either state or national, let me hear it, that I may find you somewhere, and not constantly keep changing. Your ability and talent, allow me to say, is above the ordinary. You live in an age of light, where the facilities for usefulness are broadcast over the land, and I have great anxieties relative to your course, and cannot yet give up the idea that you can do much good in this ample field of labor. I have feeling on this subject, perhaps too much. I am induced to be thus plain.

It appears to me that you, in some of your views, are wise above what is written. You denounce our institutions, both legislative and judicial, national and states, our common school system, which is receiving precedence from nearly all the states in the union, you are going to condemn. Now, if you are sincere in all of these things, in order to arrive at any degree of success, in condemning one system, it becomes one to hold up a better one; and if you are not sincere, don't allow yourself to talk and write thus rashly.

But perhaps I have already said too much, more than is proper or justified. If so you must forgive. It is owing to my great anxiety for your welfare, for these things operate against a young man who desires to take a stand in the world. Man is fallible, and liable to err. The institutions of our country are consequently not perfect, and need improvement, and you are just the man to labor in this great field and be the means of doing great good in the cause of humanity, if you will act from your better judgment. But it never can be done by inaction and fault finding.

Action, positive action, is the course to bring about any great good. Negatives will never do it. I cannot yet believe there is that dissimilarity in our views as to make us antipodes to each other. Wrong exists to an alarming extent in society, and strong and steady efforts are necessary to reform them. A withdrawal from the social compact is not the best way to escape these responsibilities. They rest on me, on you, and on all, and are measured according to our talents, and we shall surely be called to account one day, how we have improved them.

G. A. THROOP.

———o———

The following postscript of a letter to Dan Dewitt Clinton dated February 16, 1846, is interesting because of its reference to the Universalist Society. The fact that these men maintained a sincere belief

in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man at a time when it was "orthodoxy" to emphasize the awfulness and terrors of a geographical "hell" and "an avenging, angry God," and a cloven-hoofed, repellant devil, indicates clearly that their powers of clear reasoning were unshadowed by ignorance, prejudice and bigotry.

P. S.—(From letter from George to DeWitt, February 16, 1846). The Universalist Society in this town have resolved to build a meeting house this year to cost, with the site, not less than $700. The amount is already subscribed and the committee meets this week on Saturday to receive proposals. Are the Washingtonians in East Hamilton going to vote for no license? My New Year's present was a state certificate from Mr. Benton. I think much of it because it came without my knowledge, a conferred favor.

———o———

Amos Gager Throop, who wrote the following letter, was a double cousin of **George Addison** and Dan DeWitt. At the time this letter was written, he had been several years in Chicago. He was anxious to have other members of the family come to Chicago. His letter tells how much he liked Chicago, and enthusiastically describes the new country thereabouts, which was so rapidly growing, and where he and his brother, John, were already established in the lumber business.

Round Stamp, Salmon-Colored Ink:
"Chicago, Ill., June 18." 10c

G. A. THROOP, Esq.,

Preston, Chenango County, N. Y.

Chicago, Ill., June 17, 1846.

G. A. Throop, Esq.

Dear Sir:

We received a letter some days ago from your brother William, asking many questions about our country, the state of society, etc., etc.

It appears, from his letter, that he had some little idea of coming to this country. We should be very happy to have him. I would not advise any man to move before first coming and satisfying himself as to the advantages and disadvantages; also to pick out for himself a good location. Then he would know just what to do and where to go, and not have a family on expense, and, perhaps, unpleasantly situated for some little time after he arrived here before he could settle down.

There are yet thousands of good chances as have ever been taken, and now is the best time to emigrate to this country, as a man can accommodate himself in every way much better than formerly. Schools, meetings and soociety are of all kinds, from the basest to the most refined. I can only answer for one in relation to this country. I could hardly be hired to go back and live in your country. A deed to the best farm that I have any knowledge of in Chenango County would be no temptation to me. I do think there is not such another country in the world as that within

two hundred miles on every side of Chicago, a little city of twelve years' growth of over twelve thousand inhabitants, building every year from eight hundred to a thousand buildings, and many of them are of brick, costing from one to fifteen thousand dollars, and, many days, receiving from the country, from wagons, ten, fifteen or twenty thousand bushels of the best of wheat, and, some days, ten, fifteen or twenty steamboats arrive and depart, each carrying away from five to fifteen thousand bushels of wheat each. The steamboats and propellers start from Buffalo with from five hundred to fifteen hundred people, and them mostly emigrants that come to stay. By present arrangements, such boats leave Buffalo every day, scatter their loads along their route of over a thousand miles. Among the several landings, we receive more than any other place. And this business has only just begun, as our great West is but sparsely settled yet. There is plenty of room for millions more.

The soil and climate are unsurpassed on the globe. For my part, I am satisfied and contented and desire no change, as this country produces everything that heart can wish.

Tell Father Wait and your Mother to let somebody else take charge of the old stony farm, and come out this season to see us, and we will pay the expenses. They can just as well come as not, if they only thought so. I do think it would do them good. Do try to persuade them to come. Oh! how it would make the old gentleman's eyes bug out, to go down our street and see five hundred teams at a time, loaded with all kinds of produce, meet the best feeling folks that you would ever see! I want no better pastime than to go round among them when I happen to have an idle hour. If you want to know anything more about things out here, just come out and see for yourself.

Yours truly,

AMOS G. THROOP.

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The subject of this March 24, 1847, letter to Dan Dewitt Clinton needs a bit of explanation. In these early times, when questions of community or public interest arose, it was a custom to "have a meeting" or series of meetings, and men would publicly discuss their differences.

In this letter, Mr. Dyer is out to "expose" Mr. G., who was a local writer for the "Utica Press," and had criticised Mr. Dyer's narrow religious views. It is presumed, from references to Mr. Dyer in other letters, that he was active in forcing his peculiar views against liberal ideas upon his congregations. The arguments discussed in this series of meetings ended with "the jury" (audience) failing to agree. Mr. G. "sustained all the important points set forth in his articles, but Mr. D. and his friends would not confess the facts." "It was thought by some of the unprejudiced that Mr. G. came off with a popular expression in his favor." George concludes with the significant sentence in his closing paragraph: "He (Elder Dyer) will never again preach against the introduction of sciences into our common schools."

D. D. W. C. THROOP, ESQ.,

East Hamilton, Madison Co., N. Y.

Preston, New York, March 24, 1847.

Brother DeWitt:

In compliance with my own and the feelings of mother and Elmira, I am prompted to write you a few lines, though I am inclined to the opinion I have written by far too many letters for my present and future good; but if I have erred in this respect, it cannot now be atoned for, so I guess I might as well keep on sinning, for I am not much inclined to deprive myself of the privilege of writing to friends.

Mr. Dyer's appointment here for an expose of Mr. G. and the Utica Press resulted in a great excitement, and a general attendance of the people for five evenings of the first week, and one the Monday after. Some called it a protracted meeting, for the reason that many had occasion to speak and tell their experience and were called converts. Others called it a discussion, for Mr. G. was there, and spoke about half the time. There was one feature about it much in keeping with the religious customs of the present day. The meeting was opened by prayer to the God of all goodness, and, at Mr. D.'s request, a hymn was sung after an hour's speaking, to relieve the audience, though the sounds were anything but heavenly and devotional. Then the speaker would get up and in the exciting manner tell what a slandering, designing, and wicked person Mr. G., through the Utica Press, was. The singing was dispensed with after the third evening, but the prayer was continued.

When Mr. D. rose the first evening to speak, in looking around upon the audience, he soon discovered a little to the right and very near, Mr. G. with his candle, pencil and paper, surrounded by his friends, to take notes of what was about to be said. This seemed to excite Mr. D., for it was evidently unexpected. He commenced in a strain of the most bitter sarcasm, with an angry look and voice, which gave evidence that one object he had in calling the people together was not to vindicate his own character, but to pour out his indignation on Mr. G. and the Utica Press, which he did to the best of his ability.

When Mr. D. closed, Mr. G. rose, and gave notice that he would reply to Mr. D. when he got through. Mr. D. gave Mr. G. the next evening to review what he had already said, so the next evening Mr. G. had the stand, and Mr. Mory from Madison county was present and opened the meeting in prayer.

Mr. G. went on in his mild but energetic manner, to justify himself in the course he had taken, and Mr. D. had to undergo it, and so it went on till the end of the week, or till Friday evening. They adjourned over till Monday evening when it was concluded to close up the matter. It was agreed they should occupy equal portions of time, when there was a general summing up of the case in a speech of about two hours each. I must say it was quite ably done by both the speakers. The Baptist house was filled with people, many from a distance.

You may ask which gained the victory? Well, the jury did not agree. Mr. G. sustained all the important points set forth in his articles, but Mr. D. and his friends would not confess the facts. Mr. G. labored under the greatest difficulty to justify the severity of the language in his articles, and refusal to publish Mr. D.'s last communication. Mr. D., after the first evening, assumed a much milder tone and manner, and for him, was quite candid.

It was thought by some of the unprejudiced that Mr. G. came off with a popular expression in his favor. It was left much like the Mexican War, could not agree

which begun first, but it amused many to see two ministers so earnestly contending about what appeared to be such a trifling matter.

I cannot say that any good will grow out of it. One thing, I think, Mr. D. will never do again. He never again will preach against the introduction of the sciences into our common schols. I cannot describe this debate to you in the limits of this letter. Perhaps I have written more than I should already. I will leave you to anticipate the rest.

G. A. THROOP.

———o———

George's thoughts and hopes, however, were more and more with his cousins, Gager and John Throop, who had gone west to Chicago, to be business men. Against his dreams of a happy life in "Association of kindred souls," **George** was increasingly drawn or driven by the necessities of providing a home for his children, to also become a business man. He accepted a "very good offer as a clerk and bookkeeper," from his cousin, Amos Gager Throop, founder in later years of Throop Polytechnic Institute at Pasadena, California.

The letter of April 13, 1847, to D. D. W. C. Throop, is printed in part only. At this time, **George Addison** was postmaster at Preston, and the letter was mailed "Free," as, according to Post Office regulations of that time: "Postmasters may send and receive free of postage letters and packages not exceeding one ounce in weight."

Preston, New York, April 13, 1847.

Brother DeWitt:

I have delayed answering your very kind letter that I might be able to enclose and send your school money, but I recently learned that it was about half collected and could not learn when it would be ready. So it may happen you will have to pay postage on the letter yet. But, be this as it may, you shall have this free anyhow, for I have not yet gotten rid of the Post Office.

Your letter is not now before me, and I may not answer all of your inquiries, but, to begin: The wood is chopped and piled up (but two knotty logs); Johnson gives $130 rent, and pays the taxes—pays half in the fall, no reserve of land for Mother. Delancey and Dickinson start in a few days for Ohio. Cole Johnson is about moving. I moved the stove into the other room today and have been trying to fit up the pipe. Mother appears to be very desponding and unhappy about her condition. Every little move seems to take a deep hold on her feelings. But I anticipate when she gets fairly moved, she will feel better and more contented. Almira is rather sober, but she tries to cheer her mother. Addison keeps asking questions about the war, and, on the whole, we are rather an unhappy company. * * * * *

But now about myself. I am about to make a move you may think somewhat strange and may condemn and think foolish and improper, but I have today resolved to make it and leave Preston for Chicago, that I may find business and enterprise than I can engage in that will suit me.

I received a letter from Cousin A. G. Throop, giving me a very good offer as a clerk and bookkeeper in their business. They offer me $20 per month and board for this season, and then, if I choose to go into other business, will aid me in any other enterprise if I should, and conclude to stay. This would give me time to come to a just conclusion about the country and the advantages and disadvantages, etc., etc., of the far-famed city of the West.

I have lived in Preston as long as I can and much longer than I should had I been differently situated. I could have worked for Uncle E. Packer this summer, but it seemed to me I could not submit to that and go down to the Center to meeting every Sunday. My mind is not in a condition to content myself here with the feelings some entertain towards me. Of that you heard something the evening of town meeting.

I have one favor to ask, if you feel willing and safe to do it, that you will loan me $25 or $30 till the first of September, to aid me in my outfit, as I have but a few days to get ready, and they want me there by the first of May.

My account against the estate is $287.50, and there remains against me about $140.00. Mr. Wait says the time has not come yet for paying these demands, and it is not yet settled. If they should settle with and pay me some before I go, I should not need any from you, as I shall have to leave some for Cordelia and Addison till I can earn some to repay.

When I get to Chicago I shall be in business. It is not like going on uncertainty. If you can accommodate me, I can take it out of the money that is due you here, and send you a note.

You will write me soon and let me know about this and what you think of my move. I dislike to go on many accounts, but I must make a move somewhere and this looks to me best with my present state of mind.

Give my best wishes to William and family. I shall visit you if I can before I leave. I want to be off in ten or twelve days. Write me and say P. M., and let it come free to me as well as you. "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

Yours truly,

G. A. THROOP.

———o———

Ten days have passed since George's last letter, wherein he expressed his determination to go to Chicago. This April 23, 1847, letter is reproduced in its entirety. To read it is to feel the pangs a brave man felt at leaving all that was near and dear to him—home, children, mother, brothers and sisters. Also the hope he had of succeeding in the new business and location to the point where he could make a home for himself and his children.

Preston, N. Y.
April 23, 1847

FREE
G. A. Throop, P. M.

D. D. W. C. THROOP,

East Hamilton, New York

Preston, New York, April 23, 1847.

Dear Brother:

Your letters of the 13th and 15th inst., now before me, were five or six days getting here. Enclosed I send you my note of 30 dollars, bearing date the day I received the money from the trustees. I suppose I have sufficient to convey me to Chicago, providing no accident should befall me, but concluded I would take the amount as you were so kind as to accommodate me with it. I send the note contrary to your urgent request, for I do not see as I can make it possible to come and fetch it.

It appears that I shall have as much as my nature is able to grapple with to get away from here. I have been solicited to take a private conveyance as far as Lake Co., Ohio, with Jonthan Dickinson, who will start, I expect, the first of next week. I have concluded to go with him, as it will save about half in the expense, he says. That will be an object with me, although it will take several days longer.

I intended to go via Hamilton, and stop a day or two with you and visit Mrs. Sweet and family, but this last plan will prevent. I hope you will not think it unkind in me in taking my leave without seeing you, for it would be very gratifying to me to make you and William and family a good friendly visit, and there is Cordelia, too. I shall not see her. But I must nerve up my feelings for this and many other trials, for I know not what is before me, and perhaps it is better I do not.

I have written to Cordelia and to Mrs. Sabin. I have not written to Sister Emeline. I do not know as I shall have time. If I do not, please say to her she is still remembered as a dear and kind Sister; and to Bro Benj.. that I still cherish his friendship as a sweet solace in all my wanderings. Will ascertain about his mother at Chicago, and write him.

I am not going to take any final leave of friends at all, for I shall be back anyway. But if I should happen to be prospered and am pleased with the place, and find business to warrant, I shall make arrangements for a permanent residence and take my children there as soon as it can in prudence be brought about—get married, if needs be, but must struggle with the fates a time longer, first. This living and being a tax on the kindness of friends, with one child in one place and one in another, and deprived of the sweet society of one dear child, while the best of my days are passing away, is anything but desirable. So I think no man with ordinary means can do it and discharge his duty properly to himself and children in the present state of society.

You ask what does Mother and Almira say? Well, Mother doesn't say much about it. Almira advised me by all means to go. Addison talks about it as he would about other incidents. Not old enough to realize. He feels safe where his grandma is, and seems to have no other trouble.

I suppose Bro. William has no idea of going very far West, or any other direction, for a location. I believe I heard him say that the sickness and other inconveniences of Illinois and surrounding country would prevent him ever attempting to settle there. I have no advice to give in that respect, but will endeavor to report

all good chances in business—should any such present themselves—and it may be to his advantage to purchase a farm or engage in other business even as far West as Chicago. But anyone that is well situated in this country, surrounded by family and friends, is doubtless better to remain in a majority of instances.

But I am not well situated; have not much to expect, and but little to hope for, and am induced to make an effort to better my condition that I now leave home and friends for a situation in a distant place among strangers.

No appointment has yet come on for Postmaster, but I shall leave the office in the care of Johnson as a deputy, so if you should write to Mother you can direct to the P. M. and frank it till the appointment comes.

Mother is getting to be quite well pleased with her new situation. With these few broken sentencese I must close, with assurances of regard and esteem for kindnesses and favors, and hoping to be remembered in kindness to you all, I am

Very respectfully your friend and brother,

G. A. THROOP.

THOUGHTS ON THE PAST

I look back on the vanished years and sigh,
To think upon its changes—Time has cherished
Hope's sweetest flowers in passing on its course,
And left them in their early bloom to die.
My heart foreboded it—I knew for me
They could not blossom in their beauty long;
I knew that disappointment's blight must come
Ere they had shed their fragrance o'er my path;
For it was ever thus, and each new bud
Blown by the breath of this cold world, still wears
A paler, sicker hue.

March 15, 1829

(From Deborah's 1826-1830 Album, page 140)

FROM GEORGE ADDISON'S NOTEBOOK

As mentioned elsewhere, and as will be realized when reading **George Addison's** letters, his beliefs as to the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man, the Love of God, man's inherent tendencies to be good rather than all evil, that the objects of education were "not to make them see with our eyes, but to look inquiringly and steadily with their own; not to give them a definite amount of knowledge, but to inspire a fervent love of truth; not to form an outward regularity, but to touch an inward spring; not to burden the memory, but to quicken and strengthen the powers of thought; not to bind them by ineradicable prejudices to our particular sect or peculiar notions, but to prepare them for impartial, consciencious judging of whatever subjects may in the course of Providence be offered to their decision; not to **tell** them that God is good, but to help them see and feel His love in all that He does."—(Dr. Channing.)

Among the papers on Education, we found some things that throw light on the heated controversy between the "Conservatives," led by Elder Dyer, and **George Addison Throop,** the "Dangerous Radical."

Isn't it strange that the "radicals" of yesterday seem so safe and wise at a later day? Now, as then, it took manly character and grit to be a radical. It is apt to be an inherited tendency.

It is reported that in a discourse in August, 1843, while warning the church against infidelity, Elder Dyer said: "The sciences of natural philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, geology, and especially phrenology, in the manner they are taught, have a direct tendency to infidelity, and children should be kept from such wicked influences."

"The heart is prone to embrace error," continues Dyer, "in preference to truth. False prophets, under disguise, use philosophy, astronomy, geology, phrenology and animal magnetism as instruments in infusing corruption into the minds of children."

Such sentiments nowadays certainly would not be uttered by any true lover of God's Truth, and such sentiments do not come from those in control of our modern churches, of any denomination. Today we realize the omnipotence, omniscience and omnipresence of God, the Father and Creator of the Universe.

After contending for years against such ignorant narrowness and bigotry, in order to be near his motherless children, we can appre-

ciate the necessity that compelled him to choose, at the age of 37, a career in the "far western city of Chicago," then a "thriving city of 14,000 or 15,000 inhabitants."

On the same piece of paper upon which the notes on Elder Dyer's portion of the debate were written:

Popular works that have extensive circulation:

1. The New York Evangelical, April 20, page 1; caption, "Causes of Error."
2. The New York Observer, May, 1843: "Man a poor sinful creature, not worthy the notice of God. God under no obligation to take cognizance of His creatures."

That same year (1843), **George Addison** was town superintendent of schools. In his handwriting we find two programs, the first for "Public Examination of Common Schools," as follows:

(1) Prayer by Rev. ..... (2) Music by the Band. (3) The report of the Town Superintendent. (4) The several teachers (ten in number) will be called on to examine their schools, each school to occupy one-half to three-quarters of an hour in their examinations. Music between the hours of examinations. (5) An address, "Address to Scholars and Teachers," by Rev. Hiram Dyer, three-fourths of an hour. (6) Singing, "Ode to Science." (7) Benediction.

That "Ode to Science" must have been the last straw with Elder Hiram Dyer.

———o———

At another school meeting that same summer of 1843, we find in the same handwriting notes for a meeting of teachers. They display the most exalted sentiments of a calm, dignified, educated, Christian man:

1. The object of the meeting.

2. The benefits of a correct education.

3. Responsibilities of Parents and Guardians—on this depends the perpetuity of our civil and religious institutions and the weal or woe of the rising generations. But a subject so interesting should be under the guidance of proper and useful instruction, and led on in the great pathway of intellectual and moral improvement.

But here the inquiry might arise, "What is that way?" And here let me say, the teacher that would be successful must depend on his own resources. He must question the pupil from his own thoughts and reflections, and stir those noble principles of original thought and inquiry in the mind of the pupil.

And, in the language of Dr. Channing, I would say that the great end of all instruction that is useful is **not** to stamp **our** minds irresistibly on the young, but to inspire a fervent love of truth; **not** to form an **outward** regularity, but to touch an inward spring; **not** to burden the memory, but to quicken and strengthen the powers of thought; not to bind them by ineradicable prejudices to **our** particular sect or peculiar notions, but to prepare them for impartial, consciencious judging of what-

ever subject may, in the course of Providence, be offered to their decision; not to tell them that God is good, but to help them to see and feel His love in all that He does.

In a word, the great object of all schools is to awaken intellectual and moral life in the pupil.

With this outline for the teachers' meeting, we found, in the same handwriting, the following resolution (probably proposed and carried, because the Elder Dyers and their bigotry are seldoom found to control among a body of real teachers):

RESOLVED, That we believe the desire to learn is a natural and exceedingly active principle in the mind of every child; that the proper gratification of this desire always yields delight; and that, therefore, without reward, nor prizes, a wish to excel others, nor the fear of punishment, are proper incentives to the acquisition of knowledge, either in the family or the school.

To his surprise, **George** had been made superintendent of the town common schools in June, 1843, and we found the following certificate of the appointment of **George Addison** to the office of Town Superintendent of Schools:

We, the undersigned, in pursuance of the Act, "Amendatory of the several Acts relating to Common Schools," etc., hereby appoint GEORGE A. THROOP, Town Superintendent of Common Schools for the Town of Preston.

Done at Preston, the 1st day of June, 1843.
DANIEL NOYES, Supervisor

LUTHER OSGOOD, Jr.,
SMITH JOHNSON,
ROBT. L. DAVIS,
Justices.

George Addison had advanced ideas against the common use of corporal punishment as efficient in dealing with erring children. We find the following few notes, which are evidently points in an address which he gave to the assembled teachers. At a time when the Elder Hiram Dyer preached of an avenging God, whose law was "spare the rod and spoil the child," the humaneness, the intelligence, disclosed in these notes make them very satisfactory to read:

(1) The teachers who can govern themselves can govern a school without corporal punishment.

2. Is a relic of barbarism, as I regard it.

(3) The best schools are governed without corporal punishment.

(4) The object of all punishment is for Reformation as applied to man, nature and children.

(5) The object of education is to develop the intellectual and moral qualities, and the application of physical force is not the proper means to attain that end.

(6) It makes children disrespect themselves and alienates them from the Teacher, ruins the school and operates injuriously on the mind of the teacher.

(7) My experience at school is the rule can be carried out even to animals. Mark Anthony "led the lion by a hair."

(8) We do not advocate ridicule.

With these educational notes were others that interest us. For instance, notes for an address against capital punishment and for a debate on how best to obtain temperance. **George** was a member of the Washingtonian movement, contrary to the oft' asserted statement that the Washingtonians were all reformed drunkards, these notes prove something far different. The Washingtonians differed from other temperance workers in their attitude toward drunkards and their families. Here again the fundamental difference was the difference of their idea of God's attitude toward His erring children. To the others a drunkard was a sinner unfit to associate with God's elect. He and his children were children of the devil. The Washingtonians did admit reformed drunkards to membership; they did give assistance to the families of drunkards and financial aid, regarding them as innocent victims of one of the devil's snares to enmesh the feet of God's erring sons. The Elder Dyers, even in temperance, were for the avenging God of Law, and they denounced the followers of a God of Love, maintaining that they thus encouraged drunkenness by recognizing drunkards and their families as fellow men.

Ye mysterious powers,
Whose ways are ever gracious, ever just,
As ye think wisest, best, dispose of me;
But whether through your gloomy depths I wander,
Or on your mountains walk, give me the calm,
The steady, smiling soul, where wisdom sheds
Eternal wisdom and eternal joy.

—Deborah

(From Deborah's Album, Page 156, 1826-1830)

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS

The three following letters, dated January 27, 1837, June 4th, 1843, and July 4th, 1843, were discovered after the preceding pages were printed. They are printed here because of the items of family interest and general history they contain.

The first letter below, dated at Washington, D. C., January 27, 1937, is from William Mason, an uncle of the Throop boys, who had been elected to Congress. It should be to you, as it is to us, a comforting assurance that as the Union then survived, so it will now survive the onslaughts of the "Slang Whangers" and "Panic Speakers" of to-day.

Round P. O. Stamp, Salmon-Colored Ink:
Washington, D. C., Jan. 27.

FREE
Wm. Mason, M. C.

D. D. W. C. THROOP
Student at Law
East Hamilton, Madison County, N. Y.

Washington, D. C., January 27, 1837.

My Dear Nephew:

Yours of the 16th Inst., has been received and considered. The high opinions which you have formed of Andrew Jackson and the success that has attended his administration, are honest and just. They are the sentiments that must spring spontaneously from every true and honest heart. Yes, my young friend, the name and fame of Andrew Jackson will live in the memory of the wise and great of every clime, when those of his enemies and his persecutors are lost in the vortex and confusion of their own creations. The future historian shall inscribe that name upon the brightest pages of the annals of American history, and, when you come to read hereafter, as I trust you may, the true delineation of his achievements, the sum of his splendid deeds, his moral courage and his chivalrous patriotism—methinks your youthful heart will palpitate with a virtuous ardor to imitate, insofar as in you lies, so bright an example, remembering always that success accompanies the brave, and none but the brave.

I will endeavor to comply with your request and send you such documents as come to hand. There is nothing progressing in Congress to inspire any great curiosity. It is mere dry legislation. Now and then a bounder makes a speech for home consumption, to the paralyzing of the session, and injury of the public business. Speaking has become so much a drug and so nauseous, that a man who prizes his reputation as he ought, who has much self respect, generally keeps himself silent, except in explaining some difficult viewpoint, including some new principle. But the slang whangers and panic speakers are the greatest fools ever known.

I have seen all the great men, so-called, of this nation. I am compelled to say that I have been greatly disappointed in them, for I find them nothing but men, and, some of them, hardly that.

Michigan has been admitted to the Union. There are now twenty-six stars on the banner of our confederacy, and, if we hold together twenty-five years longer, we shall be one of the most numerous, powerful and wealthy nations upon this earth. I believe, for the present, the Union is safe. Van Buren is president, and I believe he will be equal to the crisis. R. M. Johnson will be Vice-President, etc.

Remember me affectionately to your mother, sisters and brothers, and all other friends, and accept for yourself the consideration of my affectionate regard.

WM. MASON.

P. S.—Go ahead, my young friend. The time may come when you may be called into the field to sustain the arch of this Union, which was raised by so great sacrifice, and cemented by the blood of so many saints and heroes. The old virtues must be your virtues, and on the youth of the land, must its destiny rest.

NOTE: This letter was written over one hundred and two years ago, and the advice to young Dan DeWitt in 1837, is as true today and as applicable to the youth of present America as it was then, and will be as long as our Democracy exists.

———o———

This June 4th, 1843, letter sets out quite fully the status of affairs as to Elder Dyer and **George Addison.** The reactionary Elder went to extremes in upholding his position against the study of the sciences. But in this letter he attacks phrenology by asserting that while the brain was the organ of thought, still, he maintained, a man could think without brains, etc. **George** writes of being presented with the certificate of appointment as town superintendent of common schools of Preston. This seemed to be cause for renewed attack on the part of the Elder. But it was not until four years later that **George Addison** left Preston for Chicago.

Preston, N. Y. **6c**
(MAIL)

D. D. W. C. THROOP, Esq.
Student at Law
Sherburne, Chenango County, N. Y.

Preston Corners, June 4th, 1843.

Brother Dan:

I want to see you, for the things I want to enumerate are too numerous for an epistle, and too complicated for a written article. I think of what Addison (eight years old) said a short time since in attempting to relate what he had seen, that had excited his organ of ideality. He commenced, but the excitement choked utterance. He said: "It is so neat, I cannot tell it."

As you have been informed, we have had a course of lectures here, upon Phrenology and Mesmerism, by Mr. A. Morrison, a gentleman of talent and ability, and a master of his subject. We much regretted that you were not here to participate. The lectures were private, except the first and last, and held at our house, to the perfect satisfaction of the class. The lectures have spread dismay and consternation throughout all the ranks of the enemy, the Presbyterians and Baptists. We have carried the war into their camp. We have assailed the old adversary, the opposer of Truth, and an enemy to all progress, and that, too, in his own parlor. (For Mr. Morrison and Lafayette Avery went to his house.) He is now out upon us with all his emissaries.—I mean Elder Dyer (the Presbyterian minister), who is setting forth his abuses in long articles which he is presenting to the public.

Two weeks ago today, in a lecture at the Baptist house, Elder Dyer assailed phrenology, and attempted to hold it up in a ridiculous light. In connection with other things, that he was charged with saying last summer in his attack on some of the sciences, he said he did not wish to be understood as opposing any science but phrenology and animal magnetism. These he condemned to the uttermost of his ability. It so enraged some of the indifferent ones, Col. Noyes and others, that they wished Morrison would give a public lecture on the first principles of phrenology, and invited Elder Dyer to attend. Mr. Morrison consented and I was requested to inform Elder Dyer and invite him to attend. I did so by letter.

The lecture was to be given on Friday evening. Circumstances at Oxford prevented Mr. M. from lecturing here that evening. So the appointment here was subsequently altered to Thursday. Mr. M. and Lafayette rode down to inform Elder Dyer. He attended with all his friends, both from here and the Center, whom he had invited to come with him. The school house was crowded, uncles and aunts in abundance.

We had an able lecture. After the lecture we had a terrible time. My pen is too feeble to even attempt a description. Elder D. talked an hour the first time. M. made a short reply; blew up Elder D.'s assertions (I will not call them arguments). I never saw a man worse used up in debate than was Elder D. Then came a flood of low abuse such as would better suit the clownish operations of a circus than the dignity of an Elder. Mr. M. did not descend to such obscenity, but left it and merely replied to the Elder's assertions. To give you the force of the Elder's reasoning, his stronghold was, first, that anti-phrenologists also believed that the brain was the organ of thought, or mind, etc. Then he brought up three cases, to show that when the brain was all water or a mere membrane, the person retained all his thinking powers. First position, the brain, the organ of thought; next, a man could think without brains. These were his strongest arguments, and all M. had to do was merely to coompare them, to show their fallacy and utter impossibility. Thus it went on till twelve o'clock at night. Elder D. was excited and trembled like an oak leaf in autumn. M. was calm and smiling. (But, as I told you in the first place: "It was so neat I can not tell it.")

Elder D. is now trying to create the sympathy of old women and children and weak-minded men by writing out his grievances in detail and urging them before the public. He is the most insignificant man I ever came in contact with, but the war is on and hostilities will not cease till one or the other gains the victory. Truth or falsehood must prevail. Liberty or slavery will be the result of this conflict. I for one will make no Webster treaties. I yield no ground, because right belongs to our side of the question.

It is a terrible time here now, and the battle goes hotter and hotter, but the brave are not dismayed at all. We are sure we shall come out first and best in the end. But enough! The rest when I see you, which I hope will be soon.

When I returned home from Uncle Jonathan's last Thursday evening, the Supervisors presented me with a certificate of the appointment of Town Superintendent of the Common Schools of this town. I did not expect it, and was surprised. I had never been consulted on the subject. After consulting my friends, I concluded to accept the offer, and shall enter upon my duties tomorrow. Come or write soon.

In relation to the appointment, all that I have yet done leads me to accept. My name is sounded from one end of the town to the other. The alarm is sounded, the big guns are fired, the war dogs are howling, Madame Rumor is busy with her infernal schemes. Some say I will break up all the schools; some that I will tear down the school houses; some that I will kill all the school dames or misses; etc., etc.

You and Mr. M. are not named in this warfare. Probably out of sight, out of mind. But I am the devil that set all the mischief afoot. In addition to phrenology, we had three Universalist sermons here last Sunday. Goodrich took up the subject of "Fallen Angels," and it was said that he fairly outdid himself.

If Mr. Morrison passes through Sherburn he will call on you. You will consider him one of my intimate friends and you will receive him as such. As you respect me, so him. We're all in good health and work all done till haying season, which is very promising. No news from the West yet. Write soon.

GEORGE.

———o———

Resting from hay harvest while it rained, **George,** in this July 4th, 1843, letter, writes to his brother, Dan DeWitt, telling him of a sermon he had heard; a little more of Elder Dyer; of a school exhibition to be held in August, and asking Dan to visit Cordelia's school, and report to him on its condition, etc.

Pd. 6c

D. D. W. C. THROOP, Esq.
Student at Law

East Hamilton, Madison County,
New York

Preston, N. Y., July 4, 1843.

Well, Brother Dan:

After mowing some, and getting in one load of hay, I have a leisure hour while it rains, so I will write to you, and pay the postage. If you think enough of this to write an answer, you can pay the postage, and then we shall be even.

We had an excellent sermon by Mr. Shipman, one week ago yesterday. Would you believe me if I told you they opened the meeting house for us? The trustees refused, but Esquire Hall, contrary to their wishes, opened the house and invited us in, and himself attended the services. Yesterday some were talking of churching Esquire Hall, but he laughed and went home. The fact is that a majority of the church members are in favor of letting us have the house. Asa and Scott Hall say,

if they do not open the house, they leave the gallery. So they have them by the ears. As the saying is, when thieves fall out, honest men come by their rights.

We went yesterday and filled the gallery and sang for them. But a word about the Reverend S.'s sermon. I cannot remember the chapter, but the text was to this effect: "Yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be; yea I have diligently considered, and it shall not be." The subject embraced two heads, either the utter annihilation of the wicked, or their final deliverance from sin and misery by being made holy and happy. He clearly and ably proved the latter, to the satisfaction of my mind at any rate.

Mr. O. came yesterday to preach, but he was not well, so Mr. Austin supplied his place. The audience was disappointed. Rev. Shipman preaches here again three weeks from yesterday.

Elder Dyer keeps up his hostility against Mr. C. He has had the whole ground since M. left, but is losing all the sympathy he called up six weeks ago. It is very strange. He certainly will destroy himself. A student from New York, a theological student of the same order, heard Elder Dyer the last time, and was disgusted with him. The student is a believer in phrenology, and thinks Elder D. is very unfair in pursuing the course that he does.

Our school exhibition begins soon. That is we have selected the characters for our play, "The Stranger." We are learning our parts. We will have it some time in September. Lafayette will deliver the introductory. We have selected you for the valedictory address. The subject directly addressed to members of the Lyceum, but indirectly to the audience. The subject, "Our Duty as Citizens and Reformists."

I expect our Common School exhibition will go off about the last of August and will send you notice. You must attend. Calculate to make us a home visit.

I think it would be for your health to practice daily the equestrian exercise. It will strengthen your chest and help digestion. Ride mornings. Use the rake and pitchfork the rest of the time—that is, moderately. In all exercise, carry your mind with you. Ride out horseback with Calphurnia.

I would like to have you go to the village and see Julius Miner. Visit the schoool that Cordelia attends. See that it is all right. I think you can spend a half day agreeably there. Mrs. Goldsmith would think much of a visit from you, if you are humble enough to go. Tell Calphurnia I have not forgotten what she said about Miss E, though the subject of again associating myself in domestic life is foreign to me yet. Yet, if I should ever make up my mind to that effect, I think Miss E. is such a woman as would suit me, if I should be lucky enough to obtain such a one.

In haste,

GEORGE.

———o———

FROM DEBORAH'S ALBUM, PAGE 135

Give me the man that's learned without pretense,
Blessed with good nature and good sense;
Whose generous, open, understanding heart,
To all around would happiness impart;
Disdaining, too, the mean, dissembling part,
Who once from virtue's path hath never strayed,
Deceived a fair one, nor a friend betrayed;
Where virtue reigns with an unbounded sway,
Then sense and reason prompts one to obey.
Such be the man with whom I'd spend my life,
Or never let me own the name of wife.

1829 —Deborah Goldsmith

GEORGE ADDISON IN CHICAGO

1847 - 1849

At last George is on his way to Chicago, the "famed city of the far West." Now-a-days he could have gone from Preston to Buffalo in a few hours, but on Monday, April 26, 1847, he left Preston at noon, and arrived in Buffalo at 11:42 P. M. Wednesday, April 28. He "expects to take a steamboat, 'St. Louis,' to Chicago," where he will arrive "in four or five days." Quite a difference between 1847 and 1939—eight days via stage, railroad and steamboat then, vs. less than eight hours via airplane to-day.

He points out that it required six hours to go 46 miles on the railroad, because the passenger train was sidetracked to wait for heavy freight trains. This letter of April 29, 1847, is a first-hand description of things he saw on this, to him, epochal journey.

To D. D. W. C. THROOP, East Hamilton, Madison Co., New York.,

Buffalo, New York, Thursday, April 29, 1847.

Dear Sir:

I left Preston Monday noon; took the evening stage to Hamilton; next morning stage to Canistota, and on the cars to this place, where I arrived at 11:42 o'clock last night. Expect to leave this P. M. in the steamboat "St. Louis" to the place of destination, which will take four or five days.

We made slow headway on the cars. Were six hours from Canistota to Auburn, distance 46 miles; layover at Auburn 12 hours. Some 300 passengers had to stay over night that should have been in Buffalo at 8:00 o'clock Wednesday.

The road is in bad repair, and the heavy freight trains damage the road and cause long stops at stations to let them pass. I have been on the cars and have heard much of their speed, but this last ride was not much better than horse and wagon for going ahead. But the canal is not open, and there is no competition, and they are very arbitrary. To be on this route and see the travel will satisfy most anyone that the N. Y. & E. R. R. should be completed.

I had sufficient time to visit the prison. Went to all the different departments, which was very interesting to me, being the first time. A sorry looking company, truly. Saw Blodgett, a young man I was acquainted with from Illecutville; sent there three years ago for robbing the mail, $2,200.

Subsequent arrangements induced me to change my route from what I intended when I last wrote you. I have the company of B. D. Noyes as far as Cleveland. Saw B. Stebbins on the cars, who is in trade at LeRoy. D. Ingalls came with us to Conandaugua from Hamilton, after cattle.

Nearly all the towns from Utica to Buffalo went license; Buffalo with a rush. The legislature will probably repeal the laws this session.

I wish you to write me at Chicago, and can, if you please, frank your letters, and I will do the same to you as long as they keep me in as Postmaster, and that will be till Johnson receives the appointment, and the papers are served on me duly.

I left the Preston folks usually in health. Mother was much affected when I left, but there were only a few words said.

Saw Cordelia; took breakfast there. Hard work to part with her. She clung to me and could hardly let me go.

These scenes are too cruel, but appear to be mine to witness and experience. I hope it will not always be so.

Remember me in kindness to all. I am,

Very respectfully yours,

G. A. THROOP.

N. B.—When you write me, superscribe your letter in the following manner:
G. A. THROOP, Postmaster Preston, New York,
now at Chicago, Illinois

———o———

In **George Addison's** letter of May 6, 1847, to his mother, so soon after his arrival in the "Far Western city of Chicago," we find not only much interesting data of relatives, and another little first-hand view of America's great metropolis in embryo as it was in 1847, but also we are given a definite indication of a very fine characteristic, an exemplification of Moses' Fifth Law of Right Living, "Honor thy father and thy mother," etc.

Every indication in these letters, besides yielding data of historical and personal interest, is that the writers were so well grounded in God's Laws, that the highest type of manly characteristics were instinctive with them. Thus their descendants have a heritage of good example and right living more useful and helpful in a really successful life than much gold.

He adds other phases of description to early lake navigation from Buffalo to Chicago, and gives us other glimpses of the friends and relatives he met.

Prof. Alese Hrdlicka, fellow at the Smithsonian Institution, universally known archaeologist and "skeletonologist," maintains that descendants of Original American settlers have developed a distinctive type of physique.

It is interesting to note that the cousins, Amos Gager Throop and **George Addison Throop,** scions of very early American settlers, when "weighed at the storehouse yesterday, both went into the same notch, 164 pounds."

While it may be a question whether or not mental and moral characteristics are transmitted to progeny, there can be no question about the physical types being inherited. The loyalty of family members, maintaining strict Christian family relationships, tends infallibly to the early inculcation of basic characteristics, so that the members of this family can, with great satisfaction, realize the wealth of their inherent or acquired staunchness.

George, it will be noticed, unfailingly displays unselfish, gentlemanly characteristics including in his letters solicitations and news of the welfare of others.

To SARAH STANTON WAIT, Preston, New York.

Chicago, Illinois, May 6, 1847.

Well, Mother, I arrived at this place on the morning of the 5th at 2:00 o'clock. Did not leave the boat till about sunrise, as passengers could all remain in their rooms unless they chose to go to shore when the boats arrive at night.

Found the friends here all in good health and spirits. Gager's wife had recovered her health so far as to be about her usual business. Cousin Abigail is the same go-ahead, persevering and industrious cousin she was when in Preston. Her youngest child, little James, is quite healthy and interesting, light complexion and blue eyes.

Solomon is as good as ever, first-rate company, sound on the subject of morals, etc., and makes us all laugh properly and then he'll sit cross-legged.

Cousin A. G. is healthy and persevering in business. We were weighed yesterday at the storehouse. Both went in one notch, 164 pounds. Eliza's children are very interesting. The *youngest, a girl, I believe, is about three years old, of fair complexion, large expressive eyes, like Harriet Wait's, only darker.

Cousin Nancy, the same good girl and true friend, can sing most sweetly, is in good health, and works at dressmaking.

Cousin Lydia lives near by, well situated as far as worldly matters are concerned. Her husband, Mr. Foss, is a very steady, industrious and good man, as far as I know. His health is good, and everything appears pleasant and agreeable.

We all went last evening to see the new canal boats that were building, and don't you believe Cousin Fayette, for he was here, and called in and spent the evening at Lydia's. The old Manhattan was introduced and we had a sing, and it seemed that I was at or very near old Preston. Cousin Lydia has a sweet voice. Fayette was here to purchase medicine, etc., and left this morning for the West; stops about twenty miles from here.

Chicago is much larger than I had imagined. Business of all kinds active; everything in the goods line here are about the same prices as at the East. Steamboats have just commenced running from Buffalo round, which makes most lively times. But of the place and society, etc., I shall be able to describe more fully hereafter when I have been here longer and am better acquainted. So far I am better pleased with the place than I expected to be.

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*Martha (Throop) Vaughan.

I had a very pleasant trip on the lakes, smooth sailing all the way with the exception of the ice at Mackinaw. We left there about one o'clock. Morning was dark, cold and snowy, and you see by the map that after leaving the island we have to pass through the straits about thirty miles, and they were all filled with ice. The "St. Louis" (the name of the boat) was the third boat that had been through. The day before it was more open, but the wind and current had drifted the ice into the straits. We were five hours getting about thirty miles.

When I got up in the morning, we were in the midst of a vast field of ice, as far eye could extend, the boat plowing and jamming through it. The captain was resolute, and said he would go through or sink the boat. But after daylight we soon got into open sea and had smooth sailing. There is nothing dangerous about the ice at all, but very unpleasant to be detained in that cold, frozen region.

We had about two hundred cabin, and about the same number of steerage passengers aboard. The steerage passengers were mostly foreign immigrants in the lower cabin. I did not see them much; but the cabin passengers were people from the East, South and West, travelling with their various objects, some going from and others returning home, which makes the society aboard very interesting. But very few were sick the whole trip. I saw some vomiting, whom I concluded would be benefitted by it, from the quantity of bile they threw up.

These steamboat rides, to me, are very interesting. You have everything that heart can wish, first-rate living, staterooms in good style for lodging, saloons with settees, to sit or recline on in the day or evenings; dining-room two hundred feet in length, painted and ornamented in the most splendid style; a Pianoforte, if any wish to play upon it; dancing in the evening, if desired, and everything to make time pass pleasantly.

And then to see the boat, like a thing of life, moving and plowing through the glistening waters, with its hundreds of living and thinking beings, is very novel and romantic. I am sure the girls in Preston would be delighted with such an expedition.

A cabin passage when I came up was ten dollars, but will be much less when the boats get running. I could go to Buffalo today, and from the same, for six dollars. No one that can spend the time and has any desire to travel would regret it, if for nothing but to visit a friend. It would make Priscilla look ten years younger to take such a ride, and then the friends here would be so overjoyed to see her.

My health is good and I see nothing here yet to hinder it remaining so. It does not appear that I am any great distance from Preston, for on the journey, some of the time, I have been asleep, some reading, some hearing and telling stories, some promenading, some singing and hearing music, etc., etc., which has entirely annihilated the distance, while all the while we were pushing ahead.

Just say to Almira and the other girls that in a few days, when I get thoroughly settled, I'll write them a long letter about the West. And to Addison, I will write about the things I saw and heard coming here.

Abigail is intending to visit you in June or July. So Priscilla must have her cheese and sugar ready. Eliza and Lydia, who are going on a visit to Michigan soon, are nearly ready.

I hope you or Almira will write me soon.

Yours truly,

G. A. THROOP.

P. S.—The friends here wish to be remembered with much kindness to all, and send their love and good wishes. Say to Cousin Harriet that Wells and the other children had a regular jubilee over the cakes and sugars she sent, and the mementoes sent by Almira and Jemme were very gratefully received, and called up remembrances of the past, and caused the silent tears to flow. I shall endeavor to discharge all my obligations in my letter writing as soon as circumstances will admit, and will try to make my other letters more interesting than I think this will be. In much kindness to all. Good-bye.

—o—

George Addison, on June 3, 1847, in answer to a letter from his 12-year-old son, James Addison, who, evidently made many inquiries as to the experiences of his father in the new country, sits down to fully gratify the yearning for knowledge of his only son. His literary style is careful and didactic.

First, he appreciates his son's "happy condition of industry and usefulness," who was so "ready and willing at all times to attend the call and bidding of your grandmother." He expresses gratification that his "little son has been a good boy, ready and willing to attend good instruction and to walk in the paths of wisdom, 'whose ways are ways of pleasantness and peace'."

Somehow this portion of the letter expresses dominant characteristics of James Addison Throop throughout the whole of his long life of 88 years.

George Addison continues his letter with a wealth of descriptive matter, regarding the bustling frontier city of Chicago, its location, business men, markets, immigrants and emigrants, social conditions, steamers, the relatives, and the city's milk supply, remarking that "the cows here are all driven out on the prairies * * * to pasture."

He concludes with a lengthy postscript filled with personal inquiries and "love to all the good friends at Preston."

The original of this letter is in excellent condition, and was treasured by his own son for seventy-six years.

To JAMES ADDISON THROOP, Preston, New York.

Chicago, Illinois, June 3, 1847.

My Dear Addison:

Your very acceptable favor was received on the evening of the first inst., bringing the ever welcome intelligence of your good health and your apparent happy condition of industry and usefulness; and, last but not least, that you have been a good boy, ready and willing at all times to attend to the call and do the bidding of your grandmother, who has always been so kind to you.

Kindness to friends and especially to those who are afflicted with the infirmities of age is a trait worthy to be cultivated and cherished in this cold and selfish world. Be assured that nothing can be more gratifying to a devoted father than to hear that his little son has been a good boy, ready and willing to attend good instruction and to walk in the paths of wisdom, "whose ways are ways of pleasantness and peace." I hope you will ever strive to maintain the character of a good boy, for it truly is and ever will be more precious to you than silver and gold, and it will ever trend to rejoice the hearts of all your dear friends. Avoid the company of wicked boys, for I fear that there are some of that class yet left upon earth. Say no wicked word, and at all times be found speaking the truth.

I hope you will have a good teacher; that you may be privileged of attending school so that you may make improvement in your school lessons. I wish you to attend school pretty steady, if it is a pleasant and proper one. But this I shall have to leave to your grandmother.

You say you have worked some. Well, it is good and proper to be industrious. Be careful and not work too hard and get sick, for that will make your grandmother much trouble. When you get older, if you are a good and trusty boy, and improve in your lessons at school, you can have a place as clerk in a store, or if you should prefer, learn some trade or become a good substantial farmer.

Your time now should be mostly spent in schooling your mind and improving your physical frame for future usefulness and happiness, for you live in a country that offers many facilities for good and profitable situations for all good and trusty young men who are competent and apt in business.

I would like to tell you about matters and things way up here in Illinois. We call it up because the water from all these western lakes has its outlet at Niagara Falls, or rather, the river. This is stated in your school geography. So we say down to Buffalo, and up to Chicago.

Chicago is situated on the west side of the lake near the head and covers quite a large tract of territory, from 14,000 to 15,000 inhabitants, and has been built up in the short space of twelve or fourteen years.

Like the cities in New York, it is full of people of every grade and condition, with one exception. There are not as many grand folks here as in the East—what is called the "upper 10,000."

The business men here are more on an equal, plainer dressed than at the East, and, too, many of the wealthiest men are from the countries of Europe, Germany, Holland, France and Ireland, whose manners and customs are quite different from us Yankees, and the same, too, with the women. But there are a few starched-up dandies here, and ladies, promenading the streets, to see and be seen, but they make no great wake in these waters.

I should think a majority of the people are foreigners, a great many Dutch, who talk very bad English, and when they talk among themselves you could understand them about as well as you could a flock of cackling geese.

A great many immigrants are constantly arriving, some on every boat, from the old countries, as they are called, and many of them look very poor and wretched, destined west into the country, to settle on the prairies.

I was down to the dock the other evening and saw some dreadful human beings. They were out in the open air by the side of the water, where they landed with all their things boxed up in old chests and trunks—men, women and children. They

had several little fires built and some of the women were cooking their supper, and some were grinding coffee, some changing their dress. Many were asleep, and others jabbering to themselves, regardless of the scrutinizing gaze of the bystanders. One young woman I saw strip herself nearly naked and change her clothes with no attempt at concealment; and one sick old man stripped naked and his wife, I suppose, was washing him.

They had on their feet great clumped shoes, dug out of wooden blocks, and a large sack full to supply their future necessities.

While I stood there gratifying my curiosity, one of the women was baking griddle cakes in one of the old long-handled frying pans, and the way she would turn them over cannot be beat by any of our Yankee women. A large one, covering the whole bottom, she would loosen a little with her knife and then took hold of the handle and threw it up in the air, and caught it when coming down the other side up.

They couldn't understand one word of English; were from Holland, going across the lake to Michigan when a boat started for that place.

We have a great deal of music here when the steamboats come in and start out of the harbor, which is very animating, and every evening at the Museum, the band gets on top of a high building and plays until nine or ten o'clock, when it is pleasant, in order to induce people to go into the Museum.

I can see no hills here as far as the eye can extend. It is one vast extended plain, with a few scattering trees in the distance.

On top of the public houses they have a sort of observatory built to ascend so they can look off onto the lake to see when a steamboat is coming, and when one is seen, they all (the innkeepers) send their waiters and carriages down to the docks to get as many of the passengers to go and stay with them as they can, so they can get the pay for it.

I would like to tell you more about a steamboat, but I shall not be able in this brief space to give you any correct idea of one. Only, they are large and are done off and furnished in the most splendid style. Many of them are from 200 to 270 feet in length, and from 50 to 60 feet wide in the widest place, rounded to a point forward, so that they can move on the water easily. Every new boat built they strive to make nicer.

I went on board one last evening, the "Hendrik Hudson," for they all have a name. It is a new boat and it certainly was the most splendidly furnished of any I ever saw, with large, full-framed looking glasses, and silk velvet spring cushion settees, the most elegant carpeting, and internal walls of the boat embossed and gilded, large cut-glass lamps extended from the top, etc., etc., while they had music by the band.

Cousin Nancy was with me and it certainly was a very pleasant time to while away an evening hour. The captain is pleased to have the citizens come aboard, and "do" his boat, especially if he has a nice one.

There are a great many other pleasant things here, but I cannot speak of them now for want of room.

But you have many pleasant things in Preston that we never can have here. We have no pleasant hills here, nor running brooks, nor singing birds to cheer, nor crystal fountains, nor shaded woods, nor varied winds, as you have in Preston. But the wind blows hard here from the lake, so that not all the blessings of life are combined to one country.

The cows here all are driven out on to the prairies, a little way out of the city, to pasture, and there is no fence. They are sometimes driven off and they lose them. But I must bid you good-bye now, for my sheet is full.

Very respectfully yours,

G. A. THROOP.

P. S.—The native inhabitants in the country they call Hoosiers and Suckers. I wanted to say a word about a full grown, live Hoosier from Indiana, for I believe I've seen one. A long body and short legs, generally dressed in sheep's grey, an old round top white hat, long hair and beard, drives six yokes of poor oxoen, a great awkward wagon, and sits upon the forward end with a whip long enough to reach the forward yoke, and the way they will howl at the team would astonish the owls of your swamp.

Say to Grandmother that Cousin Abigail is getting ready for her journey, and if sickness does no prevent, I suppose will visit you and bring little Jimmy. He is a sweet little boy. Solomon has nearly gotten rid of the ague.

I was very glad to get Mother's letter. All were gratified to read it. Nothing was said about Almira. Tell her I want to hear from her and the other girls. Has Uncle Sanford arrived? I had another visit from Fayette. He is in good health and spirits.

I have not written to Cordelia yet, but shall as soon as I can. My health is good. I am quite busy when it is pleasant. Rainy days, customers do not call so much. It rained today and I improve this opportunity to write to you. More anon. I shall answer Mother's letter as soon as I can.

Give my love to all the good friends at Preston and write me again when you can.

Friends here are now in usual health. The ague is nearly cured. It has been cold and backward here, and the winter wheat, the present crop, is said to be generally killed, but is coming on finely in some places. The spring wheat, they say, looks fine. I have not yet been into the country at all. Cannot tell you anything about it till I see it. The roads are said to be dreadfully bad in the Spring when it rains.

Say to your Grandmother that two of Aunt Amanda's sons were here the first week I came, the oldest and one other, John and Milton. They came with a load of wheat, said that their mother and family were well, and wished to be remembered to the cousins in Preston.

I have written in such haste and at so many different times that I have had many mistakes and had to interline, so you must read what you can and guess the rest.

Deacon Osgood from Preston called on us the other day. He was going into the country to visit his children. So good-bye now. G. A. T.

———o———

In his letter to his mother of June 12, 1847, **George Addison** pours out his heart in an effort to cheer and encourage his mother, who evidently complained in her letter to him of encroaching old age, etc. He expresses gratitude and appreciation for her love, "which goes out after

me into whatever place I may be found, * * * and that changes not." His thoughts to her are inspiring to anyone, past sixty, who tends to be downcast because of the slowing of bodily functions and activities in general affairs.

As we grow old, we may be inclined to feel that we are unessential in the affairs of the young. But **George Addison** touches a comforting chord in any heart when we read where he tells his mother that the hearts of her children "go out in constant yearning for the welfare, happiness, comfort and convenience of a Mother, and whose happiness is still dependent upon her blessing, her friendship and her love—the smile of a Mother's love."

He wished that she could have been with him and heard a colored man, "right from the land of slavery," who "opened his mouth and God filled it with words and doctrines that went home to the hearts and consciences of the whole audience."

He concludes with news of the health of relatives, and talks of those intending to visit Chenango County friends. He expresses satisfaction with "my home in the far West." He speaks of the hot winds from the prairies, and concludes: "No hills here, no running brooks, nor singing birds. If it were not for the Dutch woman's lettuce and radishes, I should not know that Spring had come."

Chicago, Illinois, June 12, 1847.

Saturday, 5 o'clock P. M.

Dear Mother:

Your very kind favor was received in right good time, and we all felt highly gratified to receive so sure on indication of your friendship and regard, 'way back here in Illinois (for you have other children here who claim a Mother's love and affection besides your wandering son), and I read with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow.

I could not but rejoice to be assured that notwithstanding all my foibles, my shortcomings, and my wanderings, that I was still regarded as a dear child by one whom I can in all sincerity and truth call by the endearing name of Mother, whose love goes out after me into whatever place or condition I may be found, in sickness or in health, in adversity or prosperity, that changes not.

And, oh, I could but grieve to think that that Mother was in despondency and gloom, wearing out the remaining functions of life in grief and not in joy. Were it in my power to lighten the burden that seems to bear so heavily upon your mind, I am quite sure I would be willing to make great sacrifices and perform a great journey back to my native land, if by that means that object could be accomplished.

I think it must be owing in great measure to the debility of the human system by too intense thought, or thinking on the ills of life, which has a tendency to increase circulation or termination of blood to the head, which stimulates the organ of the mind or the brain too much, especially the organ of consciousness, causing glooominess, and the more it is courted the more it will depress.

I cannot bear to have you say you have lived too long, or that life has no sweets for you, or to think for a moment that you are not cared for. Be assured there are hearts that now beat in all the warmth of true affection and go out in constant yearning for the welfare, happiness, comfort and convenience of a Mother, and whose happiness is still dependent upon her blessing, her friendship and her love—the smile of a Mother's love.

I can but say, then, arise from this night of despondency and gloom, cast aside the burdens that so heavily prey upon your finer feelings, and rejoice, for the day star of hope has arisen, and better days are coming for humanity and the world, notwithstanding the dark clouds of *war which hang over us with all its horrors, its cruelties and blood.

And, what is more to be deplored, the Christian church has so far departed from the true principles of the religion from heaven that she does not raise her voice against it. Yet God is not mocked, nor has He ceased to be gracious. Other disciples are raised up to preach His Gospel, coming from the obscure corners of the earth.

I heard one Thursday evening, right from the land of slavery and oppression, a colored man, and I am going to hear him tonight. He opened his mouth and God filled it with words and doctrines that went home to the hearts and consciences of the whole audience. He talked religion as it is in the Bible, and told, too, what a cursed thing is slavery, and how much he had and still is suffering, for his wife and children are still in bondage, sold upon the auction block, and driven from his presence.

I wished that you could have been here. How well you would have enjoyed it. When the choir sung, "O, Christian, Will You Send Me Back? The Hounds Are Baying on My Track," and at the chorus there was a responsive cry, "No-o-o-o-o," from the whole audience.

I felt, for one, that it was high time for me to up and out from the way of sinners, for if such talent, such eloquence, and such doctrine are to come from among the three millions of poor, downtrodden slaves that are unlearned and despised, the long-looked-for time must be hastened, and they will arise in their strength, clothed in the beautiful garments of salvation.

With a strong faith in the promises of God and the cause of human progress these mountains of sin that now appear before the eye of the true Christian will surely be removed and the wrongs and outrages, injustices and oppressions that now rest upon society will be done away and those that now mourn over God's forsaken altars shall rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

This darkness can be but a sure trial of faith, and you will not always despair.

"The saddest bird a season finds to sing.
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay."

But I would not have you think that I had turned prophet or a babbler in things divine; but this sentiment is pressed upon my mind, therefore I utter it.

I am not unmindful of the many warmhearted friends I have left in Preston, and the many manifestations of regard I have received from them, and can say of a truth that it was there I have spent many of my happiest days. I should very much regret to have anything occur to destroy or in any way weaken the attachment I have every reason to believe still exists. I have good and true friends here. Were it not so, I should not feel that this busy city would ever be a home for me.

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*Mexican War.

Solomon's and Gager's health has much improved, so that they are able to attend business. Eliza is feeble, and has had several shakes of the ague, but she now thinks she has got rid of it.

Cousin Abigail expects to start in about ten days. Deacon Osgood is at his son's in Joliette. Abigail intends to take the same boat in order to have an old friend to accompany her. He is expected to be here in one week from next Monday, on his return home to Preston. She will visit her father on her return, for Solomon expects to be in Preston before she leaves, if all things work favorably.

Mr. Wells Wait left here on Sunday last for Chenango, New York, and will be with you ere this finds its way thither. Uncle Sanford, I suppose, is at Preston a time since.

An immense crowd will be here at the great mass convention July 5th.

Where is Almira and the other girls, and why don't they write? They need not be wary. If they get married I will find it out.

My health is good and I am well pleased with my home in the far West. Chicago is all sorts of a place. Many things most delightful and interesting. Many things that are disagreeable and unpleasant. My respects to friends. Write me often.

Respectfully yours,

G. A. THROOP.

P. S.—There has been a great time with the dealers in breadstuffs. Wheat sold here for $1.25 a bushel one day this week, and flour for $7.25, but is now on the decline. From ten to fifteen thousand bushels is brought in from the country daily, and much more would come in if the weather were good.

We have had a cold, backward spring here, and this week is the first warm weather we have had. The hot weather here is more intense and oppressive than with you. I have just dismissed my flannels. The wind on hot days from the prairies seems to weaken and prostrate the system, but the lake breeze is most inviting and invigorating. No hills here, nor running brooks, nor singing birds. If it were not for the Dutch woman's lettuce and radishes, I should not know that Spring had come.—G.

———o———

In his letter of August 11, 1847, to Dan DeWitt, **George Addison** urges that investments in Chicago real estate were certain to yield handsome profits. His judgment and foresightedness are borne out by the most wonderful continuous growth ever enjoyed by any other city. In 86 years since 1847, Chicago's increase in population averaged 40,000 per year.

If one did not care to invest in city property, he recommended the wonderful agricultural lands of Illinois, and the timbered lands of southern Wisconsin, as sound investments or advantageous dwelling places.

He reassures Dan DeWitt that the effect of the Illinois climate is as salubrious as that of New York, and that the "scarecrow about sickness is all moonshine."

Also he answers DeWitt's evident objection that the Chicago political sentiment is pro-Southern, by assuring him that the sentiment there was preponderatingly anti-slavery and anti-Mexican war.

He concludes "in the language of Burns: 'Now to thee and to thy before mentioned bosom companions, be given the freshest things brought forth by the sun, and the precious things brought forth by the moon, and the benignant influences of the stars, and the living streams which flow from the fountains of life and by the tree of life, for ever and ever'."

To D. D. W. C. THROOP, Esq. Hamilton, New York.

Chicago, Illinois, August 11, 1847.

Dear Sir:

Your very excellent favor of the 25th of July last, with the outside P. S. from Brother William, is now before me, and I now embrace the first and earliest opportunity to attempt a hasty reply. First, then, the business part, for it is a rule of trade, "business before pleasure."

Mr. Solomon Wait instructs me to say (for A. G. T. and family are absent on a visit to his father, and now on their way back), that the Company or firm of Throop, Wait and Co. will hire your money out on your proposed terms, and make you ample security.

Mr. Wait will leave for Chenango in about ten days, I suppose, and if you can command it then or when he is down in New York, which will be at all events in the month of September next, he, Mr. Wait, will make the arrangements with you. The note you hold against me I can pay any time desired. When I arrived here I let the Company have $50, for which they pay me 12 per cent. So, if you make the arrangement with Mr. Wait this fall, he will take my note for so much cash, and, my word for it, your money will be perfectly secure.

You know the men. They are doing a good and safe business, utterly and totally despise a mean act, and whatever they promise to do you can rely upon it. Just such men as I love to be with and do business for. But if it be so you cannot call in your dues this fall, they will take it any other time it is at command, for money can be used to great advantage at all times, and especially in their business. They would like the one M, if you could make it out to them. If not, a less amount. Please write me immediately and state how much and at what time it can be had, for it is quite important for them to know in advance, in order to make arrangements in their business for next year.

The lumber trade is rather a flattering business. The demand is constantly increasing, and cannot be overdone, so vast is the country that must necessarily come here for their lumber. There are probably 40 well established lumber yards in this city. All have their regular customers and an average share of the country trade, probably.

Our sales amounted to twenty-five hundred dollars for the month of July, which is calculated to be rather an ordinary month for trade, for the farmers are at home in their harvest. Next month will come the rush. But I have said enough about this business.

I have been quite ill for a few days, but am now fast recovering. It was nervous prostration from on overweight of responsibility and care.

A. G. left the 20th of July, and will return next Sunday, the 15th day of August. During his absence there was such a crowd of business, and so much to see and look after that, ere I was aware, my nervous system gave way and I was, last Saturday morning, a used-up man, but could keep about. In the P. M., I took a horse and carriage and rode into the country 21 miles to visit my friend, Doctor L. F. Avery. Was made quite happy out and back with the good society of that excellent cousin, Miss M. We had a first rate visit with Fay. We returned on Monday. My health was much improved by the excursion, and my heart made better by good social cheer.

Now all the hue and cry about the sickness of the West is simply this: The atmosphere is not as bracing to the system as in New York. You cannot endure as much physical exercise. You get overdone, and your nervous system is much affected. The head, the back, and a general prostration and in most cases a derangement of the stomach and bowels (a relax), and if this runs too long, an intermittent fever or the chills will set in, and in addition to this there is a wonderful tendency to congestion of the brain, blood vessels, bowels and all the organs. They become inactive and collapse, so that medical treatment must be entirely different. No use for the "Lance" here.

Now Dr. Avery told me that he had not yet found in the circle of his ride an inflammatory case, such as pleurisy and other inflammatory actions, such as is usual in the first stages of fever in New York. But in every case if sudden attack, right the reverse—a want of action, and during the sultry days of July he had all he could possibly attend upon.

Any person of sound physical health and a common share of sound common sense, with care and prudence in exercise and diet, can live as long and enjoy as good health as in New York, in my opinion, and I am a pretty close observer of these things. Diseased lungs are made better by this climate, but diseased livers worse, for there is a strong tendency to bilious affections here.

If you have resolved to become a farmer and lay out your money in lands eventually, before you purchase just come and see for yourself. I would say the same to Brother William. He can, with his means, secure a good farm for himself and each of his boys, which will rapidly increase in value as it becomes improved, etc.

It will feast your eye to see the farms in the region of Fox River, where I went. But I feel great delicacy in urging my friends to find a home in the West, where so much has been said and done for and against. But this scarecrow about sickness is all moonshine. Every person must be more careful about overwork and overeating (the great sin of the West, so many gormandizers), and all will go smooth, even in the Sucker State.

If you prefer timbered lands, Southern Wisconsin offers great inducements. Come and see for yourself, that's all.

Say to Brother William I shall improve the first leisure hour to write him a proper letter, and will in my feeble way say some things about the convention, "Corwin," "Greeley," and others.

You misjudge if you think the feeling here at the time was conservative. Never greater harmony prevailed at a public gathering, and when Corwin was speaking he was cheered at every period by the whole mass, and his thrusts at the veto and the Mexican war were such as drew blood, I assure you.

The feeling said to exist by many of the demagogue editors did not exist. This is all for political effect, nothing more. The feeling was one, and the sentiment was one, and it was truly a feast of fat things for Chicago.

Cousin Nancy says she loves her new cousin because you do, and wishes to be remembered in much kindness to your wife, to Brother William, to Calphurnia, and all the little ones. That sweet little Mary, how does she come on? Cousin M. wishes me to pronounce her blessings upon you in the language of Burns, in which I will concur in heart and sentiment, and here it goes:

"Now to thee and to thy before mentioned companions, be given the freshest things brought forth by the sun, and the precious things brought forth by the moon, and the benignant influences of the stars, and the living streams which flow from the fountains of life and by the tree of life for ever and ever. Amen and Amen." Write by return mail.

Very respectfully yours,

G. A. THROOP.

Moon—last quarter—8th month
11th day—Christian Era, 1847

———o———

This letter, dated August 25, 1847, to his "Much Loved Mother," is indicative of thoughtful interest in the welfare of others. **George Addison** first gives a message of encouragement and comfort to his mother and then writes about his satisfaction that his Mother and son, James Addison, intended to stay a few weeks at Hamilton, so that "Addison and Cordelia had once more seen each other face to face. Oh," he says, "let them have a few of their childish sports and cheerful glee together, as other children are privilged to do."

It touches the heart, in our day, to read his wish that "Brother William or DeWitt let Cordelia ride several times in his wagon with good, cheerful company," and he wants "Mrs. Calphurnia * * * to talk with Cordelia a great long while, that her social powers may be cultivated."

He writes that "Mr. Wait starts tomorrow and will be the bearer of this letter," which, he says, he is writing "when the rest are indulging in sound sleep."

He closes by expressing the desire that his Mother will "Tell Addison I am happy to hear he is a good boy, kind and industrious, and good to his grandmother."

To SARAH S. WAIT, East Hamilton or Preston, N. Y.
%Favor of S. Wait, Esq.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 25, 1847.

My Much Loved Mother:

Your very kind favor in company with Sister Abigail's came to hand in seven days from the day it was mailed, and it gave us mingled feelings of joy and grief.

We rejoiced to learn that Mrs. W. S.'s children arrived safely at the place of destination, and that she met with a warm reception; and that you were in good health and spirits. But, O, we tremble, fearing what the next letter will disclose relative to that good Aunt and most excellent friend that was represented to be so sick. Were you in earnest when you said "she was dangerously ill and that her recovery was among the uncertainties of this changing world?" Another, too, of the good aunts among that precious number, was suffering with a lingering fever.

Why should the good and chosen of earth be thus afflicted and so sorely tried? But the laws of health must be strictly obeyed by all ranks and conditions of life in order to enjoy its rich blessings, for God's laws are immutable, and so long as we continue to transgress in this respect, we shall surely be punished.

But, if I mistake not, you entertain sentiments like the following: "Diseases of thy servant, Lord, go at thy command." Well, this may be one of the institutions of heaven, although I much question its soundness, and I am not disposed to contend with any of these institutions, so I will "let that flick." This I believe: "He that knoweth, etc., etc., shall be beaten with many stripes."

I am fully of the opinion that we should endeavor at all times to maintain a pleasant and cheerful tone of mind, and make the best of this vain and many times deceitful world, for long years of loneliness and severe affliction have taught me to highly prize nearly all the choicest blessings of life.

We should not allow ourselves to be constantly finding fault with this poor world, "alias" the people who live upon its surface.

The following verse, I think, is beautiful. I will give you a few lines of it:

"Never rail at the world—it is just as we make it.
We see not the flowers if we set not the seed.
As for ill luck, why, 'tis just as we take it.
The heart that's in earnest no bars can impede.

You question the justice which governs man's breast,
And say that the search for true friendship is vain;
But, remember, this world, though it be not the best,
Is next to the Best we shall ever attain."

I learn by Miss Cordelia's letter that you and Addison are at Hamilton, and that you intended to stay a few weeks. This I was glad to hear, and that Cordelia and Addison had once more seen each other face to face. O, let them have a few of their childish sports and cheerful glee together, as other children are privileged, sometimes to their injury.

I send you by Mr. S. Wait a half eagle, which is in value $5.00, that you would have the goodness to expend it for Cordelia's and Addison's benefit. One pair of stockings for Cordelia, and Cousin Nancy has sent Cordelia a locket and chain as a present, accompanied by her high regards, etc.

You may be inclined to believe that I require more of my good friends in Hamilton relative to my children than I ought. But this I can not help. They must be looked after and I cannot now do it.

I want Bro. Wm. or DeWitt to let Cordelia ride several times in his wagon, with good, cheerful company; and *Mrs. Calfurnia, she is an excellent sister and good

*Calfurnia Dunbar was the wife of George Addison's brother, William Huntington Throop.

friend; I want she should talk with Cordelia a great long while, that her social powers may be cultivated and improved, for I fear that she (Cordelia) is too taciturn, and unsocial—too must retired in her feelings.

I know it is said that women generally talk full enough, and sometimes too much, but that does not argue that some do not talk enough.

I have been prostrated somewhat by a onerous debility, and was obliged to lay aside business for one day, and am now quite well again.

Mr. Wait starts tomorrow morning and will be the bearer of this letter. I wanted to write you a more worthy letter, but the fact is I do not have time to fill a sheet, but have to write nights, after the rest are indulging in sound sleep, and from the appearance of the writing, I most guess you will think that I was asleep when I wrote this. Well I was, for I waked myself up nodding twice on this page. Friend Solomon must tell you all the news, for I cannot write more.

Tell Addison I am happy to hear that he is a good boy and kind and industrious, and is good to his grandmother. Give my best wishes to all my good friends in Hamilton and Preston, and believe me,

Yours truly,

G. A. THROOP.

"Good Night" (in folded-in corner).

———o———

This "confidential" letter expresses a happy state of mind. **George Addison** seems imbued with the spirit that seems never to have left the West, viz.: that of enlarging on the healthfulness, advantages, etc., of his new Western home country.

He chides DeWitt for not letting him know of his sister Almira's dangerous illness. He says, "she always treated me with so much kindness, she seems very near to me, and I tremble now for fear I shall hear the sad news of death even."

He tells of purchasing a city lot, and advises DeWitt of his belief in the certain profit of such investments.

He tells of his intentions to visit "Chenango either in the Spring early, or in July or August," depending, we presume, on press of business. "When I come," he continues, "I expect to be married to a lady in this city." He is filled with joyful anticipations, for he says: "I shall endeavor to take my whole family with me back to this city in the shortest possible time."

This is the "confidential" portion of the letter. He concludes with expressing the heartfelt desire that his mother and sister Almira will come and live with him, but does not wish to overurge them because most of her children are there, and "their united claims will outbalance my single request."

D. D. W. C. THROOP **(10c)**

Preston, Chenango Co., New York

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 19, 1847, 10 o'clock P. M.

Brother DeWitt:

"CONFIDENTIAL"

Your very acceptable favor of August 29th, with a clause from my excellent Mother is now before me, bringing me the cheering news of your good health and apparent prosperity; and right glad am I to improve this late hour in scratching a few lines in answer.

There is such a crowd of business now, I have no time to attend to letter writing, only so far as business is concerned, other than nights, for I am so religious that I have to attend meeting on the Sabbath, which occupies nearly the whole day.

Your suggestion relative to fleshing up, or, to use a more familiar term, making them (the Eastern ladies) fat, is quite novel, and were it not for the earnestness with which you dwelt upon this subject would not venture to give it more than a passing notice.

Well, we have a very curious and funny way of accomplishing what seems to you so desirable, 'way up here in the Sucker State, and I hardly think the knowledge would well pay for the expense of a patent, for the great trouble here seems to be that the women are already too fat. But I will give you the desired information, and much of the science is set forth in the following verse:

Avoid in youth luxurious diet;
Restrain the passions' lawless riot;
Devoted to domestic quiet;
Be wisely gay;
Seek not in Mammon's worship pleasures,
But find your richest, dearest treasures
In books, friends, music, polished leisure;
The mind, not cents, makes the sole scale
By which you measure opulence.

And, in addition to this, let them take a trip up the lakes on one of our best steamers, and feast themselves on the many nice things and sweetmeats, and listen to the music generally on board, and have two or three cotillion dances, and rock and tumble over the raging billows during one or two heavy gales, then stop a few weeks at this place and feast their eyes and ears with the excellent music, and the very numerous means of interest which at all times are gotten up here for that purpose, while the apples, pears, plums and peaches which seem to be on hand at so cheap a rate that none need deprive themselves. Then have a good social cheer with some of those good and warm-hearted friends, would, I think, make them quite fleshy. Be particular, whether here or there, to keep them free from all dark forebodings and painful thinking. So here you have it all for ten cents.

I learned by friend Solomon's letter that Sister Almira had been and was dangerously ill. What under heavens are you all about down there in Chenango, that so many are sick and dying! What great wickedness are ye guilty of that you should be thus afflicted with these sore evils? It was cruel in you not to let me know when that good sister was so sick. She has always treated me with so much kindness, she

seems very near to me, and I tremble now for fear I shall hear the sad news of death even. But if she does die, the way I shall black off your medical practitioners will alarm the timid, for they have let too many die already, and this sin will not be passed over too lightly, I assure you.

But a word on business. I have purchased a city lot. It is now reduced to a certainty that I make this city my permanent residence, and it is said by all that I have made a good selection. It will sell today for fifty dollars more than it cost me.

I now want Mother and Almira and you to invest one or two hundred dollars in lots. Say one lot each, that can now be had for from one to two hundred dollars, and in one year you can double your money. I do not wish to have you think by this that I am to get you and Mother and Almira to come and live here unless you are willing to, but that you can so easily enhance your interest without risk. The lots can be had by paying one-third, and the rest in one or two years, with 6 per cent interest. If you will invest a small amount in lots now and in one year, if you desire it, and wish to recall the same, you can have my assurance and Cousin A. G. Throop, and my promise, to refund the same with twelve per cent interest, and that certainly would make it safe, for nothing can stop this becoming a large and thriving city.

*I now intend to be in Chenango either in the spring early, or in July or August next, and when I come I expect to be married to a lady in that county. If you and Mother cannot guess who, I will refer you to Sister Almira and Cousin Maria, and further this deponant sayeth not. I shall endeavor to take my whole family with me back to this city in the shortest possible time. I believe I stated a different sentiment to you last Spring, but then it all rested in uncertainty. But now, if life and health are spared me, all this will be accomplished.

So look out and make ready, for I shall be on hand, and before I come I shall be obliged to have you and Mother and Almira do several nice things for me, that all things may be in readiness, for there will be such a crowd of business here that I cannot possibly remain longer than two or three days with you.

Cousin Fayette will go East this fall, I suppose, if he can leave business.

My health is first rate. We have the nicest weather here, and the pleasantest days you ever saw.

Give my love to your excellent wife, Sister Almira, Mother and all. Tell Addison to be a good boy, for I shall want him to come with me to Chicago next year, with his good sister, Cordelia.

Write me soon and state respecting the lots, and give me all the needed information. Goodbye, and may heaven's richest blessings be yours to enjoy.

Respectfully.

G. A. THROOP.

P. S.—Cousin Nancy will, or rather her brother, A. G. will, purchase a lot for her, and I want Sister Almira to have one by all means.

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*George did not make this visit, nor did he marry the young lady. Cordelia told me her father, George, became interested in a woman in Chicago, whose name I have forgotten. She was a school taacher. They found each other very congenial, and he felt he had found a companion as well as a mother for his motherless children. The first engagement was in response to the urging of his friends and his longing to have his children with him. Let us hope the young lady realized that marriage without love would be impossible for her and that she broke the engagement.—O. C. S.

It would be a great pleasure to me to have my Mother and Sister come and live with me, but I have not a heart to urge this matter, for where most of her children live, it would seem most proper for her to stay; for their united claim will outbalance my own single request.

I headed my letter with the word "Confidential," but I will limit it to the one subject relative to the marrying business. Not that I care a fig about the talkers knowing it, but out of regard to the lady who is very sensitive on the point, and who lives within ten miles of your place. I desire not much said about it at present. You are at liberty to mention it to my brother and sisters—Mother, of course—and if you cannot guess the rest, I will tell you all sometime when I have permission.

The friends here are all in good health and spirits. Uncle Sanford left here several weeks ago for Chenango. G.

———o———

At 4:00 o'clock in the morning, November 8, 1847, George Addison arises to answer a joint letter from his Sister Almira and Brother DeWitt, which had been carried by a friend 2,000 miles by "steamboat, rail cars and stage." It is possible that Dr. Avery came some other way than by the usual lake route. He expresses joy at his sister's recovery and says: "It was better * * * that you kept me in ignorance of your sickness, for it would have given me great anxiety."

He writes a little about the lumber business of Throop, Waite & Co., and about the safe arrival of his Uncle William Throop, who "will spend the evening of his days in the vicinity of his children."

Also he tells that he has almost determined to accept a winter's school term in Babcock's Grove, at $18 per month and board. He was attracted to the proposition because the lumber business was dull in the winter months and he wanted to "recruit up" from "so much business since the first of May last."

His postscript is devoted to his "great anxiety about a proper school for Cordelia to attend this winter." He asks his brother DeWitt to see about her attending the "Academy at Hamilton and say to her I request it." He says to "get her such books as she would need, and I will make it all right when I come." This indicated a change in the plans for his 14 year old daughter's schooling for that winter, because he learned from a friend that the Oxford Academy, which he had earlier recommended, "is already too full."

To D. D. W. C. THROOP, Preston, Chenango Co., New York.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 8, 4 o'clock A. M., 1847.

Dear Sir:

Your and Sister Almira's very kind favor, without date, was handed me by Doctor L. F. Avery on the morning of the 31st of October last, who arrived here that morning in good health and spirits after a long and tediuos journey of some 2,000 miles by steamboat, rails car and stage.

I was rejoiced to learn by your letter and Fayette's personal representation that that good sister had nearly recovered from that dreadful sickness by which she came so near passing away from among you to the dark and silent grave.

Your trials and anxiety must have been very severe, to witness such rapid strides made in so short a time, nearly baffling all the skill of the physician; but under the present reign of terror and discordant principles relative to the nature of diseased action, it is not unfrequent that such cases occur and many, no doubt, are early victims to a fearful negligence either on the part of the patient or physician. Such severe trials are sometimes turned into messages of mercy in all of our future relations and responsibilities.

Sister Amelia, to take her own declaration, seems to more deeply appreciate the great business of life and its relations, and her obligations to her friends, than before. She was always kind, but she seemed to set a too low estimate upon her own existence, or rather she appeared visionary and cared too little for her dwelling place here on earth. But now she appears to be awakened to a livelier sense of the real blessings and enjoyments here in society, and this, perhaps, may tend to render her still more useful and happy during her sojourn here.

It was better, taking all things into consideration, that you kept me ignorant of her sickness, for it would have given me great anxiety, but, as "*Red Jacket" told Major Brown: "You must not 'do' so any more."

Mr. S. Wait and family had a safe and pleasant passage home, and arrived in good health and spirits, very much gratified with their visit. They moved into their house the next day, and now it is entirely completed, and as soon as the paint gets dry, they can arrange their things in all the rooms as usual.

The four houses are now finished with the exception of one, which is to be repainted inside, and I believe the finishing coat of plaster is yet to be applied.

The expense on the four will amount to about $1000, which the insurance company will pay as soon as the true amount is ascertained.

Throop, Wait & Co. have received since the fire over four M. feet of lumber and 200,000 shingles, and have now more and a better assortment than before. The shingles are all sold, but they have bought 200,000 more, which will soon be here if the vessel has a safe passage across the lake, besides we have two hands at work, making, all the while.

Uncle William Throop and family came in company with Solomon, in good health and spirits, and intends to spend the evening of his days in vicinity of his children, which I am happy to announce.

I some expect to be absent from the city three or four months during the winter. I have had an invitation to teach school at Babcock's Grove, Dupage County, twenty-two miles west, the place where Fayette is located. I am very much inclined to go, for the company in whose employ I now am, after navigation closes and they get the lumber all piled and arranged, can do the business of selling if their health is as good as now during the winter, for Cousin John and wife are now here and will spend the winter. They will not so much need my services till Spring and I wish to hull off a little while from so much business as since the first of May last, to recruit up. Fayette is quite anxious to have me come and spend the winter with him. They will give me $18 per month and board, and I guess that will do.

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*A famous Indian Chief friendly to the whites of New York.

But I have another plan. Rev. W. E. Manley has recently buried his wife and has now concluded to break up keeping house, and journey to New York State. Mr. Enos wishes me to take his place in the schools, for he has just started a paper called the "Northwestern Educator," and the first number is now issued, which makes his duties so arduous with that and the schools, so I will not change my P. O. address till I determine the fact whether I remain here or go to Babcock's Grove.

My health is first rate. Cousin N. is well and sends her regards to you and your excellent wife, Sister Ann. N. says you must not say so much about your "Dear Wife" in your letters, but love her the more, but not tell so much about it, I suppose she means.

I thought it strange that you should look for a long letter from me, at the time you wrote. I thought I had written more and longer letters than those I received, for I have so little time that it is with difficulty I can write at all, and even now I am writing this while it is yet dark, and the folks are sunk in slumber of midnight.

We have got a new cousin, Maria, John's wife, and she is a first rate cousin, too, I think; is young and healthy, can sing and play on accordion, etc., finely. I begin to feel proud of my lineage and family connexions. And even another good cousin that you have not yet seen, but I have, and one that you will learn more about hereafter. She came in company with Fayette, but I will tell no more now. So goodbye.

Yours respectfully,

G. A. THROOP.

Give my kind regards to your wife, Mother, Almira, Addison and all the good friends in Preston. May heaven bless you all.

P. S.—I have great anxiety about a proper school for Cordelia to attend for this winter. Will you take some pains and do me the favor to see about that? If you go or write to Brother William, say to him that I wish Cordelia to attend the Academy at Hamilton, if the school is what it should be, and request him to see Cordelia and say to her that I request it, for I suppose that the District school is not a proper one, and those select schools are so uncertain I have got out of all patience with them. Get her such books as she would necessarily need, and I will make all right when I come.

Why I write this is that some few weeks ago, I wrote to Cordelia requesting her to go to the Oxford Academy, but I have recently learned from one of the teachers that the department is already too full and she could not be admitted.

If I live and have time I shall see you sometime next summer. If you have a leisure hour, do write me a long letter. G.

———o———

The following is the only letter of 1848 that we have, written by **George Addison:**

Round, salmon-colored stamp:

Chicago, Mar. 17 **10c**

D. D. W. C. THROOP
Preston, Chenango County, N. Y.

Chicago, Ill., March 16, 1848

Brother D. D. W. C. Throop:

Dear Sir:

Your favor of January, in connection with that from my Mother and Addison, arrived safely after a long travel of sixteen days, and I was much pleased with its

perusal, for I began to think I was almost forgotten by my near friends in Chenango, and, having several other letters demanding an answer previous, and being quite busy with my school matters, I have delayed writing longer than justice to you and my own feelings would seem to indicate, but, situated as I was with Cousin Fayette, where I frequently heard from Preston, and by his letters you might indirectly hear from me, it hardly seemed necessary to trouble you with too many letters.

My school term is now closed and I returned to this city the 13th, found our friends in good health and spirits. Cousin J. E. Throop and lady had returned to Port Huron, Michigan, to make arrangements for shipping lumber, and expects to return some time in July next. Business here is rather dull at present. Navigation is not yet open, with the exception of a few trips across the lake, in consequence of the ice at Mackinaw, and I am about to take a tour into the country for a few weeks, as an agent to obtain subscribers for the New Covenant and the N. W. Educator, with a compensation of twenty dollars per month and my expenses borne, and a horse found me, which will enable me to see more of the country and mingle with the people of the Sucker State. I cannot tell how long I shall be gone, for I shall be under the direction of my employers, probably five or six weeks, and then I shall return to engage in business here.

I believe I could say with you that I am glad that my school is closed, for I had a large school, varying from forty-five to sixty pupils, for it relieves me of a burden of responsibility. Still I had what might be called a pleasant school, and closed with the approbation of the proprietors. We had a very interesting Lyceum, and Dr. Avery and myself astonished the natives with our lectures and debates. It caused us some labor and care, but it tended to keep up an interest and while away the long evenings of a winter life on the prairie. It was quite novel to me to spend the winter where snow does not make its appearance to cover the ground. But we have had some very cold weather in consequence of the terrible winds that sweep across these vast prairies from a distance of a thousand miles, for aught I know. I once thought I had an idea of a prairie from a description, but to see them soon convinced me that I had no correct idea of their extent. In the winter they present a dreary appearance, and all that interests the eye is the extensive fires in all directions in the evening, which sometimes almost dissipate the darkness. These fires are set to burn the long grass, and the new will start up fresh sooner in the spring.

I learned that you had a mild winter in Chenango. No snow to speak of, which is quite uncommon for New York. I received a letter from Cousin Cornelia and Aunt Lucy, informing me that Aunt Julia was married. I must say this was unexpected news to me, and to us all. Well, we all rejoiced over it, and concluded it was better so than otherwise. I should have been pleased to have been present, and been a participant. I shall answer Cousin C.'s letter as soon as I get time.

I was very thankful for Mother's very good advice, and will endeavor to profit thereby. Say to Addison that I shall write him a letter as soon as I can get time to arrange one that will be interesting. When I get my pay for teaching, I wish to send some to Mother, and then I will write again, which will be about the first of April. If my present plans are not frustrated, I intend to be in Chenango in July or August next, but cannot yet certainly determine that fact. You say you some expect to remain where you are for this year. If so, I suppose Mother will stay with you, and Addison will have a home. Cordelia, under the circumstances, I will have to comply with her Grandparents' request and let her remain with them at present. I sometimes hardly know what is best for me, when I think of my condition. My children are such a distance from me, while I am compelled to deal out so sparingly to their wants and necessities, but when we cannot do the best way, we must do the next best way.

Now I wish you to write me and direct to Chicago soon. Remember me in kindness to your wife, Mother and Addison, and all the friends.

Yours truly,

G. A. THROOP.

P. S.—Cousin Fayette and wife are in good health and spirits, and all the friends here send their regards to you. What did you mean by that long chapter about Oxford folks? If the ladies of Oxford are generally such as you represent them, they must have changed for the worse since I left them, I think. My health is good. I have gained twenty pounds weight since last Fall.—G. A. T.

———o———

The foregoing letters are remarkable in many respects. They are remarkable in a literary and historical sense. They are truly remarkable in their demonstration of a fine staunchness of character, and still more remarkably do they picture a wonderfully sympathetic fraternal relationship and a deep friendly regard unusual even among blood brothers.

These epistles were treasured by their recipients. Then, years later, they were gathered and saved by James Addison Throop, son of **George,** and the originals are now treasured by Olive Cole Smith.

The descendants of these writers cannot help but be proud that their progenitors were possessed of the character qualities expressed in these letters. The writers were pure-minded, clean-living, upright men, belonging to a genealogical line of which every member should be thankful.

They are printed so that our whole relationship can read, enjoy, appreciate and be influenced for good by the knowledge of their fine ancestry.

CORDELIA AND ADDISON

1846 - 1857

JAMES ADDISON THROOP CORDELIA THROOP
SARAH STANTON MASON (THROOP) WAIT

(From original daguerreotype taken at Hamilton, New York, just before Cordelia left for Galesburg, Illinois, in 1852)

Just as we were ready to write "Finis" to our little book, it occurred to us that the great grandchildren of Addison and Cordelia might wish we had written more of our parents, the things we know so well, that would otherwise be lost, with us.

I knew them both, of course, in a way. Uncle Addison was a sensitive man, very devoted to his sister, Cordelia, as she was to him. Neither was demonstrative. Both had real dignity and great reserve.

Uncle Addison was a most devoted Universalist. If truth were elsewhere, he preferred to remain with what he had in the Universalist

Church. He was a Bible student and teacher. So devoted was he to the Bible as the "Word of God" that he rebuked his brother-in-law, William Ramey Cole, when William proposed to take his texts from any book or from any author who had an inspiring message.

James Addison held sacred anything that belonged to his parents. He had a room under the roof where he kept most of his treasures, and where he often withdrew to be alone with his thoughts. The picture of their father had hung in his Grandmother Wait's home, and it meant so much to him that it, with the other things, that came to them after she died, naturally went to him. He longed for a picture of his mother, for whom he had a passionate love. They had only a miniature she had painted of herself.

Both he and Cordelia imagined that I looked like the Mother neither could remember. So when a young artist came to town, he was asked if he could paint a companion piece for their father's picture from the miniature. He said he would try, if they could furnish a living model. So I was taken to Galesburg to be looked over by their Aunt Lucretia, the older sister of Deborah. She said: "Yes, she does look like Deborah. Her coloring is the same; the shape of her face, her shoulders, her neck and throat are all like Deborah's." From the miniature and a young grand-daughter, the none-too-good artist painted Deborah's picture that we have reproduced, the picture that always seemed to me to make her look not quite real.

Cordelia was thirty-six years old when I was born. I knew her as most children know their mothers, as a refuge, a comfort, a convenience, and a source of information. I was proud of her, because in my secret heart I knew she was the smartest woman in town, unless it was Aunt Rowena, Addison's wife. Cordelia was a real leader and loved to work for things she felt would be good for the town, like sidewalks, a saloonless town, amateur theatricals, a Public Library, and fine lecture courses. In all these things she and her sister-in-law, Rowena, worked together. She loved to entertain. I did not really know either of them until it was too late. Children seldom do get sufficiently un-self-centered to really know their parents until it is too late.

Not until the hundreds of old letters came to me, did I know what a heroic little girl Cordelia was. It has been the greatest joy to discover my mother in these old letters of hers, that Uncle Addison kept. Parts of a few of them are here printed, the few that seemed best to tell the story of their lonely lives, of their longing for a home with their father, their devotion to him and to each other, and their determination to be in all things what their father wished them to be.

Cordelia was three years old and Addison was a few months old when their mother died in Hamilton, New York. Their father hired a Mrs. Green to care for Addison for a year or more, trying to keep Cordelia with him. That arrangement was not satisfactory, so George Addison took his son home to his mother, Sarah Stanton Mason Throop, and Cordelia went to live with their Goldsmith grandparents.

Addison looked like the Goldsmiths, and probably got his sensitiveness from his mother. When their Grandmother Throop married Solomon Wait in 1839, she took Addison with her to Preston. With her he was safe and happy as a little child. His father was often there. When he was eleven, after Mr. Wait had died, Uncle DeWitt either moved nearby or under the same roof with his good wife, Aunt Ann, and their three children. So Addison had children to play with, and two more adults to serve him, correct him, and hear his lessons when there was no good teacher in a near-by school.

Both children were encouraged to work. The happiest time of the year, and the only joyful time for Cordelia, was when they could meet and together earn money picking hops at Uncle William Throop's. Once Cordelia gleefully announced she had earned $4.00 picking hops at Uncle William's.

Cordelia, who looked like her father, and probably was like him in many ways, lived with their Goldsmith grandparents, who at that time were old and poor and feeble. As their strength grew less and hers increased, they leaned more and more heavily on her, so very young, Cordelia's character was strengthened by responsibility. Her grandparents had long since lost all interest in worldly affairs. They lived on, in this vale of tears, because God so willed it. They longed for the home in heaven that was assured them, after enduring the trials and tribulations of life as true Christians.

Ruth Goldsmith wrote in her Diary, July 1, 1839: "The Lord has carried us through another year. Changes have taken place in our neighborhood. Six of our neighbors have died. I wonder I have lived so long, while the multitudes, more useful than my self, have been called to render up their accounts. I have entered my seventieth year, but never have I seen the day when I thought my day's work was done.

"I have the care of Deborah's little girl, and I do not feel as though any one could supply my place.

"I desired to be reconciled to my lot, and, as a hireling, fulfill my day. At present 'tis a low time in religion. Iniquity abounds.

"I feel to try to make my way along through this vale of tears. I know not what is before me, but I feel the impression of death and mourning. The Lord knows what is best.

"Imagination loves to stand and dream,
And mark the ruin in the moonlight's gleam
Till summoned eyes startle from their sleep,
And musing memory turns aside to weep."

In this home Cordelia was lonely for youthful companionship. She saw her father but seldom, so naturally she sought and found a heavenly Father who was always near and never failed to give her advice and comfort. As Death was always anticipated that would render her homeless, she early sought to lay up her treasures in a heavenly home. Contrary to her father's wishes, she very early joined the Baptist church, a hole being cut in the ice for her baptism. The church and prayer meetings were her only recreations.

She early learned a trade, dressmaking. With her needle she supported herself and helped her grandparents, after her father's death, when she was sixteen, With all her enthusiasm and devotion, she dedicated herself to the foreign missionary cause, even going so far as to engage herself to a Mr. Utter, because together they could do much good in India, where she could not go alone. Later, in the West, she found an appealing field of labor as a teacher, so Mr. Utter was left with the foreign missionary field.

Addison and Grandmother Wait, both disapproved of India and Mr. Utter. In the summer of 1852, she went to Galesburg, Illinois, and after Addison joined her, in 1855, he managed, intentionally or otherwise, to put an end to both in the life of his beloved sister.

Cordelia's letters tell the story of both of them. Addison joined her at the Hamilton Academy for one year, and he stayed on for one more after she had gone West to teach. Their longing for each other caused him to follow to Henry, Illinois, in 1855, where she was teaching and where he was in school for a time. Later he went to Galesburg and got a job in "The Gully Water Cure." Cordelia had not only abounding enthusiasm, but almost perfect health, though she did have typhoid fever twice from the terrible water in Keokuk. Addison was not rugged.

While at the Water Cure in Galesburg, Addison found much interest in attending the public exercises of Knox and Lombard Colleges. He decided that William Ramey Cole was the best debater, because he had the best mind, so he sought him out, and they became friends.

Addison evidently told his friend, William Cole, all about his sister, Cordelia, just as he told Cordelia about his friend, William Cole. Cordelia wrote to Addison: "Anything that has aught to do with you is interesting to me, so nothing could have been more acceptable than those items respecting your new-found friend, Cole. I am glad you have found one so 'congenial and noble.' I am sorry he will be gone when I come, for I would like very much to meet your friend, Cole."

Evidently Addison had so interested Cole in his sister that he decided to remain in Galesburg until she came in July. Then their Aunt Lucretia blundered, as adults so often do, and brought about the very thing she would have avoided. Believing, as she sincerely did, that her younger sister, Deborah, had been called from life by a God whom she had angered by marrying without the one true church, she longed to protect Deborah's child and her own beloved niece from a similar fate. So she forbade Cordelia to see, meet or even mention the name of Addison's friend, William Cole, who had for four years been "exposed to the pernicious influence of those Universalist professors at Lombard." Had Lucretia but known it, William Cole's mother was even more ardent in her Baptist devotion than she, though her son, William, was more liberal, ~~but~~ he was none the less sincere, in his religious opinions.

Addison arranged to have them meet. Cordelia's diary for those days is very pathetic, with her humiliation for deceitfulness; her chagrin that she could not ask the young man she so much liked to call on her at home, and her feeling that surely she, who had for so long managed her own life and guided the lives of several young ladies, could not be trusted in so important a matter, and Addison's feelings, as recorded in his journal, were even more intense and bitter, because Aunt Lucretia seemed to blame their father, George Addison.

With Addison's co-operation and chaperonage, William and Cordelia met often. Their courtship, like that of her parents', was short, much more ardent, and, like theirs, ended in a wedding the 27th of the next December, 1856. Aunt Lucretia never forgave William nor welcomed him to her home.

Addison having effectually settled Mr. Utter and the Foreign Missionary field, evidently began to wonder if he had done all he could, he proceeded to make William Cole know what a prize he had won.

Among Addison's letters, we find this from William:

"November, 1856.

"You spoke of the good qualities of Cordelia. I assure you that your praises are welcome, and they increase my admiration for her. You spoke truly when you said she is most affectionate. I am glad it

is so, because now I can make her happy. I shall ever try to keep her pure love unwounded and unhurt. By her love she will draw from my whole heart the very last emotion of my whole being. Though I have a strong will and way of my own, by her love she can over-rule me. My nature is such I can not bear censure, nor yet endure to be commanded. I can be led, even by a spider's web, if it be drawn by the fingers of love.

"You say that she is wholly worthy of me. I well know that, else I would never have sustained my present relations to her. I could not bear to take an inferior female for my wife, for then my maturing judgment would kill my love.

"I think she feels the same of me. If I did not think she did, I could not take her even now for my wife, for I could not bear to have one sustaining such endearing relations to me, to look down on me as inferior. I thank you for your brotherly affection for me, and trust that I may ever be able to reciprocate it."

The religious differences that Deborah wrote of as so serious, and that George knew would (if not adjusted) cause them much sorrow, were to rise again in their daughter's life. Not until she and William went, with their three small boys, back to Harvard Divinity school in 1862, to find the Truth that should set them free, did the religious differences cease to trouble them.

Having brought about his sister's happy marriage, Addison returned to New York, to a Water Cure, partly to get help, partly because at that time he thought of starting one, but mostly because he had given his heart to Rowena Beebe before coming West. His grandmother did not approve, but Addison, too, had learned to settle important matters for himself. After their marriage, when his grandmother had adjusted herself to giving up her beloved Addison, she was glad. He brought his bride to Mt. Pleasant. There he tried several times to get into business. Not until he became an editor of the county newspaper, The Free Press, was he happy in his work. His Uncle Dan DeWitt, who was to him more like a father than an uncle, joined him in the editorial work. They both had left the Republican Party after the Greely episode.

Cordelia was a born leader, an eloquent, effective speaker. Her husband realized it, and urged, then insisted, that it was her duty to go out and carry their messages about Liberal religion, Woman's Suffrage, Temperance and Social Purity, while he stayed at home where he could do his best work with his pen, writing for the newspapers, organizing Temperance work.

The two grandmothers, Ruth Goldsmith and Sarah Stanton Mason (Throop) Wait, who cared for Cordelia and Addison, are almost perfect examples of the two attitudes toward life—"life accepting," "life contending." We find in one a haven of rest for the weak and weary; in the other, an inspirer for the pioneers who are born to contend, overcome and reform.

In Deborah, the two were in such constant conflict that even love could not overcome, so she withdrew. George, naturally a pioneer, was crippled in spirit by the unhappy circumstances of life, so he weakened in the fight. Cordelia and Addison neither weakened nor withdrew.

The following letters, carefully selected from the many, will, I hope, give you, as they have given me, a thrill of pride, a pang in spite of the absence of pity, and a feeling of joy that these two children made so much of their inheritance, in spite of the absence of much we have come to think necessary.

You will find no letter there from Ruth Goldsmith. The only one I found was written when she was 84 years old. It was just a longing for a word from Cordelia who was as dear to her as Addison was to Grandmother Wait. On the few loose pages from her Diary are recorded her dreams. In dreams she traveled about and enjoyed the beauty of the world she longed to leave.

From the letters which have been treasured by both Cordelia and James Addison, from specimens of their childish handwriting unto the end, we have many, many letters, from the Old Traveling Bag and from a small, leather-covered, home-made trunk. From these we have selected the following group of letters and they will tell their own story.

With these letters, we give you Cordelia and Addison, from 1846 to 1857, in their eager, enthusiastic youth.

OLIVE COLE SMITH.

Mr. James A. Throop,
Chenango County,
Preston, New York.

Hamilton, New York, July 31, 1846

Dear Brother:

It is a long time since I have written you. I have excused myself in various ways. I am sorry you have had reason to think that I care nothing about you. I care a great deal about you, and think a great deal about you. I hope you will pardon me for all my neglect in writing to you and I will try to do better in the future.

It is true we have no mother to take care of us, yet we have many things to be thankful for. We have a kind father to administer to our wants, kind grandparents and friends, and, above all these, we have a heavenly Father who protects and preserves us through the busy scenes of life. It is He that gives us all these kind friends. How thankful then we ought to be to Him. I hope we shall try to live so as to please Him. Tell Pa that I received the present that he sent me and think a great deal of it. Miss Winens has closed her school and is not going to teach another term. There are several select schools in the village. Miss Winens thinks Miss Reed's is the best. Grandmother thought perhaps I had better go to her next week, as my health is as good or better than it was before I was sick. I hope you can come out here this fall. I want to see you very much. Give my love to all. This from your

Affectionate Sister,

CORDELIA.

Cordelia was just thirteen and Addison was eleven years of age when this was written.

The following letter is from a very lonely little girl who wants her father "if he cannot write, to send papers or something," to assure her she is not forgotten.

Hamilton, January 22, 1847.

Dear Brother:

I received your letter and thought I would write a few lines in answer. The present you received was not from me, but from your Grandmother. I compared your last letter with your first and could see a very great improvement in your writing, as well as composition. I have been expecting a letter from Pa since I wrote to him, and have felt very much disappointed that I have not. I want you and Pa to write often, if you can not come here. It seems like holding conversations with friends to have letters from them.

I suppose you know all about my school affairs. I have not been this week. Our village is enlarging slowly. We have two new churches which were built last summer and fall, the Episcopalian and Union or Abolition Church. The people talk of uniting the schools of this village into one large one called the Union school. I suppose you go to school and have merry times. It is now between twelve and one o'clock. I can imagine that as I am writing, you're going along to school, playing, but these mirthful, bouyant school days will not last always. We shall soon be called on to fill some place upon the busy stage of life. Let us improve them while they last. Tell Pa to come if he can. If not, to write often. Send papers or something. Give my love to all.

Your Affectionate Sister,

CORDELIA.

The following letter from James Addison written January 3, 1847, should have been placed before Cordelia's letter, dated January 22, 1847. Page 178, however, was printed before we found, in a little, home-made, leather-covered trunk, old letters from various persons, and among them James Addison's letters to Cordelia, which she had saved throughout the years, and which, evidently, had found their way into this little hair-covered trunk, to be kept in James Addison's "relic room." When James Addison wrote the following letter he was eleven years and twenty-seven days old. We follow his spelling, punctuation, etc., throughout. It will be noticed that the postage for letters in 1847 required five cents to carry them the few miles between Preston, Chenango County, and Hamilton, in adjoining Madison County, New York. These letters were treasured, not because the recipients occupied high worldly positions, but because each so loved the other that each token received was saved as a precious memento.

Preston, N. Y. Paid 5
Jan. 4th

Miss Cordelia Throop
Hamilton,
NYork

Preston, Jan'y 3rd, 1847

Sister Cordelia:

I am happy to write to you once more and let you know that I received your present on the 2 Morning of January, And was very much Pleased with it. I never had so valuable A present before. We all thought that it was very fine; Aunt Almira said that she never had such a present. I had the Illustrated Sun for A Christmas present. I thank you and all the other good friends who were so kind as to remember me. I shall endeavor to Profit by it. I had A new Testament last Summer and have read it as far through as Gallatians and I like to read it, I think it is a good Book. I go to School very steady. I have been every day this winter. I suppose you know that Uncle Dewitt keeps this School. I study Adams Arithmetic, Colburns, also I like our School Very well. I want to go to Hamilton and make you a visit and I think I shall sometime or other, but I cannot tell when. If Father goes this winter it is possible I may go with him, At any rate I shall if I can.

Give my respects to Granpa and Granma And believe me your Affectionate Brother,

JAMES A. THROOP.

Hamilton, May 19, 1847.

Addison Throop,
Preston Corners.

Dearest Brother:

I have been very busy and circumstances have seemed to prevent my writing. I have been to school very steady for two weeks past, but I hardly think my health

will allow me to attend very steady this summer. I have the same studies I had last summer with the addition of French.

You speak of feeling lonely on account of Pa's departure—I, too, feel lonely, but I suppose you feel it more than I because you have been much in his company, while I have seen him but seldom. I suppose you remember the little book Pa sent me called "The Floral Wreath." I was reading a beautiful piece of poetry in it today. The last verse of it was this:

"But though our way be rough and stern,
And adverse storms around us sweep;
Still upward may our footsteps turn,
Where angels dry the eyes that weep."

I think it is peculiarly adapted to our situation. I suppose Pa has arrived by this time. I shall expect a letter soon. I feel very anxious to see you. You must try to come here the first opportunity. My health is very poor this spring. I have much I would like to write to you, but I feel nearly sick today, so I must leave it for some other time. Give my love to all.

From your Affectionate Sister.

CORDELIA.

Preston, N. Y. Paid 5
July 28th

Miss Cordelia Throop
Hamilton
Madison County, N. Y.

Care of Richard Nye, Esq.

Preston Corners, July 27, 1847

Dear Sister:

I felt very anxisus to hear from you, and I thought I could write a few lines just to inform you of my health, which is good at present and I hope you are enjoying the same blessin'. I talk of coming out to Hamilton next fall with my Granmother. I wish you could come out here, if you could I think we should enjoy ourselves firstrate. I go to school and study Calburn's and Adams' Arithmetic and Parley's Geography.

I am quite a business fellow of late. Work in the hay field with my father's rake and stir hay almost as fast as a man, in smaller quantities I acknowledge. I can also hoe corn, weed in the garden, gather currants and berries, and many other things too numerous to mention. By the way, do you have plenty of fruit in Hamilton? I would like to gather currants and berries with you; A sister's smile and a sister's pleasant voice would make the berries sweeter, and the amusement more pleasing. Please write when convenient, and believe me

Your affectionate brother,

ADDISON THROOP.

Granmother and Aunt Almira wish to be kindly remembered to your Granmother, Granpa and most affectionately to yourself.

ADDISON THROOP.

Hamilton, July 30, 1847.

Dear Brother:

It is now nearly school time and I must hasten to write you a few lines. I have been waiting patiently a long time to receive a letter from you, but have received nothing. I suppose you will say you have been busy attending school and have had various other things to hinder you. I want to see you very much, as I suppose you do me, and I do not see as I can get there. So, of course, you must come here. I wish you could come so as to be here Commencement, which takes place the 18th of August. I think it is doubtful whether I should know you should you come, and I hardly think you would know me, for they say I have grown and altered very fast. I have received a letter from Pa since I wrote you. I must close or I shall not be in time to learn my lessons, which are Grammer, Arithmetic, Philosophy, French and Dictionary. This from your affectionate sister,

CORDELIA.

Hamilton, March 28, 1848.

Dear Brother:

I received your letter some time ago, but have not had time to answer it until now. As you desire me to tell you something about my school affairs, I will try to do so. Our school closed last Wednesday. The week before that we went over to the Gentlemen's Academy to hear them speak their pieces and read compositions, etc. On Monday morning, the public examination of both departments, Gentlemen and Ladies, commenced and lasted until Wednesday afternoon. Some of it was very interesting. I was examined in four studies, Grammar, Arithmetic, Chemistry and Astronomy. I have also studied Philosophy part of the time. I have been almost through Adams Arithmetic this winter, and reviewed it.—Wednesday was the time we were to read our compositions, etc. The house was crowded at an early hour. The halls were filled also. It was so crowded that we could not get to the platform to read, and many of us were obliged to stand in our seats. At the close of each composition, the house resounded with the stamping of feet, etc. We had a very interesting paper called "The Winter Bud." It contained some beautiful poetry. Tuesday evening, a part of the ladies of the Academy were invited to attend the public exercises of the University. We went in a four-horse knickerbocker. We had a very interesting time.

I had a letter from father last week, dated February 28. He was well and expecting to return to Chicago in two weeks. I was so impatient to receive a letter from him that I had written before I had received it, and directed it to Babcock Grove. If any of you write soon, I wish you would mention it to him, as I am fearful that he will not get it.

I suppose that by this time you know how to pity me being deprived of my father's society. You have enjoyed it so much more than I have, but there is one who was always near and He has said He will be a Father to them who fear Him, and although our earthly father may be far away, He is always near to watch over us and to provide for all our wants if we only ask Him.

I have often thought that if our father had made some curious piece of mechanism which was admired by all those who beheld it, how we should delight to gaze

upon it, and perhaps be proud that our father had made it. When we look upon nature in all its loveliness and think that our heavenly Father made it, that He has all power in heaven and earth, ought we not to love and adore Him?

School will commence in about two weeks. I do not know whether father would wish me to attend another term or not. I hope to hear from him before that.

I should like very much to come to Preston this spring, but I see no prospect of it. I also want to go to Sherburn very much, but I think I shall have no chance.

Your Affectionate Sister,

CORDELIA.

Preston, N. Y. 5
May 6

Miss Cordelia Throop
Hamilton, Madison
County, N. Y.

Preston, May 4, 1848

Dear Sister:

I have not written to you before because I thought I would wait until the school was out and then tell you how I got along with my lessons. Our school has kept for four months, in which time I have been through Mitchell's Geography and have been in my Adams Arithmetic to the 105th sum in Miscellaneous Examples, and I calculate to cipher at home until I get through as Uncle DeWitt will be here to help me along. When your winter school is out I want you to write to me and tell me how you get along with your studies. I wish you could come here this spring, and we would have some new maple sugar to eat, as Uncle DeWitt has got a sugar bush. I expect to come and see you early next summer if I am well and nothing happens.

N. B.—Besides we have got something that I guess you would be pleased to see a little cousin that come to live with us. It is very pretty and very small. Her age is six days and her name is Eliza Ann. You must come and see for yourself. Grandmother wishes to be remembered to your family. We heard indirectly yesterday from father saying that he was well and doing well, but I must close, so goooodbye.

JAMES A. THROOP.

Miss Cordelia Throop.

Preston, New York, January 14, 1849.

Dear Sister:

As I have a little time now, I thought I would improve it in writing to you, as I thought you would like to hear from me. I am well and in good health. I have been in school some this winter, but not very steady, as I can study geography and arithmetic at home. Aunt Almira hears me in geography and arithmetic, and Uncle DeWitt shows me how to do sums that I cannot do.

When Grandmother received your letter, she wrote to Lafayette Avery, who lives at Babcock Grove, wishing him to tell her something about father. He wrote a letter, dated December tenth. As I think you have not heard from him, I thought I would copy that part which referred to father. He says: "He differs from me in this: A reverse wind palsies him, but puts new steel into me. There is something also in his constitution that caused him to droop and despond without any rebuff from fortune. I have not seen George since September, but have heard from him several times since. He is buying and selling to the merchants of Chicago. He has been low spirited all the last summer. He has been clear down to the bottom of the ladder, but has been constantly employed generally in the lumber yard of Throop & Wait. He came to Chicago one year ago last May. Worked for Throop, Wait & Co. five months at twenty dollars per month. He then taught school at this place for three months and a half at eighteen dollars a month. He then returned to Chicago, and has been at work ever since, as before stated, with good health, and has spent nothing. He bought a city lot and lacked only seventy dollars last summer of having it paid for. This lot, A. G. Throop informed me, is good property and will soon sell for twice the cost. George told me he had been offered fifty or more dollars above what he gave for it last summer.

"I suppose the only reason he has not been to Preston as he planned is that he has been waiting either to finish paying for the lot or sell it to advantage. Now as to his not writing to you. When he arrived in Chicago and saw the prosperity and thunder of that busy city, saw men emerging from the chrysalis state right into the winged butterfly in a day almost, I think he expected a transformation from poverty to riches in an equally miraculous manner. He expected soon to establish a confidence and credit that would enable him to do business for himself, but these plants grow so slowly that he became discouraged. To attain his desire there was nothing but daily labor in others' business. Throop, Wait & Co. did not require any extra help in winter. He then took the station of foreman in a plow factory, and here is the tug—his employer dismissed him; was not satisfied with him. The blow stunned him, and he has not yet had the boldness to put himself forward as he should and has had nothing pleasant to write about."

Grandma Wait sends her respects to you all.

Yours affecctionately,

JAMES A. THROOP.

Hamilton, February 10, 1849.

Dear Addison:

Many thanks, dear Brother, for your letter which was joyfully received. I was glad to hear something more particularly from father, but I have still better news to tell you. I have at last received the long looked-for letter from him. O! how my heart leaped for joy as I once more recognized his hand writing. It came like a ray of sunshine across my pathway. I will give you some extracts from father's letter:

"I have no satisfactory reason to give why I have not written. It was doubtless owing to one of those states of aberration of mind to which I have so much been subject for the last five or six years and which frequently gets mastery of my feelings, in which life appears dark and dreary and all human efforts vain. Not wishing

to trouble my friends and relatives with such thoughts, I have kept silent about myself. I am not disposed to say much of the great things I expect to do, or how soon I shall see you, for all these things are very uncertain. I will only say when I collect a large pile of that California gold, about which there is so much said at present, I shall probably come to see you, for money seems to be the most important thing in life here. I cannot write you a proper letter, for I do not feel in the right state of mind. My bodily health has been good since I left New York. When I have matured my plans now under consideration, I shall early advise you. I have much to say and you doubtless will be sadly disappointed to think I have not told a long story, but I forbear for reasons known to myself only."

When you next come to visit me I suppose you will find me at East Hamilton, as Grandpa and Grandma think they shall move over there in the spring. Grandpa has had a stroke of the palsy this winter, and although he has recovered the use of his limbs in some measure, he is very feeble, and it is not thought best for them to try to live alone any longer, so I suppose they will live in the house with Uncle Thomas Nye. I feel very sad when I think of parting with all the loved haunts of my childhood.

Your affectionate Sister,

CORDELIA.

Preston, N. Y. 5
May 21st

Miss Cordelia Throop
Hamilton, Madison
County, N. Y.

Preston, N. Y., Sunday, May 20, 1849.

Dear Sister:

I intended to have written to you long before this, but have been very busy, making sugar, planting, &C. I received your letter and read it with much interest. You said you had a letter from father. We also heard from him several times, but not a word in his own handwriting. Mr. DeLancey Wait received a letter from Solomon Wait stating that he was well, and talked some of coming to the East this summer. For my part I should like to see him very much.

I wish you could have come out here this spring, when we made sugar. I know you would have enjoyed it so much. As it is, I hope you will come to Preston as soon as you can. If you could conveniently, I should like to have you come when strawberries are ripe, about the last of June or the first of July. I think I shall go to Hamilton next summer. I cannot tell exactly when I shall come — — as soon as I can conveniently — — I suppose you have heard that Aunt Almira has got married. She married a man by the name of Dr. Thomas Dwight, so we have got another Uncle Thomas. Grandmother sends her love to you all. Give my respects to Granfather and Granmother. Tell them I should be very glad to see them. Write as soon as you can conveniently. I still remain,

Your affectionate brother,

J. A. THROOP.

Cordelia Throop.

Hamilton, June 5, 1849.

Dear Addison:

Your favor of the twentieth of May was joyfully received. Days, weeks and months flew by and yet I did not receive a word from you, and I was almost ready to conclude that you, too, as well as father had forgotten me. Then your letter came and dispersed all such fears. All is bright and beautiful without this morning.

O, how I wish we could enjoy each other's society, that we might repose that confidence in each other which a brother and sister may. Must we ever be thus separated? May we never live together, with our dear father, in love and harmony? I dare not build any bright eery castles of the future, as I have learned by experience that ere their tiny fabric is finished, they may be dashed to the ground, and sometimes I almost wish to die, and go away from this cold world where everything seems chilled in its blossoming. But I know I ought not to feel so, and I would not thus sadden your heart. May thine be a happy and gladsome life, my brother. May fortune strew thy path with flowers, and around thy brow her laurels twine.

I have not heard anything from father since I last wrote you. Sometimes I am almost upon the point of writing to him again. We can do nothing but wait patiently. All things are overruled by a wise Being, who doeth all things well, and He may be preparing us for something in the future. Let us look up to Him for support, who has said when fathers and mothers forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up.

Grandpa and Grandma have concluded to remain here until fall. They are both very feeble this summer. They send their love to you all. Remember me affectionately to all, especially to Grandmother. I am forever your

Affectionate Sister,

CORDELIA.

You may have forgotten that the father of Cordelia and Addison, George Addison Throop, had gone to Chicago in 1847 to try, in that new prairie city, to find a place in its busy industrial life that would justify him starting another home for himself and them. He was one of the last to be stricken in the terrible cholera epidemic that swept over the Middle West in 1849. His death left Cordelia and Addison to work out their own salvation. The following letters tell of their courage and by what means they persevered, taking us up to the time they each had a home of their own.

Preston, N. Y
Sept. 26

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Miss Cordelia Throop
Hamilton, Madison
County, N. Y.

Preston, N. Y., Sept. 26, 1849.

My Much Loved Sister:

We received yesterday a letter from Mr. Solomon Wait which had very bad news in it about Father, and thinking that you had not heard of the news, I thought I would copy that part of it that would be of interest to you. His letter was dated Monday, September 17th. He says: "George and myself attended church yesterday in the forenoon. Returned home, took dinner. George read a temperance address with unusual interest. He then went to the office to write, I suppose, a letter, and returned about tea time, and said he felt a bit ill, and took some soda, and about that time Mr Jchnson from Preston, came with news of our friends. But his symptoms becoming worse, we sent for the physician of his choice and got Mr. Johnson to help with him until the doctor came. By this time he exhibited all the symptoms of cholera. The doctor who is reputed to have been successful in his treatment and skill, but which, together with ourselves and kind neighbors and friends, proved unavailing, and about half past two next morning, it grieves me to say he breathed his last. I can well imagine what your feelings must be at this sad intelligence and event so little expected by us and by you, for, until within a few hours of his death, he seemed to be a perfect model of health.

"Tuesday, 18th—Today we have attended the funeral service, and with sad hearts followed the remains of our dear friend George to their final resting place near——." (obliterated.)

There is not much else Mr. Wait's letter told except that the sad event was the result of eating peaches and nectarines. He told his neighbors that he was surprised at his indiscretion, and seemed to have a presentiment from the first that he should not recover from his illness.

Cordelia, this will be sorrowful news for you as well as for me. To think that he, whom we expected to see again, is gone where we never again can behold him! It was but a few days since that we received a letter from him. He said that he was as healthy as he ever was in his life. He also said that he was going to write me a long letter in a few days. I have never received but one letter from him, and that I shall always keep. His cousin, Nancy Throop, said she would write us a letter and give us the particulars of his death. When we receive that letter I will write you again, if I am alive and well. I wish you to write to me as soon as you receive this.

Give my respects to Grandfather and Grandmother. Tell them I was very much disappointed at not seeing them. I have gotten about well of my sickness.

I am as ever,

Your affectionate brother,

J. A. THROOP.

Cordelia Throop.

Hamilton, September 29, 1849.
Saturday.

Dear Brother:

I did not receive your letter until this morning, and, O, what a dreadful shock it was to me! The first agony of grief has passed, but my mind is so confused that I can scarcely collect my scattered ideas to pen a few lines to you.

I cannot make it seem like a reality that our dear father is slumbering in the cold ground; that we never again can behold his face on earth; that we are lone orphans, thrown entirely upon the charities of a cold-hearted, selfish world, with no kind, sympathizing Father or Mother to go to.

I feel as though there was nothing to hope for—nothing to live for. But I must not give way to such feelings. This stroke is inflicted by One who doeth all things well. He knows what is for our good. I was not worthy so kind a father.

Last week, on Wednesday, I received a long letter from him. Little did I think it was the last. It seemed to inspire me with new life, new hope, and O! I felt so happy! I feared at the time, too much so. He said although he had intended to come and see us this fall, he had given it up, as he had got into business that would require his presence. So he thought it best not to come now, but to send us the money he would expend in so doing. He spoke of plans he had formed for the future in regard to himself and children; said he wished me to attend school; that he would send me money and other things by Dr. Avery, when he came; also his miniature. Now all our hopes are dashed, and nothing is left but this dreadful reality that we are orphans, lone orphans. But there is One who has said He will be a Father to the fatherless!

We still have kind Grandparents left who feel for us. I trust I shall be thankful for that. I hope this affliction will some way be sanctified for our good.

Yours affectionately,

CORDELIA.

Hamilton, November 11, 1849.

Dear Brother:

O my dear Brother! We are now thrown entirely upon our own resources. If our lives are spared, we have the world spread out before us, with its trials and temptations, its storms and tempests, and we must meet them. But let us go hand in hand. Let us endeavor to give each other mutual support and comfort. Let us set our mark high religiously, morally and intellectually. O, have we not another strong incentive to strive to enter in at that straight gate, that we may meet our loved parents, around the throne of God, and may we not imagine that they are our guardian angels, that they are ever hovering near us and gazing down upon us with their meek and holy eyes. This may be but a fancy, but, O, it's a delightful fancy, and if we considered it as a reality, would it not lead us to live more carefully? But we know that the eye of God is ever upon us. Therefore let us look up to Him for protection and make His Word our guide.

Morally, let us aim high, let no foul stain ever spot the purity of our character. O, may virtue ever be ours! Woman's sphere is more retired and away from

those strong temptations that beset your pathway. In coming years, if your life is spared you will have to go out and combat with the world surrounded by evil associates who will use all means in their power to entice you from the paths of rectitude. O, never swerve from the strong moral principles that have been set in our minds by our father while living, and our Grandparents who are still spared to us.

I know not your taste as regards education, but for my own part I regard it as one of the highest earthly objects we can attain. It enlarges and expands the mind, gives polish and refinement to the taste and fits us for usefulness. I have hoped, longed and prayed for it, and, while father lived, I expected to have it, for you know, he was always anxious that his children should have an education. But now, if we have it, we must procure it by our own exertions, and, for my own part, I feel determined to strive for it. I am making calculations to attend school at the Academy this winter. The term commences the tenth of December. As I have been to considerable expense this fall in changing my dress for mourning, etc., I shall not be able to pay the money for my tuition and get books also. As I can sweep two rooms daily to pay my tuition, I think I shall do it. If I am not disappointed, and I am indeed permitted to attend school once more, how thankful I shall be! Nearly two years have intervened since I have had the privilege.

This Saturday I shall be sixteen years old. Each year of my life brings increasing responsibility, increasing care. I regret to see the seed time of my life gliding so swiftly away so poorly improved. The seventh of December is your birthday. You will then be fourteen. It will seem but a short time when we shall enter upon the more active duties of life.

Night is beginning to spread its mantel over the earth and I must bring my letter to a close. Grandma says "Give my love to Addison and Grandma Wait, and tell her I sympathize with her in this deep affliction." Her health has been very feeble for a few days past, more so than common. Grandpa is about the same, quite feeble. Give my love to you all.

Your very affectionate Sister,

CORDELIA.

Preston, N. Y.
Feb. 25

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Miss Cordelia Throop
Hamilton Madison
County, N. Y.

Preston, N. Y., Feb. 24, 1850.

Dear Sister:

As I have a little time now I think I will write a few lines to you. I have waited long and impatiently for a letter from you and at last it came. As you said, the winter has glided by. I have been so busy &C attending school that it has been very short to me. I get along very well with my studies, have been through Geography and think I shall go through Arithmetic, as to Grammar, I like that full as well as I thought I should. I have heard so many say that they did not like it

and call it a dry, uninteresting study that I had formed a bad opinion of it. We have a small school, twenty-five to thirty scholars, but the teacher thinks that he has about as many as he can take care of alone. I believe I told all about my school that I can think of now.

That piece of poetry you spoke of I wish you would keep until I can see it. We had a visit from Aunt Mary a few days ago. She appears very cheerful for one that has passed through so much. She told some particulars of Mary's death, as yet we have heard only indirect accounts. The last time that I saw Mary was when I came home from Hamilton last fall. She was around the house, but looked very feeble. As you say, we ought not to wish her back again, for she has escaped a great many trials and sufferings of this world in dying so young. I am very glad that you are attending school. I hope you will enjoy yourself as well as you can, for what is passed can never be recalled. It is a sad thought our parents are dead. We can never behold them again on this side of the grave, but I hope that we shall meet them in heaven· that place of rest, where sorrows and sufferings are not known, and where all is happiness and bliss. I hope we shall meet them there.

I thank you for telling me about your studies. You say you have attended two public exercises at the University· I think by what you said that they must have been very interesting. I should liked to have been there, seen and heard them. You say, shall we always be separated? I hope not, but it may be our lot to live far away from each other. We have got a portrait of Father and a very natural one it is, too. When I look at it sometimes it seems like a little while as though it was him and· he was looking at me. But no! He lies in his cold and silent Tomb, never again will he look on us, never again will he smile on our good action, no never! There he lies far away from his native land. It makes me feel very sad all over, sometimes I think in a few years if I am not disappointed that we shall bring his remains from Chicago and put them by the side of Mother's. We have heard that Mr. Solomon Wait has sold out in Chicago to Mr. Gager Throop and talks of coming to Preston to live. But enough of these gloomy thoughts.

I enjoy myself to home here, do some chores about the house and so on. I occasionally have a play spell such as sliding down hill &C. I enjoy very good health. Little Eliza is very interesting. She is just beginning to talk, and we can not help laughing to hear and see some of her odd actions. She has been very healthy this winter· She is a little chubby, short thing. Little George is getting to be about 6 months old. He put him into the jumpers when he was a little over 3 months old. He can jump now as well as Eliza used to. Granmother has been very healthy this winter and enjoys herself very well considering circumstances. I have heard indirectly that Uncle William's boys were a coming down here this winter to make a visit, and if they come they said they would fetch you with them. I should be Glad indeed if you would come. I suppose you will not like to leave your school, but do come if they come after you. I think I have not much more to say, only to say that I want you to cheer up and give away to your feelings. I think I have wrote quite a long letter for me as I am not in the habit of writing much. It makes me a little tired sitting still. I guess you will find that a kind of queer word, but never mind it. Give my sincere love and respect to my Grandparents. I think of them very often. I should be very glad to see them. I think I shall go to Hamilton next spring or the fore part of the summer. I hope that I shall not have such a siege as I did last fall.

I believe I have said nothing about Aunt Ann and Aunt Almira· They are in good health and send their respects to you. Aunt Almira is a keeping house here.

We heard that Gertrude Byington was married to a man named Hand and lived in the northern part of Ohio. She said she lived in Ohio and brought her water from Indiana.

I have wrote this last part of my letter in a hurry. I don't know as you can read the last part of my letter. At any rate trie to. Please excuse all Mistakes. And believe me your affectionate brother

JAMES ADDISON THROOP

P. S.—I forgot to tell you that I want you to write me oftener. Write often, do not wait more that a fortnight or three weeks after you receive this before you answer. I meant to say if you please Yours. J. A. T.

Hamilton, March 25, 1850.

Dear Brother Addison:

I have been enjoying a rich and precious privilege the past winter. One that I shall ever feel grateful for, and ever look back to with pleasant emotions. The term closed with a public exhibition. We had about eighteen original compositions, two papers and four pieces of beautiful music. I assure you it caused a perspiration to start and a little trembling for me to read before a crowded audience. However, I got along with it much better than I expected when I took my seat amidst the roar of applause that followed each composition I thought if father had been there to greet me with one approving smile, how much more it would have been worth than all else besides. But no, we may never again look up for his approbation.

I do think the plan of writing a signed composition is one of the best adapted for young persons. I presume you practice it. If you do not, I would advise you to do so, for you know there is nothing that gives one so much power in this age of literature as being a good writer, and I have no doubt that most persons possess the talents required if they were only brought out and properly cultivated. Practice makes perfect. The more we write, the more we can write, and better, too.

I suppose I shall work at my trade (sewing) this summer, but I intend to study some and read a great deal. I was looking over the accounts of my expenditures during the past year last night, for I have been in the habit of writing down everything, even the least amount that I have spent. If you were here, you might guess how much I found it to be. But as you are not, I will tell you. Including my tuition, which was five dollars and a half, and all other school expenses, it amounted to thirty dollars and one shilling. I suppose it does not take as much as this to support you, but you know they say it takes a great deal more to support a girl than a boy, and I suppose it is so. I consider this as being very economical, especially when I see so many young ladies who have hundreds spent for them every year.

Give my love to Grandma and all the Uncles and Aunts. Grandpa and Grandma send their love to you.

Yours affectionately,

CORDELIA.

Hamilton, May 6, 1850.

Dear Brother:

What shall I tell you, how busy I was last week, sewing far from home, scarcely rising from my chair from seven in the morning until nine in the evening, except at meal time? And how gladly I lay me down to sleep and rest my weary body, and how thankful I felt for a place I might call home, and for the guardian angels that were sent to watch my slumbers and awaken me in the morning refreshed and invigorated and prepared for the labors of another day? I prize health as one of the richest blessings that can be bestowed, for without that we can enjoy nothing.

I was sadly disappointed in not seeing Mr. Wait when he called here, so much so that I could scarcely refrain from tears when I found he had twice passed the house where I was at work, and I had not seen him. I should have prized it so highly, if it had been but for a few moments. He was so warm a friend to father.

By the way, I must tell you about some beautiful drawings I saw last week. They were executed by Mrs. Church, the lady for whom I worked. They are far superior to any I have seen before. They seemed to inspire me, and I exclaimed with Correggio: "I, too, will be a painter;" not exactly a painter either, but a drawer. As soon as I can command the means and time, I intend to furnish myself with pencil and paper and go to work.

Your Affectionate Sister,

CORDELIA.

Hamilton, June 21, 1850.

Dear Brother:

I cannot tell you how glad I was that your letter came just when it did. It found me sad and low spirited. It seemed to inspire me with new life. I perused it over and over again, and I am sure that then I felt my heart rise in gratitude to the Father of all mercies that He had given me a brother to love.

I was heartily glad that you, too, felt and expressed the sentiment that perhaps we were made for some noble purpose. I trust it is so, that we may yet fill stations where we may be useful to our fellow creatures. For what is there worth living for if not to do good? The bereavements and afflictions that are now so heavily chastening our spirits, may be moulding and fitting us for something in the unseen dreamy future. Undoubtedly the mysterious workings of Providence are all for the best.

Independence Day is already at our door. There is something in the very name that excites a patriotic feeling, and something much more in its celebration. The Voice mingled with the thunder of artillery wafts on every breeze, "Freedom! Freedom! Our land is free." These are glorious words, but they are false, for our land is not free. Even now we may hear, amid the shouts and loud huzzas, the clanking of the chains, the crack of the whip, the groans of the oppressed, and upon our own proud banner, whose stars and stripes float so gracefully on the breeze, amidst its snowy folds, there is a deep, dark stain which nought may wash away. Such thoughts will cast a shade of sadness over the joy and exultation we might otherwise feel.

I wish you much happiness in that day, dear brother. Let our hearts rise in gratitude to God for the blessings of freedom which we enjoy, but of which so many are deprived.

Very affectionately yours,

CORDELIA.

Preston, N. Y.
Sept. 30

PAID 5

Miss Cordelia Throop
Hamilton, Madison
County, N. Y.

Preston, N. Y., Sept. 30, 1850

Dear Sister:

I now sit down with pen in hand to write you a few lines thinking that perhaps you might want to hear from me, how I get along &C. I get along pretty well, enjoy good health, but feel rather lonesome since I came from Hamilton; I enjoyed myself first rate picking hops, was very glad that I went, wish they had been a week longer, but when I got home I felt sad and low spirited. I cannot tell why, but those feelings often come over me. Every unkind word, every scornful look, tends to make a kind of enemy between me and its author; and when I am alone and come to think it all over I think of my condition, thrown entirely upon the generosity of the friends I am blest with, and that they could if they felt so disposed turn me out without a home, without a place to lay my head (that I could feel any freedom to), and oblige me to seek my fortunes alone in this cold hearted, selfish world. I feel as though I still have a great many things to be thankful for. I have a Grandmother who I think is as interested in my welfare as though I was her own child; I have a home, enough to eat & drink; I have good health, one of the greatest blessings that I could ask for, a blessing which many are deprived of and which I highly prize; and I have a Sister who I am sure wishes me great success in life, and to whom I think I can confide my thoughts on paper without their being ridiculed for incorrectness of spelling or composition, for, Dear Sister, you must consider that I am a Boy yet and do not think myself incapable of making mistakes in the art of letter writing.

Aunt Ann got home from Hamilton last Friday. She said that she had seen you at Uncle Wm.'s. What did you think of little George, &C, &C.

Disappointment after Disappointment has come upon us in regard to your coming to Preston. It seems that every plan that we have thought of for you to come has proved unsuccessful. But "Hope on, hope ever." You may have a chance to come yet. If you do, improve it for my sake. We all enjoy pretty good health. Little Eliza is as cunning as ever, will tell stories &C.

Give my respects to Grandfather and Grandmother. Be sure and write to me the time appointed, for you do not know how much pleasure it gives me to peruse a letter from you. Please excuse all mistakes &C &C.

This from your brother,

J. ADDISON THROOP

Miss Cordelia Throop

Hamilton, October 14, 1850.

My Much Loved Brother:

You speak of the unkind word and scornful look; how deep the wounds they inflict. I find that your temperament differs from mine in this respect. Anything of this kind grieves me at the time, but, like a pebble thrown in the water, it agitates the surface for a moment and then is gone, and all is still and calm as before. I care nothing for it or at least it does not trouble me. Such a temperament is better calculated to be cheerful and happy than a more sensitive nature like yours, in which the wound is deeper and more abiding.

But I, too, have times of sadness when all looks dark and gloomy. Let us try to cheer each other. Let us have dignity, not pride, that hateful sin. There is a vast difference between the two. If we have true dignity, others may pass us by or scorn our lowliness. We will pass on, not caring whether they frown or flatter, for neither can reach us.

Let the object toward which we press be worthy. Let it not be merely to "get a living," as it is called. Let us live to do good to others, and to excell.

I have been very busy since I parted with you at Uncle William's. I have been away from home sewing most of the time since I came home. When Saturday night comes, I am completely exhausted in body and mind.

I have lived on the hope that soon there would be a change from this toil and anxiety to more congenial employment. I do so want to go to school. I feel as though I could hardly have a disappointment in this; but if that is for the best, I shall be resigned.

Your Sister,

CORDELIA

(Not Posted)

Miss Cordelia Throop
Hamilton, Madison
County, N. Y.

Preston, N. Y., Oct. 14, 1850

Dear Sister:

We received a letter from you a week or two ago informing us that you wished to attend school, and wanted the means to attend &C. We received a Check from Chicago, Ill., of $100.00 about 2 weeks ago, but as we have been very busy doing our fall work we have not had time to go to Norwich to get it changed, but think we shall be able to send it to you in a week or so. The check after deducting $18 to pay Uncle William will leave 82 for us; we think we shall send our share of it to Uncle Wm. first, and let him pay you what you need and give you a note for the rest. So you can attend school as soon as the term commences.

I had written a letter to you about a fortnight ago but have received no answer in return. I want you to write to me as soon as you can conveniently. We are all in usual health. Excuse all mistakes because I have wrote this in a very great hurry. My love to Grandmother and Grandfather.

Yours affectionately,

J. A. THROOP

Since I wrote the last Uncle Solomon Wait has been here and told us he was a going to Hamilton in a few days and would see you and pay you the money. He has made us a present of $5 which we ought to feel very grateful for. We have been very busy this fall and I have had very little time to write &C. Write as soon as you can &C.

Yours in haste,

J. A. THROOP

Mr. Solomon Wait expects to go tomorrow. I guess you will think this letter hardly worth the reading. If you can read it I shall think you will do pretty well.

Hamilton, November 11, 1850.

My Own Dear Brother:

It is reached at last, this spot so long desired. I feel like a caged bird, which, upon its prison doors being burst asunder, soars away into its own native element.

I am again engaged in that employment that is, of all others, the most congenial to my feelings. Again I am permitted to frequent those Halls of Science, where so many young minds have been trained and disciplined and sent forth into the world to occupy spheres of usefulness.

Sometimes I weep with joy and gratitude, and bless the glorious Giver of every good and perfect gift. I shall never probably find in the future any period containing so much of happiness as these school days, and, O, how swiftly they are gliding by! I fane would hold Time's rapid wing and bid him stay his flight. I hope each moment will be improved.

I have not yet all my studies arranged. Now I have only three—Algebra, Physiology and French. I hoped to take Moral Science, but there are no others who wish to study it, so I am obliged to give it up.

The school is full already and others are constantly coming in. I like French as well as I anticipated. It takes a great many books, and it will take a long time and a great amount of labor if I acquire it perfectly. I shall endeavor to do it, however.

I wept tears of mingled joy and sadness over your last letter, dear Brother. I trust we shall ever prove worthy of each other's confidence. I am sure that nothing which earth can offer will ever mar the sympathy which we feel in each other's joys and sorrows. I was glad to see Mr. Wait. I went over to Uncle William's with him. Mr. Wait seems to be a fine, kind-hearted man and certainly he has been kind to us. I am sure I feel grateful for all such marks of kindness.

Very affectionately yours,

CORDELIA.

Preston, N. Y. 5
Nov. 25

Miss Cordelia Throop
Hamilton, Madison
County, N. Y.

Preston, N. Y., Nov. 24, 1850

My Much Loved Sister:

I now sit down to write to you a few lines and to tell you about our school, &C. I was happily disappointed as regards our school. It looked a spell as if they would not have a good teacher, but after various trials they have finally got a pretty good one, at any rate a better one to my notion than they have had for two years past. His name is Oliver Fletcher. He lives about a mile from here; has been attending school the past season; he has got a good education entirely by his own exertions, and if I do not alter my mind before four months have past and gone I shall think he is a very good Teacher; our school is small, comprising so far 25 to 30 Scholars. I do not know how many there will be as the School only commenced two weeks ago, but I should think that they would average 35 to 40 Scholars. The studies that I pursue now are Grammar, Physiology and Arithmetic; in a week or so I am going to commence Algebra & Philosophy, but I thought I would get through with Arithmetic first so that I should not have so many studies on my mind at once. I also practice Writing, Reading and Spelling &C. Grammar I do not like as well as I do my other studies, but I suppose it is useful sometimes in aiding to speak and write correctly and therefore I shall try to understand it. Physiology I think is a very interesting study. I like it very much. (I study Cutter's first book.)

In your last letter you described a course of lectures that you attended. I should have been very happy to have attended with you, for I think it must have been very interesting. He lectured in Norwich, but I could not attend on account of its being so far off. I have seen those that did attend and they said that it was worth a great deal; I wanted to go but could not. Arithmetic is more useful than any other study if anyone is going to confine themselves to a farm a thorough knowledge of that is enough; for my part I do not see how anybody can live and do business without scarcely any knowledge of Arithmetic, but there are men in this town who are well off in the world, own farms and have got them by their own labor without knowing how to read, write or cipher; without even knowing the Alphabet. As for Algebra and Philosophy, I do not know how I shall like them, as I never studied them before. But I guess I will begin on another subject, for I am afraid I am writing what won't interest you much. Winter is fast approaching——

'Tis growing cold; the frosts now creep
Upon the earth when mortals sleep;
Ah, yes, I see a yellow tinge
Upon yon bluff's soft verdant fringe—
I've a dear home and friends are nigh,
I would that all were blessed as I.

But there are many, 'tis too true,
That can but fear this frozen dew;
They see cold winter coming on,
And they are homeless and alone—
'Tis sad, 'tis sad, I can but sigh,
I would that all were blessed as I.

I wish it were within my power
To brighten each dark winter hour
To all friendless that now fear
The biting frosts approaching near,
I'll pray for them, and I will try
To make all others blest as I.

The above I selected from The Student, a pamphlet that I take.

We are all in usual health. Little Eliza says that she wants you to come down here next Spring and go with her and get some flowers. Little George has got so he walks all over the house. Grandmother sends her respects to you and says that she wants you to make good improvement of your time at school. We all send our respects to Grandfather and Grandmother and want to hear how they get along this cold weather. Write soon. This from your Brother,

J. ADDISON THROOP

To Miss Cordelia Throop

Hamilton, December 12, 1850.

Dear Brother:

Long and anxiously did I wait the coming of your letter. I feared you were sick. I was just upon the point of writing to you. I was so glad to hear you were still in health and that you, too, have the privilege of attending school and that you are pleased with your teacher.

The advantages which you may have in a district school are not and cannot be what I wish they were. Yet I have no doubt you will make the best of what you have. I hope in some future time, you will enjoy higher privileges. If you were only here this winter and we could attend school together, how happy I should be! Well, I suppose that is entirely out of the question, and we must content ourselves with occasionally penning a few thoughts to each other.

My pathway sometimes looks rough and stern, but upon this day of thanksgiving, I feel that I have many, very many things to cause me to lift up my heart with reverent gratitude to my heavenly Father, and especially for the rich privilege which I now enjoy of acquiring knowledge. If there is anything that will awaken within us the warmest gratitude, it is when we look around and behold the ignorant, destitute and wandering ones of earth, without a place they may even call home, a shelter from storms and tempests. Though our lot may be a lowly one, how much more exalted it is than theirs. Surely we have cause for thankfulness.

I have been attending school half a term. The winter term commenced this week without a vacation. Time never seemed more precious to me than now. The thought that perhaps this is the last privilege of the kind I may enjoy comes like a dark shadow across my pathway. I hope it will not be the last. Certainly I do not intend to complete my education now, nor in this short life, for at life's close, the great work of education will be but just commenced. When the spirit shall burst this pent-up prison house, then shall it bathe in the fountain of knowledge, enlarge and expand through circling ages. If we could only realize the priceless value of this gem in our possession—the immortal soul—gifted with such lofty powers, capable

of unlimited expansion! There are secret fountains within its deep caverns that await but the touch of Omnipotence to come welling up into life and light. Yet how much attention do we bestow upon this form of clay and how little upon its undying guest.

Well did Newton remark when complimented upon his sublime discoveries, that he was as a child playing with a few pebbles on the shore, while the great ocean of truth was rolling before him. The more I study, the more I learn, the more I feel my own ignorance, and I presume you find it so in your own case. We arrive at the threshold, as it were, where we may look within to see how much there is to be desired. We long to grasp it all, but no, this may not be. We must content ourselves with gathering a little here, a little there, leaving the great mass for eternity to unfold.

I have added to my studies, since I wrote you, Universal History. It was a great disappointment to give up the idea of taking Moral Science. I have now four studies, which with my domestic and other duties, I find very nearly occupies my time. We are obliged to write an essay once in two weeks. As I have within a short time become a member of the Literary Society of this place, I find I have considerable writing to do in connection with that.

I suppose I shall soon be obliged to apply for a school somewhere. I shrink from it. I feel it is a duty more irksome than any I have ever performed, but I have no parent to do it for me, so I must do it for myself.

I feel somewhat anxious to secure one of the schools in this village. If Grandma and Grandpa should live, I could not leave them. If they should be taken away, I should have no place to call home. Yet I should feel there are many ties to bind me to Hamilton, the home of my childhood. Grandpa is failing, I think. He has not been to church for three or four months. Grandma is as well as could be expected. Give my love to Grandmother and thank her for her kind suggestions she made to improve my time. I trust it will be improved.

As ever, your affectionate sister

CORDELIA.

Hamilton, January 8, 1851.

Dearest Brother:

Well, it has come at last—the New Year with its bright hopes and rosy garlands with which it is strewing the pathway of thousands. It is well for us at such a time to pause and recall not only the withered hopes and blighted prospects, but the many blessings which have been showered so freely on us.

In our own case, how kindly has our heavenly Father dealt with us. A year ago our hearts were deeply bleeding, and yet, though the wound is far from being healed, we look upon that scene of agony as a tale that is told. Although the sky may still be overcast with clouds, and still we are called upon to combat with life's dark realities, yet, during the past year, there have been many spots of light as well as shade.

When we compare our lot with the rich, we may think it a humble one; but when placed beside the ignorant and destitute ones of earth, how high a privilege we enjoy! The contemplation of those less privileged than ourselves is calculated to inspire us with benevolent emotions.

Let not our thoughts be absorbed in self and selfish interest, but let our souls flow out for others. Let us lend a helping hand to distress in all forms. Let us be ever ready to share our morsel with suffering fellow creatures, and if we can do no more, to greet all with a look of love, a word of kindness. Benevolence ever brings with it its own great reward. I find that my own heart really needs cultivating in this respect.

The circumstances in which we are placed are far from favorable, dependent as we are mostly upon our own exertions. Without extra effort on our part, a kind of selfishness will be the result, which we ought ever to detest. Let us ever strive against it. How much we have to inspire us to lift up our souls in gratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

When I wrote you last, I considered my time nearly, if not quite, occupied. I have made one addition to my duties, and what would you think if I should tell you I am now taking Drawing of Mrs. Church? She gives me lessons and allows me to pay by sewing. I am to practice an hour and a half for four days in a week for twelve weeks. So now, with my school studies, drawing, my domestic duties, with two extra lessons during the week to prepare for the Sabbath school and Bible class, with all the essays I have to write for the school and Literary Society, with the sewing I do for other people, I feel that my time is fully occupied. I do not get much chance for play, I assure you. Yet, I think, the more I have to do, the more I enjoy life.

There is one blessing I feel that I am not half grateful enough for, and that is health. I am enjoying it in an almost perfect degree. I was grateful for the advice you gave me, although but a few words. Never for one moment cherish the thought, dear Brother, that your advice on any subject will be unheeded by me. I shall ever prize it most highly. Let us live to advise, to comfort, to support each other. Let us share each other's joys and each other's sorrows.

There seems to be a prospect of my securing a school in this neighborhood. You speak of the low wages in common schools. I do not expect to have, the first season, more than twelve or fourteen shillings, and yet this will be more (as this is steady employment) than I have been accustomed to get for sewing.

Grandpa and Grandma are both of them very feeble, although Grandpa has as yet experienced no other shock of palsy. They send love to you. Goodbye.

Your Sister,

CORDELIA.

Preston, Jan. 19, 1851

My Much Loved Sister:

I have just been building a fire in the sitting room this cold morning and I now sit down to commit my thoughts on paper to have you read them; it is cold and windy without, although for about a week past we have had very mild weather and first rate sleighing. Uncle Wm. wrote that he or some of the boys would come down here about New Years, but they have not yet made their appearance and we have given up expecting them. It seems that always when they have made calculations to come down here their plans are frustrated by some unforeseen accident. I wish you were here now. We would have a fine time, I tell you. I would pop you all

the corn you could eat and do anything else that I could to make your visit agreeable. I have thought of you a great many times since I received your last letter; how many things you have to be thankful for, how many privileges you enjoy for getting an education, an Academy so near by that you can board at home and go to school, and so many other advantages which most all villages have, but which your village possesses in an uncommon degree. You have good health which is one of the greatest blessings you could ask for. If you have good health you can accomplish most anything that you set your mind to; it is better than riches, for what is it to be rich without health to enjoy it. I, too, am enjoying this blessing to a remarkable degree. I have had but one or two unwell days this winter, a blessing which I cannot be too thankful for.

We have a very good school, about 35 scholars, just about as many as the Teacher can take care of, and I enjoy myself very well going to school. I try to improve my time as well as I can. I like my studies very well, especially Algebra, which I like better than I expected. I have ciphered as far as Equations of the first degree and have got about half through them. Our school is about half out now. Time pops away quickly while I am attending school, it doesn't seem more than two weeks instead of two months since I began to attend, but it is gone and cannot be recalled.

Aunt Almira and Uncle Thomas have moved and gone to keeping house by themselves; the Doctor bought a place about 50 rods from here that had a house on it and they moved last week. Aunt Almira sends her respects to you and Granfather & Granmother. We all send our respects to Granf - & Granm-- and yourself.

Little Eliza and George are well. I wish you could come down here and see them. They talk and act so cunning that they keep any one laughing half the time.

You said that you were taking lessons in drawing. I wish you would send me one of your drawings in your next letter so that I could see it. I should like it very much, but if you cannot do it conveniently you may wait until you can.

Please to write to me at the usual time &C and as much sooner as you please, for you may be assured that a letter from you is always hailed with joy.

This from

Your Brother,

J. ADDISON THROOP.

To Miss Cordelia Throop.

On the same letter, Lydia Ann Throop, Dan DeWitt's wife, wrote to Cordelia:

Dear Niece:

Addison thinks that he has written all that he can today, and has been urging his grandmother to write, but she thinks she had rather be excused. I therefore improve the opportunity of writing a few lines and try to excuse myself for not keeping my promise last fall. When DeWitt came after me I was on a visit to Marshall, which made his journey so much longer and prevented his coming to Hamilton to see you, and he came in so small a carriage that it would have been impossible for you to ride comfortably. I was very sorry it happened so. You have been disappointed so many times about coming to Preston that it seems as though you were doomed never to visit us, but we will hope for the best. We have been looking several weeks for some of Uncle William's folks, but I am almost tired of waiting.

We all anticipated a great deal, especially Addison, as he expected you would surely be with them. I think you would enjoy a visit much better in the summer than you would this winter, but we will try and think it all for the best and anticipate a visit next summer. I suppose Addison has told you about Aunt Almira's moving, and of all that would interest you. Please excuse all mistakes for I write so little that I hardly know how to begin. Mother wishes to be remembered to your Grandparents.

Believe me your friend and aunt,

LYDIA ANN THROOP

Miss Cordelia Throop

Hamilton, New York, February 3, 1851.

Dearest Brother:

Well, another month has glided by, almost imperceptibly, and again I steal an hour from the quiet night time to talk to you, my Brother. But, really, this is a slow method of talking. If I ask a question, I must wait a fortnight before I can obtain an answer. But we must feel thankful for even this method of transferring our thoughts.

I am as busy as ever with each moment occupied, from six in the morning until sometimes twelve at night. Persons often say to me: "You have altogether too many irons in the fire." I think, as a general thing, it is impossible for a person to have too many. One thing I know by experience, the more we have to do, the more we can do. If we are under the necessity of doing a thing, we find time to do it.

How often we hear this remark: "I have not time for this and I have not time for that." How much better it would sound to say:: "I have not taken time," for, surely, we have all the time there is.

Besides my daily lessons, I have a great deal of writing, compositions and essays, in common with the schools and Literary Societies. We also practice writing and analysis of various things. I am progressing finely with my studies. I have advanced so far in French I can translate quite readily, though it will require a study of many months to become thoroughly acquainted with the language. I intend to continue studying it after I leave school, as I have all the necessary books. In drawing, I am progressing slowly but surely, I hope.

In connection with this letter, I send you a catalog of the Academy. I most heartily wish that next year may find your name on the list. Of course you will act according to your own judgment and that of those older and wiser than myself, but I hope you will not give up the idea of attending school next summer and of doing it where you will have better advantages than at present. If you go anywhere, it will be where your sister is, will it not? I should feel so happy. I am sure we should both enjoy life much better could we spend a few months together. My heart fairly leaps at the prospect, and now if I find you a good place, where you can do chores for your board, and make all other necessary arrangements, you will come, won't you? It will make your sister so happy.

Since I wrote you, Grandma has been quite unwell, and one week I laid aside several of my recitations. But she is considerably better now. Grandpa, most of the time, is better than could be expected. Yet he may be taken away very suddenly.

Remember me affectionatly to Grandmother Wait. As my time has already expired, I must close; so, goodbye.

Yours affectionately,

CORDELIA.

Preston, N. Y. 5
Feb. 17

Miss Cordelia Throop
Hamilton, Madison
County, N. Y.

Preston, N. Y., February 16th, 1851

To My Much Loved Sister:

Your kind letter was received at the usual time; and I was happy in knowing that I have a Sister who had an interest in my welfare, and who in one sense acted a Mother's part in kindly giving her advice, and devising plans for my future benefit. Many thanks, dear Sister, for your kind offer; I have been wanting to attend school at some Academy this some time; but thought that it was impossible on account of the high price of board, and other necessary expenses; and I had about given up the idea of attending school at present, but intended to go somewhere in two or three years when I should have the necessary means. But you have kindly offered to get me a place where I could do chores for my board and go to school. If such a place could be obtained where I could make it my home and where they are kind and obliging, I think with my Grandmother's consent I will come one term and as next summer I shall want to work and earn something, I think that if I can come at all I shall come at the fall term. I should be very happy if things turn out so that I can come. If I live and have my health I intend to have an education if possible. Our school keeps but four weeks longer; three months have passed very quickly. It seems but so many weeks, but it has passed and cannot be recalled, and I trust that I have spent my time in such a way that I shall not have cause to regret it in after years.

I have a great many sober hours in thinking What I shall do or what trade I shall follow in after years to gain a livelihood. If I think of any, in my own mind objection will arise and there it stands. I think that I had ought to decide on something and that soon, but I hardly know what to do, but I think now that if I can get a good place I shall go into a store as clerk. I think that that business would suit me as well as any, but I do not know for certain what I shall do; time will decide. I am pretty busy doing chores and going to school; I get along with my studies very well; have been very healthy with the exception of a few colds &C.

Uncle Wm., Aunt Cal, little May and the Baby were here a few weeks ago and stayed three or four days. I some expected you; they expected to come down here New Year's, but did not on account of their child being sick.

We are all as well as usual here. Little Eliza has got so she can read in her little book quite well. She is getting the cat to sleep now and Bub is running about the house just as he always does.

Grandmother and Aunt Ann send their respects to you all. Give my love to Grandfather and Grandmother. I should be very glad to see them. Please excuse all mistakes and write soon. Remember me as

Your brother,

J. ADDISON THROOP

To Miss Cordelia Throop

P. S.—Aunt Almira and the Doctor are getting along pretty well I guess. I go over there every few days. They are enjoying pretty good health. I enjoy myself very well in reading, as we take two papers, the New York Weekly Tribune & The Independent, together with The Student furnishes considerable reading. Stories, Biographies of distinguished men, together with their likenesses &C &C. I wish you could see it. But enough of this. —J. A. T.

Hamilton, March 6, 1851.

To Mr. J. Addison Throop, Preston, New York.

Dearest Brother:

When I last wrote you, I did not intend to be delinquent, but I find that several days have elapsed since the regular time. Amid the multiplicity of cares and duties pressing upon me, I do not forget you. Far from it. Your image is and ever will be in my prayers, thoughts and dreams. I would you were here in reality. The separation seems so painful. I try to hope it will not always be thus, but sometimes I fear it will; that we shall never be permitted to enjoy each other's society for any length of time.

I have been fondly anticipating that circumstances would admit of your spending the summer in Hamilton, but there seems no probability of that, and although it would be just as gratifying for me if you should come in the fall, yet I dare not anticipate any pleasure, for it is so uncertain where another fall will find your sister. I may be far from Hamilton.

When I last wrote, I was anticipating teaching the coming season in the school near here, but a relative of one of the Trustees has been given the situation. There are many schools I might have out of town, but, of course, I cannot leave my Grandparents, and so I must return again to captivity, in pursuing my trade. I can term it nothing else. It is so uncongenial to my feelings and taste. But I feel assured that in some way which I do not understand, it is all for the best, and probably I shall consider it so at some future time. I feel that all, even the most minute circumstances of life, are directed by an all-seeing Providence, and that all things will work together for the good of those who put their trust in Him.

Even the death of our dear father was, in all probability, for our good. It is a truth, upon which I have thought somewhat of late, that the most exalted, amiable, noble characters of the world have been cradled as it were by adversity. Those who have most promoted the welfare of their fellow creatures have been those who, in

the springtime of their lives, have been left to struggle alone with its dark realities; to mark out for themselves a destiny; those, perhaps, who have been regarded by the world with pity for their hard fortune. Whatever may be our lot, whatever our destiny, let us, dear Brother, trust implicitly in the guidance of our heavenly Father.

When I last wrote to you, I believe I thought I was almost as busy as I could be, but I now have still more to do. I united with a Teachers' Class under the charge of Mr. Osborn, so now I have five recitations besides drawing, and now we are preparing for a thorough public examination. I look forward to it with some anxiety. Three weeks from today the school is to close with Public Rhetorical Exercises. I think you could hardly guess the subject I have chosen, or rather that my teachers have chosen, for my essay. It is, "Joking, Its Influence." Not a very practical one, certainly, yet I think if I succeed in investing it with the interest which I feel in it, it will be possible.

I have already promised six articles for the paper, two pieces of poetry, two of prose, and two "funny articles," as the girls call them. Although it is far from my natural style, yet the girls seem to consider me quite an adept in such articles. I have written several chronicles for the Literary Society, and, much to my astonishment, I was called upon to write an article of this description for "The Casket," of the Enaman Society in the Seminary. I performed the duty to the best of my ability, and it seemed to have the desired effect.

I know not why it is, but I have some writing to do constantly and almost daily I am greeted with such salutations as these: "Miss Throop, I wish you would write in my album," "You will write an article for me, won't you?" Sometimes I refuse and sometimes yield. With such duties I expect to be rather busy until the close of the term, and then how lonely I shall be.

Were I writing to anyone but my Brother, I would not mention these little things, but I feel we should share each other's joys, sorrows and vexations. I would gladly write more, but I have kept the midnight vigils for the few weeks past. I feel the need of retiring. My health is as good as ever. Grandpa and Grandma are about as they have been during the winter. God bless you, and good night, Addy.

Your Affectionate Sister,

CORDELIA.

Hamilton, April 15, 1851.

Dear Brother:

Well, Addy, a new idea is wandering in my cranium, and what do you think it is? Would you think me wild if I should tell you it was to pursue a college education, a college course of study and take a diploma? I am not wild, I assure you. Yet I have strong hopes of this.

Of one thing I have felt satisfied for some time, and that is that I shall never rest contented with anything short of a thorough and complete course of study. I have been intending to secure a situation as a teacher and, in the course of two or three years, by economy, save enough to accomplish this. But last week, as I was listening to some remarks in regard to a female seminary which they are thinking of establishing here and a very urgent request made to enter, as they were very anxious to have advanced classes at first, the thought struck me, why may I not enter

now? Why wait for years to come? More than half the students in the University support themselves as they go along, or are in debt for their education. In many places, young ladies give notes for their tuition and pay them after they have secured jobs as teachers. Why may not I do it? It would be much better than to wait until I am over twenty years old, as I should have to do. I should be so much better fitted for usefulness, and I could command a higher situation in an Academy and double and triple the wages I now earn.

My plan is this: If my Grandparents should not remain here, I plan to go some place where I could work for my board. I think the Trustees would be willing to take my note for the tuition. The only thing remaining would be clothing and books. I think, during the long vacation, I might teach a select school, and by engaging in something during the other vacations, earn enough, with what I already have, to enable me to procure the necessary things, economy included.

You notice there are many ifs. If the Seminary is established, if my life and health are spared, if my friends are willing, I shall probably accomplish it. I know not what class I could enter, probably the Sophomore. If so, I should have to stay three years. The course, I presume, would embrace three languages at least, and all the higher mathematics and metaphysics.

And now I want to know what you think of this? I want you to ask Uncle DeWitt, Grandma and Aunt Almira. If they do not think I am doing as our dear Father would wish me to do; and if his spirit could visit us, would he not bid me Godspeed in this undertaking? It seems like a difficult hill for me to climb alone, but others are now on the summit who have arrived by the same path, and I am sure I shall shout "Excelsior" when the summit is attained

Affectionately.

CORDELIA.

Hamilton, May 22, 1851.

Dearest Brother:

My heart is full—too full for utterance. Words may not express the gratitude I feel to my heavenly Father and that best of men, Mr. Osborn, for the unlooked-for kindness that I have received. It seems much more like a pleasant dream than a reality, but 'tis even so. I must tell you all about it, for I am sure that cannot fail to interest you which interests your sister so deeply.

I met Mr. Osborn last week to ask his advice about getting an education. I first went to Miss Newcomb and talked with her awhile. She gave me considerable encouragement, and said if I wished to attend school, there was no doubt but there would be some way by which I could accomplish it. She said from the first term I ever came to school, about four years ago, she had thought I ought to have an opportunity for higher education. I told Mr. Osborn in a few words my desires, and the plans I had thought of. I found he already guessed what I was aiming at, and had talked to his brother about it. He told me they were now prepared to invite me to come into the school and remain as long as I wished, without regard to the tuition; said he did not wish any bonds as obligations. If I was ever so situated to pay it, I could do so, but if not I must feel no anxiety.

I will leave you to imagine my feelings. I could not express them to him or to others. It was all done so kindly, too, and with so much regard to my feelings. He said he could sympathize with me in any embarrassments that might surround me, for he had once been in similar circumstances.

Both Mr. Osborn and Miss Newcomb seem very anxious that I should come in the remainder of this term, that I might take part in the closing exercises and commence Latin and some other studies. Mr. Osborn also offered to provide me with such text books as either himself or his brother possessed.

I am quite sure I can get you a boarding place and I will look out for one as soon as may be. For I anticipate pleasure in the future. I should certainly do so in the prospect of our attending school together, but I have learned by experience not to build air castles, but to take care of the present and let the future take care of itself.

I think it would be a great benefit to you in preparing to attend school to practice this summer, as often as possible, original compositions. You will be required to do so constantly at the Academy. It would be well to commence now, for the more you write the more you can write, and the better, too. Never was a maxim, "practice makes perfect," better illustrated than in this. Fear not to exhaust every idea you may have upon your subject. I have sometimes felt while writing, when an apparently bright idea would flit across my brain, that I would save that for some extra effort, but that is a mistaken notion. The more thoroughly we drain the fountain, all the clearer and purer will the waters gush up afterward.

I wish I could write Grandmother, Aunt Elmira, Uncle William and Aunt Mary, but I cannot tell when it will be. Until I do, give them my warmest love. Tell them to rejoice with me that a kind Father in heaven—He whose ear is ever open to the orphan's cry—has thus opened a door for me to attain that which I have so long and earnestly desired. I shall pray every day that the Lord will bless that dear teacher, Mr. Osborn, a hundred-fold. Good night, dear Brother.

Your Sister,

CORDELIA.

(Envelope Lost)

Preston, N. Y., June 2nd, 1851

Dear Sister:

I cannot express to you in words the happiness that I felt when I perused your last letter. Dear Sister, I am Interested in your welfare, as well as I am with my own; and it made me just as happy in knowing of your good fortune, as it would if it had been my own. I have pleasure in thinking that you are so successful in your plans and anticipations; that you should find so good a friend in the principal of the Academy, who was willing to help you all he could. He must be a noble man, a man of noble principles: he knows what it is to struggle hard in getting an education, for he has been through it all himself. And Providence will pour down His blessing upon him, he will have his reward for his good works. Dare I anticipate pleasures before they take place I should think how happy we should be in each other's society; how much we should enjoy ourselves attending school together; but I may be disappointed. I trust not. I shall put my trust in Providence. He worketh all things well.

We have been very busy for a few weeks back planting corn and potatoes. I like to plant as well as I do any kind of work. In a little while hoeing will come in, which is a good deal harder than planting, to my notion, but some people like it better, and I guess that Grandfather Goldsmith is one of that class. The woods, Orchards &C look very pleasant now that they have put forth their green covering of leaves which makes the woods look so dense and shady. I have been fishing several times this spring. I went last Saturday and caught a fine string of trout, but I guess that I am writing about things that will not interest you much and so I will stop where I am.

I received a letter from Uncle Benjamin a few days since and it was a very good one too, and had a great deal of good advice in it. He is calculating to go out to Ill. State to look at the country and buy if he gets a place to suit him. He does not like the place where he lives. It is so sickly, they have all had the fever and ague, and Wm. had it when he wrote but was getting better now. I suppose that you have heard that Uncle William has sold his farm. He wrote to us a few weeks since and said that he was going out West to look for a place this spring or next fall and I guess that he and Uncle Benjamin will go together. But enough of this.

I suppose that you are attending school now and improving every moment in study. I wish that you would get that drawing that you were going to send to me, but then I am in no hurry. I can wait until you have time. You could send it in a letter, I suppose, but I do not know what kind of paper it is drawn on. Eliza and George enjoy themselves first rate playing out in the yard. It would make you laugh to see their various plays and to see them act them out.

Grandmother, Aunt Almira & Aunt Ann wish to be remembered by you and they would be very glad to see you too. I wish you could come down this summer, but I suppose you cannot because you wish to attend School while you can, but I am very sorry that you cannot come.

Your advice about my writing compositions I will try and follow. I should be much obliged if you would in your next letter give me several good subjects to write on. It is the hardest part of a composition to me to find a fit subject to write on. I have sent for the Student this year. I wanted to take some paper and I thought that was about the best one that I could take. I have received the first number which has got an Arithmetical problem in it that I would like to have you do, and send me the answer in your next; so here it is — How many rails, 6 in height, and 12 feet in length, will it take to enclose a circular piece of land containing 2 acres?

You can send me a sum to do if you like and I will try and do it, but do not send any very hard ones at first. Give my respects to Grandfather and Grandmother and tell them that I have not forgotten them. Please excuse all mistakes, misspelling &C for I have **written** (scratched out) wrote in a hurry because I wished to get through so that I could send it by the mail today.

This from your Brother,

JAMES ADDISON THROOP

To Miss Cordelia Throop

From June 2, 1851, we have no letters until September 1, 1852. Between these dates James Addison was in school with Cordelia for a short time, at Hamilton. Cordelia, after two years at the Academy, decided to go out West to teach, probably in order to earn money to pay the tuition Mr. Osborn had so kindly granted her. She was to make her home with her Aunt Lucretia Goldsmith Boone in Galesburg, Illinois, but in the following letters we find her in Keokuk, Iowa.

To
Miss Cordelia Throop
Keokuk, Lee County, Iowa

Preston Corners, September 1, 1852.

My Much Loved Sister:

Yours of the tenth instant came to hand yesterday morning. It has been eight days coming. Can it be possible you are so far away that it takes a letter eight days to come to me? It must have been delayed at some place.

Cordelia, you know not with what anxiety I waited for a letter from you, or how happy I was when I received it; to know that you had arrived at your journey's end in good health and spirits, and had safely overtook Mr. Wait, who had offered with his whole heart to help you. He told Grandmother Wait that the moment he saw you, your appearance and looks were so much like father's that it seemed as though he was well acquainted with you, and he had a disposition to help you all in his power; that he would be happy to do everything he could for you.

Grandmother says that her trust is in God; that He would protect you and give you health and a happy journey. And has He not, dear Sister, in thus providentially guiding you to meet such a friend as Mr. Wait?

I want you to write to me next time and tell me first, about Mr. Wait; how you liked him, etc., etc., etc.? Tell me about Chicago and the inscription on father's tombstone, and about Miss Nancy Throop, Mr. Gager Throop and John Throop, and all the others. Tell me about your new home and about Uncle Sanford Boone and Aunt Lucretia. Tell me everything else that you think will be of interest to me. Don't take a little, small sheet of gilt edge paper, but a great sheet of foolscap.

In three or four weeks, if my health is good, I intend to go back to Hamilton to school. I have enjoyed my vacation pretty well. Have been busy at work. All your friends here send their best respects. When I go away, you must write to them, for they, especially Grandmother, feel very anxious to hear from you occasionally. I shall expect an answer to this in about two weeks. Do write, Cordelia, as soon as you receive this.

This from your loving Brother,

J. A. THROOP.

To my dear Sister, Cordelia.

To Miss Cordelia Throop
Keokuk, Lee County, Iowa.

Hubbards Corners, N. Y., Nov. 9, 1852.

My Much Loved Sister:

I have waited too long and impatiently for your letter and have been to the P. O. at Hamilton village myself several times, besides sending two or three times, but have got no letter, and I have at last determined to write to you again. It will be 5 weeks next Saturday since I received your last letter. I do not doubt but what you have written to me, but think that either the letter is miscarried or else it is put in the wrong box at Hamilton. Suffice it to say write again as soon as you receive this and direct your letter to Hubbards Corners, Madison County, N. Y.

Now I will write what has transpired in my life since I last wrote to you. Well, I have heard Horace Greeley lecture on "Politics." I presume that you have read his paper and some of his works. For instance, "Hints Towards Reforms," "Letters from Europe," are some of the most prominent. I have never read them, but have heard them very highly spoken of. At any rate, he is one of the Greatest men of the age. I heard him a week ago last Friday at Hamilton.

Last Saturday night, I started in the rain for the village, about 4 o'clock, afoot; got there about dark. Stayed over night at Mr. Weaver's. Sunday morning, went up on the Hill, and went to meeting with Mr. Utter in the A. M. In the P. M., **Dear Samuel went to meeting with me,** at the Free Church. Heard the Rev. Adolphus Skinner, one of the most celebrated Universalist preachers of the denomination. To be honest with you, I thought at the time that he proved the doctrine beyond all doubt and controversy, and that what he said was true, and Bible truth, too, for he proved it so that if I had been disposed I could not have said a word against it. I would like to write and tell you some of his arguments, but I have not time now. I presume that you will hear some of them from a different Author. I hope that he will write just as they are. At any rate, he, after meeting, talked with me about an hour and tried to prove that what he (Rev. Skinner) said was false reasoning, but it took him a great while to find passages, and he had a headache, too. I rather guess that he himself had his doubts. Nevertheless he talked so much I went away in a thoughtful mood, taking with me "Universalism Not of God," M. H. Smith.

Nov. 11th.—Being wanted, I laid this by some time. Tuesday evening a letter was handed me from you, and with a thankful heart I read it. O how much I prize a letter from you! How cheerful and happy it makes me feel to know that I have a Sister who is willing to sympathize with me in all my troubles. Many thanks, dear Sister, for your kind letter. How much I miss you. I have no Sister to walk with, to talk with, to encourage me, etc. I inherit somewhat of my Father's temperament, am gloomy and despondent at times and as I have troubles to encounter, I keep dwelling upon them and let other things go. This makes me worse, and some days I feel very bad. I try to be more cheerful and think of other things, but before I know it, I am on the same old track again. Besides I almost always look on the worst side of anything which makes me a great deal of unhappiness.

I think that I have some Friends on the Hill — and I have had tokens of their Friendship. You know how much I like Mr. Simpson. I think that he is a good man and a Christian. He told me that he should give me all his furniture, etc., when he left the Institution and I shall room with him probably when attending school until he goes away. He is now in the Senior class. Mr. Gilden, his class mate, I

esteem very much, too. He presented me a few weeks ago with a very nice gilt-edged Testament, saying that he wanted me to read it, and I intend to read in it some every day. Mr. Bond I have not seen yet. I guess that he is not coming back any more, but do not know for certain. Mr. Utter, after becoming acquainted with him some, I think that he is a well meaning, clever sort of a man, conscientious in his views of Religion,—which I think is a great thing, and I think also that there are a great many hypocrites in this world. But enough. I like him very much. He has come over here to see Grandfather since the term commenced. As for myself, I am very pleasantly situated, like my business very much, think that I shall stay all winter. You must write to me what you think of my plans.

Grandfather and Grandmother have received another letter from you lately. They send their love. Grandmother has failed a great deal in one year, intellectually and bodily. They think of you a great deal.

Everette Throop has taken a School in Brookfield; has kept two weeks and I have heard that he gets along very well. I have received your paper and thank you very much for sending it. As soon as I get through with it I shall send it down to Grandmother Wait, for she will think so much of it, and she will see that it is kept safe. Do not forget to write to her as soon as you possibly can, for I know that she is anxious to hear from you.

In your next letter, please tell me about the College there. How large, what denomination, &C &C; and tell me of Uncle Sanford's business, and write what else you are a mind to, for you cannot help but make your letters interesting. Your note to Miss Putnam I enclosed in an envelope and sent it the next day by Uncle Thomas to the village and he handed it to Mr. Putnam, her brother, who will hand it to her.

Uncle Wm. has been quite sick, but is better now. Mr. Osborne I have not seen to speak with since writing to you last. You must excuse all mistakes, for I have written this at intervals and amid continued interruptions. I was very sorry that I could not have written before, but I did not receive your letter until about 18 days from the date it was mailed, and I have written as quick as I could conveniently. I have had a tooth ache some of the time and you know I cannot write at such times. Please write as soon as possible, and receive the warmest tokens of my love and esteem.

From your brother,

JAMES ADDISON THROOP

Hubbards Corners, N. Y., May 5th, 1853

My Much Loved Sister:

Undoubtedly you have been expecting this some time. I could give many reasons for not writing before. The principal one is that my time has been considerably occupied in business here, receiving new goods, posting books, etc., besides working at intervals in the garden — all have kept me pretty busy, and I find that I had ought to have written some time ago. But please excuse me this time. But I should feel very bad to have you delay so long. Please do not, if possible, although it is no worse for you than me. But I will try and be more punctual in future.

They say that we have had the smallpox here, or rather have it now. Possibly it is so, although there is some doubt about it. If it is there will be others taken down, for several have been exposed; have had but one case as yet.

Now, Cordelia, in regard to my school. Do you honestly think it to be best for me to spend five years more in hard study, spending my time and energies in studying the dead languages? Now, when you think the subject candidly over again in your mind, think of my temperament which requires active business in order to have health. Think of my circumstances which are not the most encouraging &C &C. Can you think it best for me to go on and persevere in studying? I do not think I should be a great deal better off when I got through than I should to have a good English education. As for becoming a Teacher, I hardly think I shall, for the reason that I fear it will not agree with my health, etc. I have thought of this considerably and have thought that perhaps it would be as well with me to take a good English course and then follow the vocation that will suit me best. Please think of this and give me such advice as you think will be the right and proper way.

Spirit Doctrine is gaining ground fast. Mediums are daily increasing. Quite a number of papers are published, &C &C. A medium has been along here holding meetings, &C, formed circles, moved tables, stands, &C. I laid my hands on the stand, and called on the spirit of my Father, if he were present to tip the stand into my lap. The stand came right over into my lap without any aid in any way. It is something that I cannot comprehend. Besides we could hear raps, &C. I would like to tell you many things, but have no time now. I cannot say that I believe now, but I cannot understand.

May 15th — Cordelia, forgive me for not writing before. If you knew all, you would. I do not know as I can have time to tell you all now. But listen to the story: I am no longer at work for Mr. Nye, and I can conscientiously say that I never did anything to merit the action that has been taken toward me. Mr. Nye has, without reason or a reasonable excuse, turned me off. And what reason had he for doing it, you ask? The evident reason was that he thought he could get a little more trade by hiring another person. This anyone at Hubbards Corners will tell you. Even his own children, Dr. Julius Nye, his own son, who lives in the place, will tell you. "The love of money is the root of all evil," and how desperately mean it will make a man appear. I will write you some of the excuses he made, to show the truth of what I have said. It was necessary for him to find some excuse in order not to hurt his trade by not appearing plausible. He found no fault with the accounts, but complimented me by saying that I kept them as well as anyone could in town; said that I made no mistakes in business as he knew of; was honest, etc, etc, but told me that I left the gate open pretty often, was rather careless about that, and once left the barn door open, and went down to the potash too often. In my next, I will write as soon as I possibly can. I will explain the whole. I have many friends at Hubbards Croners, and they all think as I do. I have more real friends than I thought I had before this.

I am at Uncle Wm.'s now; shall stay here for a few weeks or so, and as soon as Grandmother can get ready, we think of going to Oswego county, to see Uncle Benjamin Sweet. I want to travel some and see the world a little. After 7 months close confinement &C., I need relaxation from business.

I have been to meeting in the village. Saw Mr. Rogers' people. They are very kind. Speak of you always when I see them.

Cordelia, forgive me for this delay, for when you know the circumstances you will not blame me, and write me a good long letter. Direct it to Hamilton, Madison County, N. Y., the village you know. Write immediately, if possible, and oblige

Your brother,

JAMES A. THROOP.

Preston, Chenango County, N. Y., July 3, 1853

Dear Sister:

Well, I am here now, at my much loved home, and can associate for a few short weeks with friends that I think a great deal of. I returned from my little journey safe and sound, without accident of any moment. I have seen a great deal that I never saw before and many things that have been useful as well as very entertaining to me. I went to Oswego City as I wrote you I intended to, and saw Lake Ontario. Saw a steamer come in and several schooners. Saw Fort Oswego and went all around the city for the purpose of seeing. I saw until I was satisfied. Uncle Benjamin and Cousin William went with me, and we had a very good time.

Saturday, June 11th, we started for home. We went a few miles below a small village called Central Square, where we stopped and made a short stay at Mr. Harry Adams. We had a first rate visit there. I believe that Mrs. Adams was Father's cousin, and there were several other relatives and friends on a visit at that place, and Grandmother in particular had a good visit, for they were friends that she had not seen in a great while.

Mr. Adams is a rich farmer, and has everything around very nice. Mrs. Adams and some others there express a great desire to see you, and I partly promised that when you came out here next summer, if you were willing, I would carry you out to Uncle Benjamin's, and we would stop and visit them.

From there we had a very pleasant ride to Uncle William's Wednesday, June 15th. I started from the latter place and came home. Grandmother came with me as far as Sherburn. I found the folks at home all well.

I have been at home almost three weeks—will be next Wednesday, I believe. I have been strawberrying a great many times since coming here. The strawberries are very plentiful. Do you have any out there?

The Fourth of July is almost here. Do they have any "doin's" where you are more than snapping firecrackers?

Cordelia, I want to say a few words to you by way of advice. Since I have been gone, I have had a great many compliments for you, and they also complimented me for having such a Sister as yourself. So I begin to feel very proud of you. In life's varied path we have to combat with many disappointments. All will not go smoothly with us, but we, too, must have our share. I tremble for you, dear Sister, when I think of the trials, vexations and disappointments you may have in your far-off Western home, with no friend near you whom you wish to trust. When you are at Uncle Sanford's you are with friends, but when you are away, you are alone. Now, dear Sister, amid all these, press onward, do right, and an Overruling Providence will be with you. Don't ever for a moment give way to despondency, but remember that you have many friends who are watching your progress, and who pray for you with anxious hearts. O dear Sister, press on, press on, in the path you are trying to follow. Cast aside the many trials that will spring up in your path, and keep your eye on the good that will follow, and in the end you will find that everything was planned for the best, although you will not be able to see it at first. Everything, we will find, has been ordered better than we could order it. O how many friends you have who are watching your progress. And then to go on, do right, I say is my advice. Forgive me for this now. I will give you the same privilege in your next.

Your last letter was remailed from Hamilton. Therefore I did not receive it as soon as I should if I had been at Hamilton. I thank you for those kind letters I have received since I wrote last, but it seems to me, from the tone of your last, you were a little down-hearted. But do not give way to despondency. Cheer up.

I wrote a letter to Mr. Osborn a week ago last Friday, telling him that I had left Uncle Nye, and many other things. I wrote to him where I was, etc., and wanted him to write to me. I received a letter from him last Tuesday, and he was very anxious to have me come and work for him this summer; told what he would give me, etc. He wanted me to come immediately. He said if he had known that I was at liberty, he would have had me before, for he wanted me much. I wrote back Wednesday that I had engaged to work through haying for Mr. DeLancey Wait, but would like to come after haying if he still wanted me. Last Saturday, July 2nd, I received a another letter saying that he was sorry that I could not come now, but he would like to have me come by the first of August if possible. But he told me to do what seemeth best. Those are about the words. I have concluded to go by the first of August. Therefore when you answer this, if you are sure it will have time to get here before I leave, direct it to this place. If you are not sure — Hamilton, Madison County, New York.

I sent my daguerreotype the other day to Galesburg. I should have had it before, but I waited for Mr. Utter to come back until I went to Oswego, and when I got back from there, I had it taken at Norwich, and when I got it home, Dr. Dwight said it was not a very good one, and he would have him try it again. Then I waited until a convenient time, when I received your letter, and I dispatched it immediately. It is not a very good one, but please accept it and when you come out next summer I will have it taken over again.

Grandmother said she would write soon. She wants to get rested from her journey first. When you write to her you must write with the idea that it will be read by a good many. She thinks so much of a letter from you that she wants all of her friends to read it.

Cordelia, please forgive all that I have written that I ought not to, and accept this from

Your brother,

JAMES ADDISON THROOP

P. S.—All the family send their love and wish to be remembered by you. Your chest that was at Uncle William's I have brought to Preston, when I came, and it is now, I believe, where it will be taken care of. Those portraits of Father and Mother are also here.

Preston, Chenango Co., N. Y., July 17, 1853

My Dear Sister:

Your precious letter was received 9 days from the time that it was mailed. I do not know what could have delayed my letter so long. I supposed by mailing it at Oswego that it would get there sooner than by mailing it at Hamilton. Now I talk about Oswego, I will say that since I was there they have had a great fire, burning over about 45 acres and destroying an immense amount of property. I hope that ere you receive this you will have received that daguerreotype of the

retired minister you know. I am ashamed of it and I presume that you will be. The face looks bad for one thing; I was pretty well browned up, having just returned from my visit; again, the eyes do not look very natural, but please accept it now and I will try and get a better one some time. Please write and let me know when you get it.

In my last I forgot to tell you that your chest and contents I brought from Uncle Wm.'s with me on the boat, and I also brought those portraits of Father and Mother, and that little picture of Yourself, to this house, where I think they will all be taken care of. While Grandmother lives, they will be seen to, certainly, and will not be injured if she knows it.

Whenever a Daguerrean Artist comes around again, I calculate to have Father's daguerreotype taken from his portrait and send to you. That portrait I think looks very natural and I want you should have the privilege of beholding it as well as myself.

Now you know it is almost Commencement Time and you do not say anything about coming home. I rather guess you will stay after all, but do not give up coming home next year if you are well. I do hope that you will get that situation in the Academy at Galesburg. Then you will be near Uncle and Aunt and I think you would enjoy yourself better than you could in a strange place.

In about two weeks now I expect to be at Mr. Osborn's. I do not know how I shall like living with him, but I have reason to believe that I shall like him first rate. One thing, I shall be near the Institution, and that will be a good deal of company for me.

I received a letter from Mr. Utter the other day which I have answered. I regret that he does not attend school this summer, but he cannot if his health is poor. I intend to go to school this fall and winter if nothing happens to hinder. I think I shall enjoy myself well.

Now, Cordelia, I am and have been at work here in haying for 4/ per day, and commenced this letter over a week ago, and have not finished it yet, and I do not know as I ever shall unless I cut it short, real farmer style. I have tried to tell you all the principal things I wish to tell now, and I will leave the rest to write in my next, when I shall have more time and feel in a better mood for writing. All of your letters I believe I have received and have missed none. Please answer this as soon as possible and direct it to Hamilton. Grandmother will write in a few days. They all send their love, etc.

Your very truly,

JAMES A. THROOP

P. S. — Uncle DeWitt and Aunt Ann calculated to go to Clinton this week to see Aunt Ann's Sisters, one of whom is sick with the consumption. Uncle Alberto Sabin has been quite sick almost all summer; has done but very little business. They are afraid he will have the consumption. Cousin Sanford Sabin has not been very healthy. Aunt Mary has a great deal of trouble. She is a good woman and I feel very sorry for her. In my next I will tell you what I think of going West. Grandfather and Grandmother Goldsmith are pretty well the last I heard. They are taken good care of and made comfortable as they could very well be. —J. A. T.

The following letter was written after Cordelia had taught one year as Preceptress of the Collegiate Institute, a private school conducted by Mr. Reynolds, in Keokuk, Iowa. Cordelia taught drawing, algebra, physiology, natural philosophy, French, reading, geography, grammar and spelling. She conducted Chapel exercises, opening with prayer and often general remarks. Aside from teaching the above subjects, making her own clothes, teaching a class in Sunday School, she appears to have had nothing to do. She was paid thirty dollars per month for her youthful enthusiasm and devotion. She was considered an especially good teacher. March 16, 1853, she wrote to her brother: "I am delivering a course of lectures on physiology. It is no easy task to get up before the faculty and students. * * * It was some time before I could overcome my scruples in regard to the propriety and woman's sphere. Do you remember how much I said last summer about the impropriety, even absurdity, of a woman lecturing and that I would not go near the one in Hamilton? The professor from the medical school who did give lectures could no longer come, so I was selected to take his place, and the students say they like mine much better." So Cordelia started her lectures. In later life she lectured on many subjects, especially Temperance and Social Purity.

To
James A. Throop
Hamilton, New York

Galesburg, Illinois, July 21, 1853.

My Own Dear Brother:

Could you but look in on me at this early hour, you would find me seated on a low stool with my portfolio on my lap. This is indeed a lovely home. I would that you might share it with me.

I cannot tell you how happy I am that you're under the hallowed and refining influence that will surround you in Mr. Osborn's family circle. I could not ask a richer boon for you, for his is just the hand which I wish to aid in moulding and developing your precious character and intellect. I am so enthusiastic on certain subjects that I had better not speak of him. I will only say that I verily believe there is no other man living as nearly perfect as he.

Last week was a sad one for me, for I thought perhaps it was the last I should ever spend in Keokuk. Nearly eight months' residence there had caused me to look upon it almost as a home, and I had learned to love dearly those with whom I have been associated in the school room.

Friday evening, after having heard the last recitation and performed the last duty, I stole away to my room and wept, merely because my heart was too full to find vent any other way. I cannot tell you the feelings of my heart at this time, as I looked back upon the months I had been permitted to sweep "The lyre of living strings."

I did not then expect to leave town until the ensuing week, and, consequently had made no preparations for it. About nine o'clock, Mr. Reynolds came in, saying that a boat was expected in about two hours, and by starting then I could reach Galesburg Saturday evening.

I wiped away my tears, and with as much speed as possible, addressed myself to the very practical duties of packing trunks, settling up, etc. In about three-quarters of an hour, it was all done. I was equipped for my journey. Mr. Reynolds accompanied me to a hotel, where we waited for the boat until midnight. He accompanied me safely on board. Two minutes after reaching it, I was gliding at a rapid rate up the Mississippi river.

At about eleven o'clock A. M., I was safely landed in Oquaka, from which place I took the coach for Galesburg, and, just as the setting sun was guilding the church spires, I found myself in sight of my prairie home.

I have hardly become accustomed to the quietude that surrounds me. I miss the bright faces that were want to greet me. I miss Mr. Reynolds, a lively, sociable gentleman who always wore a smile no matter how much trouble and vexation he had.

I have been teaching, you are aware, for a mere song so far as pecuniary reward is concerned. Yet I have been richly repaid by the blessedness of the work itself. Mr. Reynolds says I cannot and must not afford to teach for twenty-six dollars again. My expenses there have amounted to quite a sum. For board alone, from the first of December to the fifteenth of July inclusive I paid out one hundred dollars. My other bills have amounted to about twenty. So you will see that I shall not be obliged to deposit specie in the bank this summer. I had hoped to be able to send Mr. Osborn and Mr. Buell what they so kindly gave me in tuition, but I do not know that I shall be unable to do so until fall.

If you should notice in the Register or other papers lines to my Alma Mater, the Hamilton Academy, by a Wanderer, you may guess from whose pen they came. I sent them to Mr. Buell merely for the school paper. In his last letter he begged leave to have them published

From your loving Sister,

CORDELIA.

To Cordelia Throop, Galesburg, Illinois

Preston, August 5th, 1853

Dear Child:

After so long delay I have come to the conclusion to fulfill my promise, and, let me tell you, Delia, it was not want of affection or good will that has hindered me thus far; but feeling very sensibly the infirmities of age, and being in the midst of and constantly annoyed by the fluctuating scenes of this ever-changing life. It is with difficulty that I can make myself believe that I can write anything that is worth reading (especially to one as far advanced in knowledge as I consider you to be—but enough of that.)

And now I will try to give you some account of myself. Could you call at my residence this forenoon you would find me alone. Addy has gone to pick berries in order that he might not trouble me with his noise, for you may know that we are

keeping house by ourselves, our folks being gone from home on a visit and have left us to take charge of things in their absence; and I can assure you that we have enjoyed ourselves first rate. It would be very gratifying to me to always have him with me, if it was best for him, but I am sensible that it will be for his advantage to live with some one that is capable and willing to interest him in that which is right. And I have confidence enough in Mr. Osborne to think that he will be a friend, a protector and such an one as he stands in need of. Addy speaks much in his praise and says he thinks he shall like to live with him. He is a man whom I have never seen. I have only heard of him by the hearing of the ear, but I intend ere long to become somewhat acquainted with him. Addy expects to go to Hamilton next week to enter a new home, and I hope and trust that it will be a happy one.

It is impossible for you to realize the anxious solicitude that I feel for the lonely orphan left without means to supply the necessaries of life, thrown upon a world of sham and change, where Friendship is but a solitary name, where vice and crime, with all their loathesomeness,, and squallid misery lurk in every corner of God's vast creation; where snares are set with all their tempting baits to allure their unsuspecting feet. Who is safe? What child is proof, in a world like this, and in a special manner, where can the orphan flee for refuge? Neither can you know how much happiness I feel in the reflection that you are shielded, and that you have been permitted, through the unbounded goodness of your Heavenly Father, to place your feet upon the Rock of Ages. Think, O Delia, think how much cause you have for gratitude. Think what your life has been, how many mercies you have received. You have ever found warm hearted friends, benevolent friends, that have been every ready to assist you in every time of need. And let me remind you, although you know it beforehand, that all these things are gifts from the hands of your Bountiful Benefactor, that God whose name is Love, in whom we live and move and have our being. And, as saith the Psalmist, I would exhort you to trust in Him at all times, and in every emergency. Are you in trouble, carry your cares to Him; ask Him to guide you; ask in faith and you will never be denied. Remember the saying of the wise man, though he had been young and now he was old, yet had he not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread. Let not the allurements of fashion, nor the pride of life, cause you to falter in your march to that blessed Paradise where the redeemed of the Lord are waiting for you.

I will give you my opinion as regards Addison's too closely applying himself to study. In the first place, his temperament is extremely nervous, and I am aware that he requires more exercise than study would allow. He is now at a time of life that requires some caution — in a word, he is verging into Manhood; and, of course, a change will come over him. Should it be agreeable to him to follow a course of study when his health is a little more firmly established, and it is his choice, I shall make no objection. I want him to do that which is for the best. I have the consolation to know that at present he has established a good reputation, and he is a boy that can be trusted, and I make no hesitation in saying that with his punctuality and conscientiousness, he will not intentionally go far from the right. I have an abiding faith that the Father of the fatherless will provide for him, and that He will keep him from evil, that He will protect and carry him through the uneven journey of life, and when he has done with earth and earthly things, will give him a place at His right hand. And there I leave him.

I should not think it strange if you thought me a little odd, but when you consider my age, I am sure you will excuse my shortcomings. When you have lived to the age of seventy-one years, you will not think it strange that your grandmother did not write more often.

N. B. — Your connexion in this place are in usual health and often inquire after you. I am about closing my letter. I have said but little that I wanted to say. A volume of 300 pages would not contain all that I could say.

Give my good wishes to your uncle and aunt. Tell them that I feel grateful to them for the kindness they have shown and are still exercising towards my orphan grandchild. My health is not very good. Old age is making big inroads upon me, but I am not cast down. My setting sun shines brightly, and I am permitted to behold a brighter sun beyond this vale of tears.

SARAH S. WAIT.

Preston, N. Y., Aug. 5th, 1853

Dear Sister:

My Dear Grandmother has at last written to you. She has talked about it a great deal, but it is a great task for her; she is so old. She has been a great while writing this, and set apart the day for that purpose, although she has not been all the while writing. You may (not being used to her handwriting) have some trouble in reading this. I can read it about as well as I can any person's and I guess you can. Grandmother talks a great deal about you and felt overjoyed when she received a letter from you. You must not forget her, but write to her as often as convenient, and you will give her a great deal of satisfaction in her old age. She has done and is doing a great deal for me and I have every reason to do all I can to please her, both as to trying to obey her injunctions and in every other way that I can. Then please write her as often as convenient and if she does not answer every time it will not be because she does not want to, but she will write when she can conveniently.

I intend to go to Hamilton Monday. I will write to you when I get there. I received your letter that you directed to Hamilton. It was remailed from that place to me.

Yours in haste,

JAMES A. THROOP

To Cordelia Throop, Keokuk, Iowa

Preston, Chenango Co., N. Y., Nov. 13, 1853

My Own Dear Sister:

It has been some time since I last wrote you, but I have been very busily at work, which has been the principal reason of my not writing before. But hereafter for a time I hardly think I shall have so much to do, and can and must write oftener.

Just before I left Mr. Osborn's, I went to Hubbards Corners to see how they all were. I called at Uncle Nye's. Grandfather and Grandmother were very feeble. Grandmother had been quite sick a short time before, but was better then. I do not think they can live through the winter. Betsy was at home and intends to remain all winter. Uncle Nye has turned off Mr. Shepardson, the young man that he hired when I left. He did not stay as long as myself. He was there about 5 months. I was there about 7. Uncle Nye, you know, hired us both for 1 year. The reason, they say, of his turning France off was because he could get another young man to

stay and perform the same duties for his board. Uncle Nye is fast running out, and some of his best friends are leaving him. He will have to give up business in a short time.

I started for Preston in the stage Wednesday, October 12th. I stayed one night at Uncle Alberto Sabin's. He is quite sick and they do not think he can live long. Poor man, if he dies, his family will be left in rather distressing circumstances. Aunt Mary is all broken down with her troubles. She does not look like the same woman that she was a few years ago.

Next day I again found myself in the stage for Norwich, and in a short time I met the friendly grasp of Uncle DeWitt, who was waiting for me at the stage house. Next day I went to work picking up apples, and have been pretty busily engaged ever since.

I saw Mr. Utter the night that I started and had a short conversation with him. I was very glad to see him. He looked well and healthy. I did not get the situation in a store at Norwich as expected. This winter I intend to remain at Preston; study some, take private lessons. I think of taking up Algebra, Parker's Aids, and Astronomy, and go as far as I can.

We have very interesting debates here once a week which I attend and take a good deal of interest in. I am very sorry to hear that you had had that scourge of the West—Ague and chill fever, but was much pleased with the way you took to cure it. Cold water is truly a great blessing and will perform wonders when it is used right. I send you some numbers of the Water Cure Journal. Your paper that you sent me has been received and read with much interest. I thank you for it. Please send more if you can conveniently, for everything that I have from my Sister's Home is Interesting. You wrote about getting some interesting books. I have lately got one Book, the most interesting that I ever read, more so than "Uncle Tom's Cabin," because it is every word true. It is the "Life of Isaac T. Hopper," the great philanthropist, and it is invaluable because it tells of the life of a great man, and is written in such an interesting style. Get it if you can conveniently; if not, read it, and see if you are not of my opinion. It is a book of 500 pages; price, $1.25.

I have lately had my teeth fixed a little. Have had ten more cavities filled and one large tooth extracted this fall. I have had considerable trouble with my teeth, but I believe all the remaining cavities are filled now.

I was very glad to hear you had found so good a friend as Mr. Reynolds and that you feel at home in his family.

Grandmother Wait, Aunt Ann, etc., send their love to you. Little Eliza goes to school. She has got so she reads stories pretty well in her child's paper, which she takes and thinks a great deal of. George is a pretty smart, hard-headed boy. He stays at home and plays. Little James runs around the house, tumbles down and bumps his head occasionally, but is a pretty smart boy. Aunt Almira wants me to say that she has been expecting a letter from you for a long time, but has received none. She says she would be very glad to have you write if you can, and not interfere with your other engagements. Dr. Dwight has bought Dr. Mason's place, and thinks some of moving this fall. Dr. Mason's (Grandmother Wait's brother) wife died a short time since.

Please write as soon as possible, and now I must close, for it is about time for the mail to be in. So, goodbye, dear Sister.

ADDISON

Preston, Chenango Co., N. Y., Feb. 5th, 1854

My Much Loved Sister:

Your ever welcome letter was joyfully received three days since,. I have been very busy lately. I have had to write for our school paper, also for the Preston Vindicator, our town paper, and being appointed secretary of the society, have had to write two long reports, prepare myself for our debate, also for speaking in our school; then all my studies. I mention this so that you may know that I have enough to do and time passes very pleasantly. I do not know when I have enjoyed myself as well as I have this winter. I am so constituted that I like enough to do. I want something to be busy at all the while, but not too much of one thing. I prefer variety, and I have it this winter. And the winter has almost imperceptably gone, but it isn't quite gone yet, although nearly so.

Next winter, if I live, have good health and *grow any, I think of trying to teach. How do you think I shall make out? I do not know as I shall succeed, but I want to try. I think of working the coming summer as a farmer 4 months; then attending school about one term; then of trying to teach. Do you think I could do anything in this line in the West, round about where you are? I fear not, but I have thought of this considerably. How very pleasant it would be to me! If I could but go back with you upon your return from your visit next summer, how I should enjoy it. From your knowledge of the West, of the inhabitants, schools, etc., you could best tell whether it would be all right for me to go there. I have thought of this since last fall, but have kept it to myself, thinking that it was rather a wild scheme, and perhaps I should not do well. But if I could only be where I could see you occasionally, how I should like it!

Now, Cordelia, will you please write in your next what you think in regard to this? Please write your honest convictions, and be not afraid of writing the difficulties that would result from this, if any, and you will much oblige me. Tell me also whether you think it would be for my good, etc., etc.

I was sorry that what I wrote in my last about foreign missions caused you to feel bad; for I did not intend to have it hurt you. But it was only a Brother's pleadings for fear that I might be separated from an only Sister whom I love and who it does not seem that I can part with. But I am willing to leave it all with Him "who doeth all things well." O that I might have a stronger faith in God and trust all to Him, and feel as well as know, that all things are ordered for the best. I am sure that I should feel happier than I do now.

Yes, I anxiously look forward to the time when we shall see each other again, and hope we shall not be disappointed. I received the paper you sent containing the programme of your closing exercises. With this I will send you one copy each of the Water Cure Journal and Student.

There is a great deal of interest taken in our debating schools. The paper belongs to it, etc. Last evening the house was about full. We think there were about 150 ladies and gents present, which is a good deal for this little place. It was very embarrassing to me at first to speak before them all, but I am becoming

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***James Addison was small of stature, and it was believed by many that the rural schools of 1854 required stalwart men to cope with the husky country lads, who seemed to delight in heckling their teachers. He, however, did teach school near Norwich and was successful in the work. (See his letter of February 10, 1855, on page 228.)**

more used to it. I find it to be very useful to me. It gives me confidence, and I have a chance to improve in speaking, which is what I very much desire.

Aunt Almira was very much pleased with your note; says she will write to you soon. We are all in usual health excepting bad colds, which have gone the rounds amongst us pretty much. Grandmother Wait, Aunt Ann, Aunt Almira, Dr. Dwight, Uncle DeWitt, all wish to be remembered to you.

Please excuse this hasty scrall, and be assured of my undying love and affection for my dear and only Sister, Cordelia.

JAMES A. THROOP

Preston, N. Y., one o'clock P. M., March 11th, 1854

My Much Loved Sister:

The great day has at last come! And what about it? you may ask. The truth is this: We, the members of the Preston Union Club, have been very busily engaged for the past few weeks in trying to get up a public exhibition, and have it all original.

We have each our original pieces. Then we have an original Coloquy. But there is one exception to its originality. Finding that we were not going to have enough comic for variety, they wished me to deliver a "Dow, Jr." sermon, and I "spose" I shall have to try at least. When I send this out I will send you a Scheme, if we get them in time.

Now, this evening is the time appointed for this to come off. Yes, this is the great!, the long looked for time. How we shall make out, especially myself, being so inexperienced, remains to be seen. It makes me fairly tremble to think about it. How often, while writing upon my theme, have I wished that I had you, Dear Sister, to look over, correct, alter and amend, but I have done as well as I could, and so mote it be.

Dear Sister, we can none of us imagine how much affliction and trouble there is in Aunt Mary's family. We have just heard, while I have been writing, by a Telegraphic despatch from Sherburne, that little Oliver was dead, her youngest child. The funeral is tomorrow. It was but last Tuesday that we had the dreadful news that Emmet was dead. He always appeared to be a very healthy boy. He was 12 years old. I believe the disease they call Scarlet fever. Uncle Alberto is not expected to live from one day to another. He is in the last stages of consumption. These dreadful blows make him a great deal worse. This makes seven children that Aunt Mary has lost. There is but one left, Sanford.

In the telegraphic despatch, it read "Albert O. Sabin is dead." We at first thought that it was little Oliver, but have since come to the conclusion that it was Uncle Alberto. I believe that Oliver's name is not Albert. We think that it was a mistake in the despatch, meaning Alberto. We received a letter last Tuesday stat-

ing that Emmet was dead, and since his death Uncle Alberto was a great deal worse. O! they have troubles upon troubles. I should like to go up there, but it is almost impossible at this season of the year, and I could do them no good.

Preston, N. Y., March 12, 1854

Well, the exhibition is over with and it gave general satisfaction. It closed with three hearty cheers from the congregation for old Preston. The house was crowded and everything we did hit off **right**—better than we all expected. Good order was maintained, etc. The Coloquy gave general satisfaction. It was gotten up in good style, spiced well with the ludicrous, etc. Some were heard to say that they had attended the Theatre in N. Y. City, but never saw anything done up so well as this. Some of the characters might have been bettered. I could myself as one, and some were what you may call perfect. It lasted about one hour. My part was short, therefore I did not have as much to do as some. Dow Jr., as far as I have learned, gave general satisfaction. They roared some while it was being spoken. I had my hair parted in the middle, white cravat; took my text from Shakespere, and talked just as near Dow, Jr.'s offhand style as possible, you know. My original piece, theme "Progression," I spoke as well as I expected. Dear Sister, I write to you about myself just as though you were here and I was talking to you. I know it is not in accordance with our general principle to talk much about ourselves, but I generally, in writing to you, make myself at home. So please excuse it. I will send you a Scheme with this. We had 400 printed, but we not use them quite all.

Dear Sister, you know what it is, after having busily engaged all winter in school and other duties, to leave it all; how lonely any one will feel. I know of no winter within my recollection that I have enjoyed myself better than this, or learned more. Our School closed Friday. It was a sober time; both teacher and scholars felt very bad. We have had a good school in every sense of the word, all winter. The last day, one paper was read by each division. The Young Student was edited by J. A. Throop, you know the feller, I believe. The Pupils' Paper, by Miss Louisa Graves. We then had declamation by both divisions. But it is all over now, and it remains for me to go to work.

I have hired out to a man that lives one mile north of here by the name of Haynes. He has quite a large farm; intends to keep two hired men or boys (call them what you are a mind to) besides myself. He has thirty-five cows. I shant have but little milching to do night and morning, but probably we shall have four to do it, so it won't be quite as hard as though one had to do it all. I shall be near home. It will be pleasanter on that account.

The time will soon come now when I hope to see you. You must come to stay as long as possible. If it should happen so that it would look reasonable for me to return with you, I should like it, but we will see. Grandmother appeared to be willing, and Aunt Almira thinks it would be for my good. I wish to take that course which is most proper for me, and which is as near right as possible.

Uncle DeWitt, Grandmother Wait, Aunt Almira and Aunt Ann wish to be remembered by you. I will try and get Grandmother and Aunt Almira to write to you in a few days. Please write as soon as possible, and accept this unsightly scrall from your loving brother,

J. ADDISON THROOP

Preston, N. Y., May 14, 1854

My Own Dear Sister:

Your ever welcome letter was received several days ago, but I have delayed answering it for the reason that I have had scarcely a moment's time until now. We fellows that work out by the month have to work from dark till dark (as our Irishman says), which I think is a sufficient excuse for me at this time.

I was very sorry to find that you were still in doubt with regard to that long looked for visit. Do not give that up, Cordelia. If you cannot stay with us more than two weeks, come. If I have my health and do not lose much more time, I shall be through work for Mr. Haynes by the 20th of August. I should be more pleased to have you here that month than any other because I could spend all my time with you. I should enjoy it so much. O, dear Sister, do come if possible, for your brother's sake and for the sake of your many dear friends who are so anxious to see you. So do not think of such a thing as giving it up, but come by all means.

Aunt Almira, I am sorry to inform you, is now very sick. She has been confined about two weeks.

Two weeks ago, we were introduced to a little stranger at her house, a very pretty looking little boy. But its stay upon earth was destined to be very short, for it lived only about 22 hours. This loss affected Aunt Almira a good deal, and she became worse. I sincerely hope she may soon regain her health, but I feel considerably worried about her.

We have lately heard from Aunt Mary. She is striving to overcome her feelings to raise herself from her load of grief that is weighing her down. She and Sanford are getting along as well as could be expected.

Dear Sister, I believe I never have written to you that I have altered my mind about going out West this fall to teach. I could hardly think it was exactly proper or best any of the time, but still I wished to be near you. I think now of attending school at Norwich Academy this fall, if life and health permit and nothing happens to hinder, and, if a good opportunity presents itself, to teach in the Empire State the coming winter. What do you think of this arrangement? Do you not think that it is best for me so to do?

When you write to Uncle Sanford, please give my respects. I wonder if he ever received a letter I wrote to him some time ago? Do you know how Elias Weaver prospers?

I was happy to hear that you were enjoying good health and spirits. Try and take good care of your health, for it is truly a great blessing, and we could enjoy nothing without it.

I am getting along very well at work. Enjoy very good health, etc. I have worked now about two months.

We have received a letter lately from Aunt Calphirna. She sends her love to you; wanted you to write to her. Everett is in a store.

The tedium attendant upon steady labour is greatly relieved by a meeting now and then of the Preston Union Club. I enjoy myself much in these meetings.

A letter from you to Aunt Almira would be very acceptable at this time. I let her read your letter to me. She was very much pleased with it indeed. She seems

to take a great deal of interest in our welfare, and during the past winter has assisted me a good deal in our various school and society exercises. She is a good Aunt and I love her dearly.

I have written this in haste. Please excuse mistakes and accept these few lines from your loving brother,

JAMES A. THROOP

P. S. — Please write very soon. Our family here are all in usual health and send their respects.

Preston, Chenango Co., N. Y., June 11, 1854

My Own Dear Sister:

Several days have elapsed since the reception of your dear and affectionate letter, and although I felt an ardent desire to answer it immediately, yet I have unavoidably delayed until now, when I embrace the earliest opportunity to answer it.

How very, very lonely I should be if it were not for your ever welcome letters, filled as they are with encouragements and other tokens of sisterly affection, they serve to cheer me on in the stormy sea of life, ever encouraging me to do that which is right, but warning me to shun the many evils, temptations and vices that are so rife throughout the land. Oh, it is indeed a great blessing to have a Sister to love, with all the pure and ardent affection of which a brother is capable. Then to know that that love is reciprocated, makes it doubly blessed to know that that Sister is ever ready to lend a helping hand and do all she can for the prosperity and happiness of her brother is a blessing that few know how to prize.

When we look back upon all the incidents of our life's history, can we not plainly see the finger of Providence that has led us safely through thus far? Yes, He doeth all things for our final good. He is a Father and a Protector to the fatherless. Truly we need to ever thank Him, to bless Him, to praise Him, to love Him with all our hearts for His goodness and mercy.

I was very glad to hear that you were enjoying good health and getting along so finely; but I was sorry that there still remained a doubt about your expected visit. I shall feel very bad if it is so you cannot come. But I hope and trust you will come if possible.

Aunt Mary still remains at her old home, although she is expecting to spend part of the summer at Uncle Wm.'s, I believe. Sanford has been quite sick, but is some better now. The Furnace they have rented. Uncle Wm. was chosen to settle the estate. Sanford, when he is well enough, works in the furnace by the day, I believe.

Aunt Almira, I am happy to inform you, we think, is getting better. She has been very sick, but is slowly recovering. She often speaks of you. Please write to her if you have time.

We have lately heard from Uncle Benjamin Sweet. They are getting along finely. All are in good health.

Uncle Wm.'s wife, and Willie, came down here Friday, made us a good visit and went away this morning. I neglected work ½ of yesterday and had a first rate

visit. Lucius has gone to Mass.; hired out for three months to drive cattle; gets $60.00 for the three months and his expenses. The rest of the family in usual health.

As for myself, I am getting along very well; have enjoyed pretty good health with the exception of a pretty severe cold which has lasted some three or four weeks, but as yet I have lost no time by it. Have but little over two months longer to work before my time runs out; have worked about three months.

We have a meeting of the Preston Union Club as often as once in four or five weeks this summer; when we have the Preston Vindicator read and a lecture before the society. In these meetings I enjoy myself very much. We talk some of having a kind of an outdoor meeting, picnic, etc., about the fourth of July.

I have lately had some news from Hamilton. Mr. Solomon that married Widow Blinn, after trying in vain to get back to Madison University again, is now studying to be an Episcopal Minister.

I have lately received a letter from Mr. Utter. He is well.

Our family here are all in usual health, with the exception of Aunt Ann, who has a severe cold. They all wish to be remembered. Grandmother speaks of you often and takes a lively interest in your welfare.

Please excuse mistakes and the hasty manner in which this is written. Write very soon to your own dear Brother.

JAMES ADDISON THROOP.

MISS CORDELIA THROOP

Preston, N. Y., July 2nd, 1854

My Much Loved Sister:

Your ever precious letter came to hand last eve and was read with much interest. I feel so overjoyed to think that you are coming, that I should see you so soon, that I hardly know how to express it. I am very thankful that circumstances are so favorable to your coming, for I very much feared that you could not.

Dear Sister, shall you have company upon your journey? I sincerely hope that you will, but if you do not, suffer me to give you a little advice. Do not place too much confidence in any stranger, however affable or polite he may be, or however much he may talk upon religious matters, and affect congeniality with your feelings. Still he may be the veriest hypocrite that ever lived. Look out for these things, for they include nearly all the dangers which a person is subjected to in traveling alone. Uncle Nye used to tell me a very good maxim while I was with him. Says he: "When you are dealing with a person, do not think him either honest or dishonest, but do what is right yourself and keep a sharp lookout." Then you will have some care about your baggage. Be very careful of your health, expose yourself to no unnecessary danger, etc., etc. I trust that God, who is our Father and

Protector, will guide, direct and watch over you, will keep you from all sickness and danger, and bring you back to your own loved home which you have gained in the hearts and affections of your many dear friends..

If possible, drop a line to me when you get to Chicago, and at other places on the route, for I shall feel very anxious about you. If anything should happen to you or if you should have any trouble on the way, do not fail to write to me. But I trust that you will have no trouble. I trust that you will have an interesting and pleasant journey.

When you arrive at Hamilton, **Please write immediately.**

Let me know when you can come to Preston, etc. I shall endeavor to be at Hamilton sometime in Commencement.

Oh, how much enjoyment I anticipate having, visiting with my own dear Sister, and I am so thankful that you are coming.

July 9th. — Friday, the 8th, we had very interesting outdoor exercises of the Preston Union Club. They met together in our orchard, where there assembled quite a large congregation to hear us perform. We had a very interesting time. How much I did wish you were here. But I expect that you will be here at our next meeting on Sept. 2nd, 1854, when you can see us as we are. We number now about forty members.

Well, Cordelia, the Norwich Academy term closed the fourth of July, and we have engaged a room for the next term, and are making preparations and calculations to attend.

Our friends and relatives here are all in usual health. I have many things I wish to talk with you about. To undertake to write half would be a mere aggravation. Therefore I will try to wait patiently until that long looked for period shall arrive, when we can talk and enjoy ourselves in each other's society.

Aunt Almira is slowly regaining her strength. She feels very glad to think that you are coming here this summer. So goodbye, dearest Sister, for a short time. From your brother,

JAMES A. THROOP.

CORDELIA

P. S. — I am enjoying very good health and spirits, for which I am very thankful.

To Cordelia Throop, Hamilton, Madison County, N. Y.

Preston, N. Y., July 30, 1854

My Much Loved Sister:

During the past week I have often, very often thought of you. I have prayed, yes, prayed, to our Heavenly Father that you might be protected from sickness and from all danger, that you might have a pleasant and profitable journey, and be permitted once more to meet those dear friends who take such an interest in your welfare, and who are so anxious to see you. My prayer has been answered. You are now safe in your own loved Hamilton home, and I sincerely thank the great Giver of all Good for it.

O how I long to grasp again your hand, and to enjoy again your presence and society. If life and health are spared, I have reason to expect in a few short days that I shall enjoy this blessing. O how much happiness I anticipate and with God's blessing, I hope not to be disappointed.

Dear Sister, I should very much like to visit with you before Commencement, but for the reason that we are now in the busiest part of the year — haying — it is almost impossible for me to leave my employer for the present, but I shall try to arrange matters so that I can be at liberty by about the 15th of August. Most people are through haying now, but Mr. Haynes has about 80 acres of grass to cut, and we have been over three weeks working at it and have only got about half done. I shall try to be at Hamilton at Commencement, after which I shall beg the privilege of accompanying you to this place. That is, if you have not a previous engagement, though I would like to have you visit up to Hamilton before, and here after, Commencement, as you expected.

We expect Zelia and Theresa down here this week, but I shall have no chance to visit with them except at night after 9 o'clock, and this will be a mere aggravation, but I shall try and just see them and that is about all I shall be able to do. As for losing time now, it will be almost impossible, for Mr. Haynes is rather an exacting man, and does not show a sufficient respect to the wants and feelings of others. Nevertheless I have enjoyed myself quite well there this summer.

Please write to me very soon, and inform me how long you will be able to stay. Do stay as long as possible.

If it should happen so that you could not stay as long as you expected, please inform me, so that I may make different arrangements, if possible.

Our folks are all in usual health and are all very much rejoiced to think you have come. Write very soon. Excuse the hasty manner of my writing, for my time is quite limited.

From your brother,

JAMES A. THROOP.

Preston, N. Y., Nov. 18, 1854.

My Own Much Loved Sister:

I again seat myself to the very agreeable task of writing to you. I came home last night from my school and today as a day of leisure which I shall improve in part by writing to you.

How natural it is, after a severe trial, to look back and see some good that has come by it. It is so with almost everything. We see that our destinies, our lives, are all governed by an Overruling Power, and if we will but trust in Him, all will be well. In all our trials, if we could only have perfect faith, and know that He doeth all things well, and seeth the end from the beginning, how differently we should feel, how much happier we should be. As for myself, I feel like the father of the son that had a dumb spirit, that I believe but pray God to help mine unbelief. (Mark 9:17-27). That I may have faith to believe the wisdom of all the ways of Providence. Yes, dear Sister, perhaps your being so sick has tended to some good. I am sure of one thing, that I never before so fully realized how much I loved my Sister. How nearly she was allied to my very existence, and how priceless, yes how priceless, those precious

gems are to me that I am accustomed to hail so joyfully, those dear encouraging sisterly letters. How could I get along without them? I am so thankful, so thankful, to the great Giver of all good, that I have yet a Sister to love and my earnest prayer now is, that she may very soon be blessed with health and strength again.

Well, dear Sister, I think I am fairly introduced into the dignity of the teacher's profession. You may ask how I like it? I answer what calling is higher, more ennobling, or responsible than the teacher's? Never before did I so fully realize what it was, and although I have engaged in a small district school, still I can judge something of what a teacher's life is.

Dear Sister, would you like to know how I am situated? Four miles east of Norwich, among some rich old farmers, who live among the hills of Chenango, noted for pure water and free air, can be found a small red and white school house, situated on the top of a hill. Within those walls I have engaged for the term of four months, my time and talents, to be employed in teaching the "young idee which way to shoot." I have taught now two weeks, and like it as well as I expected, and rather better than I was afraid I should. A far as I have become acquainted, I like the inhabitants very much. They appear to be very kind and obliging and I enjoy myself.

So much about school matters. Teaching I think I shall like. If I do and my life and health are spared, I may be wending my way to the Western world by another fall, and at least be a little nearer to my own dear Sister. Also, if my health is good and nothing happens, I think of attending school at Norwich next spring and fall, but I cannot tell for a certainty.

How pleasant it would be if we could be near each other in our labors and enjoy each other's society. How I should enjoy it. Can we not manage to have it so, some time? It is my earnest prayer that I may live to do some good in the world, that I may not live in vain, that when Death calls me home that I may know that the world is some better for my having lived in it. I wish, not for my own personal aggrandizement, but for the knowledge that I am advancing the great cause of truth, that I am instrumental in teaching others the true source of happiness. I think when engaged in such a work, I can be happy. I am well aware that I must first teach myself, that I must first cast out every beam and every mote out of my own eye, that I must be purified from all evil. I am well aware of all the self denial and perseverance that I must exercise, but I think, by the help of our Heavenly Father, I shall be able to accomplish all and then with the knowldge of doing good, I think I can be happy.

I wish you all success, dear Sister, in your new situation. I think you will enjoy yourself much in the society of Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, and I hope your duties will be lighter and your school pleasanter than before, and that you may find as good, faithful and true friends there as that dear friend, Miss Knowles. Such friends are worth knowing, and only such is true friendship. Where they are ever the same, in sickness or in health, in prosperity or adversity. Please give her my heartfelt thanks for all the care and attention she has shown my own dear Sister, and for her informing me in regard to your situation each day until you were better, etc.

I hope soon to hear from you again as happily situated in the Academy at Henry (Illinois). Do write, dear Sister, as often as you can make it conveniently. Direct your letters as before at Norwich.

Our folks are all in usual health. Grandmother worried a good deal about your sickness and she is very, very much rejoiced to think you are now better. Aunt Almira is in usual health. If she has time, she will send a line in this. Aunt Mary and little Oliver have been spending a few weeks with us here. Her health is very much improved, and she is in better spirits than could be expected. Sanford's health is also improving. Please write soon. From your brother,

JAMES A. THROOP.

To Cordelia Throop, Henry, Illinois.

Norwich, N. Y., February 10th, 1855.

My Much Loved Sister:

Again I seat myself to the very agreeable task of scribbling a few thoughts to you. How eagerly I grasped your last letter and read with much interest, I can assure you. When I noticed that it was superscribed in a different handwriting, I trembled for fear of bad news, but rejoiced to find that all was well. I have heard indirectly that Henry is much more unhealthly than Keokuk. I hope this is unfounded. Is it so? Please describe the place, that is, its size, etc. How much larger than Norwich is it?

How anxiously I look for the coming of your letters and how much I enjoy this precious privilege of epistolary conversations with you in an especial manner. I have often thought how great this blessing. If it were denied us when friends separated a few years, they would become as strangers to each other. They never could tell each other their joys, their trials, their sorrows, they never could receive each other's counsel, advice and consolation, but would be as strangers to each other. And I can realize somewhat how great this blessing must be to those who go far away from home and friends and acquaintances to a land of strangers. Then how very precious this privilege must be of communicating with absent friends. I can indeed now realize something of the cares and duties of a teacher. I can realize how after the cares and labors of the day are over, we feel little at night like taxing the brain more, weariness comes over us and we need rest exercise, or what would be much more congenial, the sympathy and communion of some congenial spirit. I almost wonder that with all the calls upon your time, how you can find time to correspond as much as you do. But to those who have a disposition, there is a time for almost everything. There are in our district some men who, with their families, spend the long winter evenings in idle talk or in "sleepily dozing the hours away." When asked to subscribe for a paper, will say "We haven't time to read one if we had it," and contentedly spend their lives without knowing anything about what's going on in the world or caring. They generally have the same opinion as their fathers did before them in regard to matters of politics and religion. Then there is another class who do a great deal more work in a year than this awful busy? class ever thought of doing, who take and read five or six papers, besides finding time to do much other business. Now this class that have no time to take a newspaper, I presume, think that they improve all their time and in reality can spare no time to read: they think it necessary to talk just so much, and sleep just so much, and be idle just so much, but I suppose they never acquired a taste for reading, therefore it would be hard to create an interest, still, if they only knew what was for their good, they would seek to improve themselves in knowledge and wisdom. How easily we can tell such persons, they will converse for an evening or so pretty freely, when their stock of knowledge will be about run out, and they will begin to fall back on jokes and nonsense, and so it will be the same old story continued clear through.

Fourteen weeks have I been engaged in teaching and still I like it when I feel well. A short time now and I shall have to take my leave of our little red school house with all the pleasant associations that have been formed within its walls. My scholars improve in their studies and appear to be enjoying themselves. I strive to the best of my ability to teach them in all matters, so as to improve their moral, as well as the mental condition, try to perform my duty faithfully towards them.

I have lately received a letter from Mr. Utter. He appears to be enjoying himself this winter, is blessed with health, etc. Is there anything more true than that, in order to have the full exercise of a sound mind, we must have a sound body? Then my

impression is that we ought to do all in our power to preserve a healthy body, and that we not only ought to do it, but are morally bound to do it. Then in engaging in any kind of business, we ought first, to inform ourselves with regard to the place where we work or labor, whether the climate is congenial to our constitution, whether the business is that which will be likely to improve or impair the health. If we blindly persist in that which, from our occupation and situation, will be likely to impair the health, the consequences, disease and death, will be sure to follow. There are places where every person can be useful and labor, for the good of mankind, and also preserve that precious boon, health. We ought to seek a place to labor where we can do the most good. And I cannot make it look right for a person to go to a foreign land where nothing is congenial, where in ninety-nine chances out of a hundred, he destroys his health, and dies a premature death. And for what? Say, for instance, it is to teach the poor, benighted, ignorant people of Asia the true religion, to point them out the true way of salvation. This, in itself, is very good and noble. But after you have done all this, after you have told them that you came from a Christian land out of a desire for their salvation, they undoubtedly will feel very grateful to you and think a land thus gifted of God, must be almost a paradise to be so abundantly able to spare thousands of laborers from the field at home, to Christianize distant lands. They will think that a land that sends so many missionaries must be almost perfect. They experience some of the fruits of the true religion. They see how it takes away the desire to sin, how it teaches love, love to God and love to man. But after all this, let them come to this land, this Christian land, imagining it, as they undoubtedly will, almost a Heaven of peace and happiness, and the many sects, denominations and creeds that are here, and see here base hypocrites, who do all manner of evil, under the garb of religion, who persecute each other, and who, if the law would protect them, would shink not to imprison, torture and kill!

Let them see here the many workers of iniquity, who make self aggrandizement the only object of their existence. Let them see here men professing Godliness, ministers of the Gospel even, buying and selling the souls and bodies of their brother man. Let them go to our large cities, New York, for instance, and behold the suffering, misery and starvation, which ignorance and abject poverty have brought upon them. Then see our churches giving money for their conversion to Christianity, away in distant Asia. In view of all these things, would they not cry, "Let me go back to my own comparatively happy country. Let me go back, for if this is the fruits of Christianity in a Christian land, I want nothing more to do with it."

I do hope Mr. Utter will soberly consider this matter, and I think he will soberly come to the conclusion to labor and do good in his own country. For, verily, here the harvest is plenteous, but the laborers are few.

My own darling Sister, perhaps I have written too much. I little thought when I commenced to comment about health, that I should go so far, but please excuse me. I know your feelings are different. But these are some of mine upon the subject of foreign missions. And I think you will admit there is some reason to them. Yes, come to the real essential truth, I think we do not differ. Perhaps I am prejudiced about this, very likely I have some wrong ideas, still foreign missions will look in this light. I cannot help feeling that it is our duty as a nation to first purify and Christianize ourselves, to first become established in the truth, and not be of so many minds. I may see things wrong. I pray God that I may have my understanding enlightened, that I may receive a knowledge of the truth.

Please write, as soon as possible, and believe me ever, your Brother, whose greatest happiness is the knowledge of the health, happiness of his only darling Sister Cordelia.

J. A. THROOP.

To Cordelia Throop, Henry, Illinois

Preston, Chenango Co., N. Y., April 29th, 1855

My Own Dear Sister:

Long and anxiously did I await the coming of your letter, until anxiety began to grow into alarm, and I trembled for fear you were again prostrated by disease. Time and again did I send to the Village, but no letter came for a seemingly long time. But today I am relieved from this awful suspense and can now account for not receiving a letter before. The last letter, which you directed to Norwich, for some unaccountable reason I have never received.

Words are inadequate to describe the joy and thankfulness with which I perused that precious letter, so full of love and affection. I can only say my own darling Sister, may God bless you. Those precious words, so precious, so full of consolation, were doubly dear to me, coming as they did at such a time. Yes, let us trust in God. I know we never ought to distrust or give way to dark forebodings. It is wrong. An unseen hand **will** guide us if we will but go on trustingly, confidingly in the right path. But oftimes there has come over my mind a dark shadow, as it were, shutting out all light, and I feel like one walking in the dark, stumbling around, I know not where. But I shall try hard to overcome these feelings and I trust that I may yet look up with the clear eye of faith when storms threaten and dangers darken around threatening to engulf me. O how earnestly do I desire and pray that I **may** trust implicitly in our Father who doeth all things well.

We have many reasons to feel thankful for many, many blessings that we enjoy.

Every day I thank the Great Giver for all the blessings that we have and enjoy, for improvement, for His Guardian care and protection over us thus far. It is so true that He has given us a mind, that immortal germ capable of so much expansion, and instead of expending its energies upon the vain and fleeting things of this trifling world of fashion, He points us to a better way, to look upward and onward, to strive, ever strive, to improve, to persevere, to go right on step by step, slowly, surely.

How beautifully is nature clothed in her mantle of green! It seems this spring as though I had never before realized how much could be learned by studying her ample volume that lays all the while open for our contemplation. "Love one another as I have loved you" is one great lesson she teaches that is so much disregarded. When we look at the envyings, strifes, contentions, worldly ambitions and all the other evil propensities of mankind and compare them to the beautiful works of nature, so harmonious, so well adapted to all that we could wish, so beautiful withal, we note the contrast. O how much there is to be learned, how vast the field that lies before us! It seems as though we had as yet acquired nothing. The further we go, the more we delve in the intricaces of science, the more do we see our own comparative ignorance, the more do we see there is to learn. In this life, what can we learn compared to the vast incomprehensible whole? I say incomprehensible; it is infinite.

What is your mind with regard to the death of the body? Will it produce such a change that we can at once become perfect in knowledge, virtue, goodness and love, or shall our change be gradual, that is, continually learning more and more, our minds continually expanding and enlarging and drinking from the great ocean of knowledge?

This is a very busy season of the year and farmers are driven with work, having a great deal to do and but little time to do it. I have been very busily occupied for the past few weeks in doing farmer's work. I enjoy it very much. My health is

good. I do not think it has been better for many years, and this, I think a very favorable omen, and I am so thankful. If I can only get my health established, it will be sufficient remuneration for months of labor, for months and years of self denial. Indeed I shall ever have cause to be thankful. I am enjoying myself very much for the past few weeks.

Having thus far filled my letter with telling about myself, my feelings, my thoughts, I must write a little general news and close. On Wednesday, May 9th, there will be a great jollification at the Corners. Distinguished speakers are expected, T. W. Brown, etc. There will be a dinner provided at the Temperance House. Yes, we have a Temperance Tavern now and no other. We are a "leetle" ahead of the Maine Law, which does not take effect in this state until the fourth of July. I suppose our citizens feared its failure in the Senate, therefore thought they would make sure of a Town Law at least; or, in other words, elect officers who would grant no license. How much interest I took in your description of the efforts of Temperance men in your vicinity. It is truly a great reform and one demanding the earnest efforts of all reformers. Those men acted nobly. Moral suasion I think much of. In such cases it is effectual for a time at least. When this great evil of intemperance, the dealing in intoxicating liquors, has been suppressed, then will an honest people have great reason to rejoice.

Last Tuesday, I went to Norwich, collected my school money, got some clothes, etc. After paying all up for watch, books, clothes, and other expenses that I had incurred during the winter, I find I have left quite a little sum. I have great reason to feel thankful that God has prospered me during the past winter. I never told you that I had purchased quite a nice Lever watch last winter, which has turned out to be a good time piece.

In your next, please tell me how temperance is prospering, etc. Uncle DeWitt takes quite a great deal of interest in your letters lately. He is very kind to me, and I reckon him a Friend, a good friend. Aunt Ann is also very, very kind. Grandmother is enjoying very good health. She speaks of you often. Was affected to tears in reading your last letter. She thought it so good. Do write as often as you can. I shall try to rise above these downcast hours and gloomy thoughts, and think, if I am blessed with health, that I shall enjoy myself first rate. My daily prayer is that I may make a good and useful man, that I may live to do good, that I may continually strive for improvement, mentally, morally and physically. Pray for me, dear Sister. I know you do. Why do I ask it? I feel it every day.

Aunt Almira is about as usual. Sends her love. Write as often as possible, for I shall anxiously look for letters from you, and now I must say goodbye for the present.

Yours very truly,

JAMES A. THROOP.

To Cordelia Throop, Henry, Illinois

Preston, N. Y., July 4th, 1855

My Own Dear Sister:

Sunday I attended the funeral of our dear *Cousin Sanford at Sherburne, and now I seize the first opportunity of writing to you about it. With all his debility and weakness with which he had been afflicted so long, still it may be said that his death was very sudden. Not until a day or two before he died did he give up all hope of recovery. He entertained a hope that he might get well, I believe, until Tuesday night, when he was taken very suddenly worse. He had his senses to the last. He said he "was young; it was hard to die, but if he could not recover, he did not wish to live to suffer longer." Perfectly calm and possessed a short time before he died, he called his friends around him and bid them all separately farewell, as though he was about to take a journey. He distributed all his effects among his friends; spoke about his funeral, who he wished to have preach the sermon, etc., etc. When all this had been done, he lay calmly, patiently waiting. He would ask his mother "how much longer?" "how long?" He would place his fingers upon his pulse often and this was noticed five minutes before he breathed his last. Thus he died. Poor boy! So young, it was indeed hard. But he had suffered long enough. No one can wish him back. Dear Aunt Mary! How deeply she has been afflicted! It seems as though her family was doomed.

A few years ago, in that happy family circle were peace and prosperity. There was no place that I loved so well to visit. I always met with a warm reception. There was but few places where so little of that feeling of pride and vanity showed itself. But how changed! That happy family circle is broken up and poor Aunt Mary is left to wander from one place to another. But she will never want for a home. She has many, very many, dear friends who are ready and willing to do all in their power for her. Amid all these crushing afflictions, she seems almost cheerful. A Higher Power sustains her. She says, "Though He crush me, yet will I

***"Cousin Sanford" was the son of Alberto and Mary S. (Throop—daughter of Dan Throop and Sarah Stanton Mason) Sabin; born July 20, 1835; died June 29th, 1855, at Eaton, N. Y. The family record of Alberto and Mary S. (Throop) Sabin, copied from their family Bible, "New York: Published by Nafis & Cornish, St. Louis: Nafis, Cornish & Co., 1847," is as follows:**

Alberto Sabin, born May 13th, 1802; died March 11th, 1854, at Sherburne.

Mary S. Throop, born May 25th, 1803; died May 28th, 1867 at Preston, N. Y.

Married, May 24th, 1827

Their children were:

Sarah Orvilla, born March 7th, 1830; died August 18th, 1831, at Sherburne.

Mary Almira, born March 24th, 1832; died November 21st, 1849, at Sherburne.

Helen Elizabeth, born December 14th, 1834; died September 20th, 1835, at Sherburne.

Sanford Mason, born July 20, 1836; died June 29, 1855, at Eaton, N. Y.

Ellen Eliza, born August 4th, 1838; died August 22, 1851, at Sherburne.

Alberto Emmett, born March 18th, 1842; died March 6th, 1854, at Sherburne.

Oliver Perry, born August 11th, 1850; died February 15, 1870, at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

The Sabin family Bible was presented to James Addison Throop by Aunt Ann, Dan DeWitt Clinton Throop's wife, in 1895, when she moved from Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, to Preston, New York.

trust in Him." She wishes you to write to her. She seems to take a lively interest in our welfare. Just before taking leave of her, she took my hand and says to me: "Addison, suffer and be strong."

O how many things I wish to tell you of my thoughts and feelings, but cannot now. Uncle Wm. and Calphurnia are well. I spoke to them about writing to you. Told them why you did not see them again last fall. They said they had not thought of being offended or anything of the kind. They said they had written once, but forgetting the name of the place to direct it, had never esnt it. They said they would write to you again soon.

Aunt Mary spoke about the letter you wrote to her; how much she thought of it. She should have answered it, but for the care and anxiety that was continually upon her mind. She will write now as soon as she can. Uncle Wm. and Aunt Mary will probably direct their letters to Henry. Can you get them before you return?

July 22. Almost three weeks from the first date. My time is so limited that it is getting to be a real task for me to write a letter. I have no time but the Sabbath, the day of rest. Then it is generally necessary for me to go home, and the necessary chores, with going and coming, take a good share of the day.

Your last welcome letter came to hand a few days since. I am very thankful that you are getting along so well. We are now in the midst of haying. Shall probably be through in three or four weeks, when my time will be out. Difficulties present themselves to hinder my going West. You must not feel too badly disappointed if I do not come. But I shall try to be there by about the middle of Sept. I cannot tell you all the happiness I anticipate. I would like to write more, for I have so many things I wish to say, but I think you will excuse me, dear Sister, under the circumstances. I will write as often as I can. Goodbye, my own dear Sister Cordelia.

J. A. THROOP.

P. S. Our friends in Preston are all in usual health. If you find time to write Aunt Mary, direct to Hamilton, care of Uncle Wm. Write as often as you can, dear Sister, and be assured that although I am unable to write as often as I wish, I think of you every day, and pray for your prosperity and happiness. I hope that we may soon be in each other's society. I shall try and meet you at Galesburg if possible. Dear Sister, pray to our Heavenly Father that all obstacles may be removed and that we may soon enjoy this priceless privilege of again being in each other's society. J. A. T.

To Cordelia Throop, Henry, Illinois.

Preston, N. Y., Aug. 30, 1855

My Own Dear Sister:

Your letter was received several days since; and I have been delaying an answer in order that I might know with regard to my going to Illinois, and not keep you long in suspense. I cannot tell you all the anxiety I have had of late upon this subject. But we now think it is settled. Your arguments and entreaties with Grandmother have had the desired effect. She now says she shall interpose no more obstacles to my going; thinks I had better go; that it will be for the best; but shall

feel very bad to part with me for so long a time. She says she does not blame us for wishing so strongly to be together; that she, under similar circumstances, would feel the same anxiety that we now feel. She does not wish you to think that she has been unfeeling or obstinate; that it was her dread of parting with me that caused her so much uneasiness. She wishes very much that I should go when Mr. Gager Throop returns from Preston, and she appears to be so anxious upon this point that I think I had better wait, as I think it will hinder me but a few days, and Grandmother says it will save her so much uneasiness.

Mr. Gager Throop and family have been in the western part of this state some time; and he has written to Mr. Wait that he should be after them in about two weeks from now; should come to this town and make a short visit and return to Chicago. So you see that this arrangement will hinder me only a few days. Much as I desire to be with you at the appointed time, taking all things under consideration, I think I had better wait until he comes. A few days, I think, will not make much difference when we have the assurance of so soon being together.

Well, dear Sister, the "Rubicon is now passed," and have we not great reason to be thankful that things now look so favorable; that the doubts, fears and objections that troubled us so long are beginning to disappear. In those darkest days, when objections were made on every side and the plan hardly looked possible, a voice kept whispering in my ear, to trust in a higher power and fear not. To lean confidingly upon an all protecting arm, assuring me that if I would do this all things would be for the best. Dear Sister, I feel that I shall now soon be with you. I think that I shall now soon be where I can talk with you and enjoy your society. I have much that I would say now, but I can tell you all when I see you. If there is anything that will incite me to noble exertions for improvement and for doing good while in the West, it shall be the self sacrificing spirit that you have shown towards me. Dear Sister, how can I repay you for all your kindness? But I will do all I can. I will try, by my every day life and conduct, to convince you that I duly appreciate all your kindness.

If we are blessed with health, and I trust we shall be, we will show Grandmother that her care, anxiety and labor on our account has not been thrown away. We will try and act well our part in all our varoius duties.

I finished work and was paid off last week. Have had quite a pleasant place to work all summer. If I enjoy good health, I think now I shall be quite amply provided with "the needful," enough at least if I teach the coming winter.

Do not things look favorable now, dear Sister? Let us pray always and trust in God. I cannot tell you how thankful I am for the present favorable circumstances. If life and health are spared and nothing serious happens to hinder, I shall soon be with you. Goodbye, dear Sister Cordelia, for the present.

J. A. THROOP

P. S. I would like to have you drop me a line as soon as you receive this. I may write again before leaving. I shall probably start in about three weeks from now. J. A. T.

Mr. Reynolds "had engaged" to take charge of a promising school in Henry, Illinois. Cordelia went along as Lady Preceptress. She had been offered $700.00 a year to go to Lexington, Kentucky, but felt she could not be happy or useful in a slave state. She had been asked to take entire charge of a Baptist school in Muscatine, Iowa, but feared her youth would be against her in such a position—she was only twenty years old. In the meantime, Addison had come West to join her. He spent several months in the school at Henry, Illinois. During the summer vacation he got a job in the Gully Water Cure, where he remained when Cordelia returned to Henry to teach.

To Cordelia Throop, Henry, Illinois

Galesburg, Illinois, February 15th, 1856

Darling Sister:

Here at last, at your "Prairie Home," all right, and now for a short description of our journey here.

We left Henry at the usual time for starting and soon found ourselves safe and sound at the Junction. In about one-half hour, we were again flying over the Prairies on the R. I. R. R. We soon arrived at out destined station on that road and found a sleigh all ready to carry us one mile to the Military Track station.

In this short ride, rather an amusing incident happened, which made Mr. Reynolds laugh heartily at the expense of one of our fellow passengers. We called it a fine joke. One of the passengers had a very heavy trunk, and as the sleigh was crammed full, this man, who was a good natured, easy sort of a fellow, walked a good part of the distance. Mr. Reynolds kept telling him he had better ride, it would not cost any more, etc., but he seemed to take much pity on the horse. When we settled with the driver, he charged this man fifty cents, and the rest of us but two shillings. You may imagine how we laughed at him the rest of the way.

After arriving at this station, we found that the cars had not passed through since Monday. This was rather discouraging, but the agent informed us that the snow plow had that morning gone by, and it was expected that a train would have no difficulty in coming through at the usual time, 10 minutes past three P. M. At this information, we got our tickets and waited. As good luck would have it, about four o'clock they hove in sight, and we were soon en route for Galesburg.

We went on swimmingly until we came to a place called, I believe, Kewanee, when we were informed that we were blocked in. I understood that another train that had arrived Monday had remained stationary at this place, passengers and all.

After various maneuvers, we found that it was useless trying to get out that night. Mr. Reynolds meanwhile, knowing that an old pupil of his lived at this place, went about trying to find the house. He soon found it and we were very urgently invited to stay over night. After finding that we could go no farther, we gladly accepted the invitation. There being but one tavern in the place, the other passengers had a hard time of it, many of them being obliged to sleep in the cars. I have forgotten the name of the family where we stayed. It was very pleasant and agreeable.

Understanding that the Town Lyceum met that evening, we, of course, had a desire to gratify our curiosity to see and hear some of the big guns at Kewanee. We found a large room crowded, and very much interest seemed to be manifested in the proceedings. I was struck with the manifest intelligence of the audience. Many of the men were of the Anti-Slavery party; and this is pretty good evidence to my mind that they are in for some of the reforms at least. The meeting was very interesting, and we were amply repaid for attending.

Kewanee is a small, thriving town, and its history very forcibly reminds me of the "Tents of the mighty," spoken of in the Scripture.

The next morning, after some considerable delay, we were again on our way, but had not proceeded more than two miles when we were again obilged to stop. Jumping off the train, Mr. Reynolds, myself and some of the others went ahead to see the snow plow work. We supposed that it was not more than a mile ahead, but distance is deceptive in these prairies, and we had to travel two miles before we came to it. We soon found it, safely buried in a snow bank, and we patiently watched until they got it out. It was a massive structure, costing about $2,000.00.

When we looked at the vast drift ahead, we were about discouraged about its ever getting through. After getting loose, we ran ahead to see the thing work. There were three engines attached, and after backing up half or three quarters of a mile, to get a fair start, she came ahead with all fury, plunged into the drift, apparently without retarding her velocity, and was soon lost in the distance. The track was perfectly clear. The snow was carefully deposited from the deep cuts on to the bank, and all the work of an instrument. It was a grand sight.

Feeling that we were amply repaid for our trouble, we concluded to walk to the next station instead of going back, as necessarily some delay would keep the train back some time. It was quite a long walk, four miles, and liked to have resulted in our being left behind, but we luckily arrived just in time to jump on the train. Mr. Reynolds felt much better for his walk. The more exercise for him the better, I say.

After several other delays, we arrived in Galesburg about 5 P. M. Mr. Reynolds, as he had been delayed 24 hours, could not be prevailed upon to tarry any at this place, but went on. I found Uncle and Aunt well, as usual| In my next, I will tell you how I like things around here. First impressions of Cedar River, etc.

Love to all. Please write soon to your brother,

J. A. THROOP

P. S.—I expect to feel somewhat lonely for a long time ere I shall get acquainted. The transition is so sudden from your blessed society to that of perfect strangers that you may imagine my feelings. But I trust I shall soon get acquainted. You are always in my thoughts, and very often shall I live over the many happy hours that we passed together.

Mr. Reynolds thinks the Henry paper will give the Literary exercises a "page." If it does, please secure five or six copies for me and send them here, as I shall wish to send as many away. It will be of much benefit to me if you will note my mistakes in spelling, etc., and tell me of them. I will try to profit by every remark you may see fit to make. I write in great haste.

Tracy has read your note over many times. He talks a great deal about you. He has shown me the things he has saved for you, etc. Expenses for coming were less than I expected, but, as there now is a connexion, people from Henry can come straight through. Expenses to Junction, 50c; to next station on route, 45c; fare to Military Track, 25c; ticket to Galesburg, 1.55; total, $2.75. This is somewhat less than you anticipated.

To Cordelia Throop, Henry, Illinois

Galesburg, Ill., Feb. 22nd, 1856

Darling Sister:

It is just one week ago today since I wrote you last. I have thought that I would write to you once a week if I possibly could, and if you are willing I should be be so glad to have you write to me as often. I have spent much of my time the past week in writing, though now I am about even with all of my correspondents.

I have not yet seen Dr. Fearnside; have called three times, when he was not at home. They open the tenth of March with two new physicians, and with very flattering prospects. For two or three days of the present week, I have had a violent attack of homesickness; not that either, exactly, but something similar. I am far from wanting to go back to old Preston, but I have felt lonely and sad. I miss your society so much. That, I think, is all. I am daily growing more contented.

Galesburg, the more I see of it the better I like it. It is a fine looking place, and in summer must be quite beautiful. Uncle Sanford's house fits my eye exactly. It is built in just the right shape, and looks so tasty. The rooms, I think, might be constructed more conveniently, but notwithstanding it is fine. Then such a beautiful yard, with its trees and shrubbery.

Sister, I have not yet got acquainted with Uncle Sanford. I fear I never shall. He seems so distant and reserved, scarcely ever speaking unnecessarily. I can hardly tell by his manner whether I am welcome or not. Aunt Lucretia I like very much. I cannot help it. She seems to take such an interest in your welfare, and I should also judge her to be very kindly disposed toward myself. Alonzo, too, I have not yet got acquainted with. Tracy I like first rate. He and I are pretty good congenial friends. He has had great times with Valentines for a few weeks, and I find him to be quite a poet withal. The other day he got to telling me before his mother about his religious belief. Says he: "I'm an Atheist. They can't make me believe anything else." I asked him what an Atheist was. He replied: "B'lieve everything came by chance." "What do the Deists believe, then," says I. "Oh," he replied, "they are just the same, only a little more so." Speaking to his mother, he says: "Such a great, long lingo as you go through with here every morning——" I could not understand the rest. At this juncture his mother put a stop to him.

Cousin Richard Nye came here last Sunday and stayed with me over night. I find that Uncle's people do not think very much of him. He has been practising for the past five years in Morris on the Illinois River. We have been past there several times. If I had known of his living there I should have stopped and seen him. He is not intending to stay there much longer, but is now looking for some good place to locate.

Yesterday evening Uncle made me quite an offer or position. He says that when Lorenzo comes, he has forty acres of land, team and farming implements that he and I can take the land and have what we can make. What think you? If things come around right, I would go into it.

As soon as I got out from the omnibus on my arrival here, I started to see that great wonder, Cedar River. All breathless with haste, I took the direction you described, and soon found myself on the bridge, when much to my dismay, that

beautiful, majestic river was frozen over so that, for the life of me, I could scarcely tell where it was. Howsoever, after the ice gets fairly broken up I shall take pleasure in viewing that mighty(?) stream.

What lots of lawyers there are in the West! Every little place of one hundred inhabitants supports some six or eight.

I was glad enough to receive that good long letter you remailed to me from Aunt Ann. It contained lots of news. I was so thankful for that little note. I have read it many times. You feel much the same as myself. Yet, dear Sister, we should not feel so sad. But a few weeks and we shall again enjoy each other's society. I was sorry the new Teacher had not arrived when you wrote. Hope ere this he has arrived and has taken his place in the School. Hope you will enjoy yourself at Mr. Lombard's. I think that you will.

Then you, too, have received Valentines, have you? But how happens it that you are so sure of the name? Did Mr. George Cook sign his name? You did not tell me what the other was. Darling Sister, to write to you seems some like conversing with you. I am so lonely with no one to talk to, or any one that I am familiarly acquainted with. Have you received the letter I wrote you one week ago? I have not yet received any papers from Henry. If they contain anything about our exercises, please send some and oblige. Write as soon as convenient and tell me all about the school the new teacher, how you like him. You can tell what I shall most want to know. Please excuse all bad spelling, ungrammatical expressions, etc. And now, dear Sister, once more, goodbye.

J. A. THROOP

To Cordelia Throop, Henry, Illinois

Galesburg, Ill., March 7th, 1856

Miss C. Throop:

Your welcome letter came in due time and was eagerly read, but those long looked for papers have not yet arrived. I yesterday received a letter from Cousin Henry, the first that I have received from N. Y. since Aunt Ann's letter, which you re-mailed. It contained some good news and I was much gratified to see the great improvement in his style of writing and composition. Is it not a pleasurable task to assist those who desire it to aid and encourage, even though it requires patience and labor? If by any exertions of mine I could possibly influence that wayward one to a life of usefulness, O how great would be my reward.

Last Sunday I received a note from Mr. Reynolds, dated the day before, stating that he was en route for Henry, and you may be assured that I was somewhat surprised from your letter that he had not arrived at Henry, but was in Keokuk, and sick. It must be that there is some mistake.

Uncle Sanford is full of business about these days. He has lately bought a large, well cultivated farm about twenty-five miles from this place. Has engaged a man to go to his farm, two miles east, and make brick. He is having five hundred cords of wood chopped and drawn to the desired spot. He is buying twenty or thirty lots in and around Council Bluffs and Kansas Territory. He intends to take a trip soon on the R. R. and buy land in different places on the route. He is going to tear down his house, build another, finish his shop, fill it with goods, etc., etc., etc.

Verily, he is a business man, giving his whole mind and energies to the making of money, money! Would he ever be satisfied though he possessed millions of millions? No, never! But with constantly increasing energy would he continue to cry more! more. Father of Mercies, deliver me from such a state! But Uncle has benevolence quite large and conscientiousness quite fully developed. I do not think that he would by any means get money dishonestly, or in an underhanded manner. Still he bows too slavishly to sordid Mammon. The love of money is by far too strong within him for his own good. His mind is so completely absorbed that he thinks upon no other subject, and therefore he is an "old fogey" on almost every question, and I presume every morning repeats the same prayer that he learned in his youth, with very slight variations, and the same table blessing verbatim three times a day. To say that I love him would be far from expressing my feelings, for he is far from being congenial with me. But I can say that I respect him for all his noble propensities, and pity him for the unduly developed leading characteristics. I can assure you that I am far from being in any way prejudiced against him, for I consider that we all have our faults and weak points, as you no doubt can fully testify since reading my phrenological character.

By the way, have you received the letter I sent you one week ago? And if you have sent the enclosed to Aunt Almira? These are to me quite important questions. In regard to my mistakes, I think that I have improved some, and am thankful. I am much obliged for your kindness in correcting them, and can say, Please keep on and I will try to profit much by your corrections. Not a day passes but what I think of you so often, and it is my heartfelt prayer that I may become more worthy of all that love of my noble, true hearted Sister. I should be a brute if I did not struggle and put forth every energy by way of preparing for a life of usefulness. Please remember me to Mrs. Potiphar and other school friends and be assured of the sincere love of

Your Brother,

JAMES A. THROOP.

Box 9, Galesburg, Ill.

To Cordelia Throop, Henry, Illinois

Galesburg, Ill., April 11, 1856

My Own Darling Sister:

A week has quickly passed away since I wrote you last. It seems hardly possible that I have been here eight weeks, and that this is the ninth letter I have written you from this place. Time flies almost imperceptably now, because I am happy and everything around me seems congenial. I try to be happy all the while, for I know that it is for my interest to look on the bright side of everything. A few more weeks, dear Sister, and we can again enjoy each other's society. They will quickly pass away.

I am glad you have found out the truth that going through a collegiate course of study does not make **men.** The **men** are made before they enter college walls. Not that I would say aught against a thorough collegiate education, but too many young men start in life with an idea that they never can be anybody unless they go through college, and thus they will spend four or six of the best years of their life

in bending over their text books, and too often they graduate perfectly ignorant on every other subject. By this I do not intend to carry the idea that we should not exert ourselves to obtain an education. By no means. This is the great object of life—to **discipline** and **improve** the mind, to cause it to rise above the low and earthy, and have high and ennobling aspirations. But I do say that four years of college life does not make the **man,** as very many striking examples will testify.

You must not get low spirited and discouraged, dear Sister, but always try to be as cheerful and happy as possible. We cannot have everything as we would. If we do our duty, that is all we can do. Try to get along as happily as possible. You have my earnest prayers for your success.

I have had an opportunity of hearing I. Codding lecture on matters and things in regard to Kansas. He is the gentleman who took dinner at Mr. A. G. Throop's while we were there. He is an able and efficient laborer in the field of reform. His lecture was earnest, eloquent. I wish you could hear him.

Last night I was initiated into the secrets, signs, passwords, etc., of the Temple of Honor of this place. I think that it may be of much advantage to me.

Then you have really called upon Bro. Walkers. Wonder how you came to find them frying griddle cakes instead of pork, which to them, no doubt, is very congenial living.

Speaking of living reminds me of ours here, which I enjoy so much. Here you can eat just the food which Nature requires. Much pains is taken that it should be cooked in just such a way, and we all like it first rate. The treatment gives us a hearty appetite and graham bread and puddings, etc., go first rate.

I am about tired of going to the depot with the expectation of seeing friends, as I have every time been disappointed. I should have liked very much to have seen Mr. R. I can fully sympathize with you in your loneliness. But don't be discouraged. Look on the bright side, and all will, I trust, be well with you.

I have lately received a very interesting letter from Grandmother, Aunt Almira and Aunt Ann, assuring me of so much regard and love. Aunt Almira had received your letter and said she thought the description of my character a truthful one, and confirmed Fowler as a teacher and successful delineator of the science (of Phrenology). She says: "Tell Cordelia that I will write her soon if health and convenience permit, and that I bear towards her a love very nearly allied to that of angels, because she is the cherished orphan of my brother in heaven." It is right to love the good and beautiful, as we do the pure and sinless immortals, is it not? Grandmother and Aunt Ann's letter was so good I wish you could read it. I shall expect some Daguerreotypes now in a short time. I am glad you are doing so much for your health, and will only say **persevere.** Your letters! How I love them and long for them! Thank you for such good long ones. Tell me all about yourself and your joys and sorrows, for all is of lively interest to your Brother. Good night, and may God bless my own darling Sister.

J. A. THROOP

P. S.—Aunts Ann and Almira very earnestly requested that I should send them my Oration, and the invitation seemed so earnest that I have complied; of course, giving them the needful explanations. J. A. T.

To Cordelia Throop, Henry, Illinois

Galesburg, Ill., Wednesday, May 21st, 1856

My Own Precious Blessing:

Again I have been favored with a blessed assurance of love from you, my dear Sister! I rejoice with joy unspeakable at the news of your returning health and spirits, and you, too, will rejoice to learn of my own improving health. Oh, my Sister! I hardly know myself. I am feeling so happy, I find considerable difficulty in working off the extra steam. We now have quite a company here and of late have had joyous times either in playing simple games or congregating on the veranda and listening to a song or speech from each member of our company. On Monday it was so pleasant that we prolonged our exercises until past ten o'clock.

But I must tell you about my chum* who has lately come in. To begin, he is a member of the Senior class of Lombard College. Don't be prejudiced now, before I tell you further. But, pshaw! I know you won't like him, for he has not "black, curly hair" nor "dark eyes with a blending of fun and fire." How provoking to us small, light complexioned fellows, that the "ideal" of the ladies always have dark, curly hair, black eyes and tall and well proportioned at that. Now this way of doing business is giving us but little chance. But to return. I fear you will not be pleased with a description though, so I guess I won't say any more about this now. I like him well so far and we have good sociable times together. Fowler gives him some such a description phrenologically as myself.

Wasn't Sunday a beautiful day, and how well I enjoyed it! I spent the A. M. very pleasantly in reading some selections from Byron with Miss Eliza. In the P. M. we took the Dr.'s horse and buggy and went up to Mr. Jenning's, distance about five miles, close by what is called Henderson's Grove. I cannot tell what a fine time we had. I was in one of my happiest moods, and it seemed so much like home (only much pleasanter) in the beautiful meadows, orchards and groves. We there had quite a company of us, and we rambled in the orchards and woods admiring the surpassing loveliness of all around. And don't you think that I was so completely enraptured that I was obliged to let off steam under the shade of some of those beautiful trees by way of preaching a sermon to a small but very attentive audience. Then we had singing; then we went to a Sabbath School; then we came home, well pleased with our ride and with everything and everybody. Miss Eliza makes very agreeable company, but, of course, she is not quite equal to Friend Rowena. In nothing can I enjoy myself better than in talking freely upon some favorite theme, or reading, with some one, some favorite author. I cannot enjoy reading the sublime alone. I want some one near to enjoy with me the sentiments which seem so grand. Then my happiness is complete. It was in this way that I got acquainted with Miss Rowena. Her views were so near like my own that we used oft to meet together and spend happy hours in reading our favorite authors.

We are having such beautiful weather. Oh, that you were here, my own darling Sister, to ride with me and enjoy this beautiful scenery. I suppose you have no opportunity to ride. I am sorry, for it would be of great advantage to you.

I have written to our good friend, Mr. Reynolds. If things are favorable, I shall most assuredly go to Keokuk with you, and I anticipate very much pleasure

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***William Remy Cole, who soon after this met Cordelia. They were married December 31, 1856. One seldom sees so perfect a union as was that of William and Cordelia, a harmonious union of minds, spirits and ideals.**

in the visit. Indeed just visiting the place where you so long have lived would be so interesting, aside from the friends who are urging us to come. I will try and arrange matters so I can go without fail.

Well, dear Sister, it seems you fail to know what a person is from first acquaintance or from reading a correspondence. You have been deceived in Mr. Parrington, and, if I may be allowed to guess, a certain Utter young man; also I in my correspondence with Peter Rambo. But let us learn wisdom from experience. He knows about as much as almost any cigar smoker, tobacco chewer, whiskey drinker. His sphere is not in the school room, but in the bar room of some low groggery, where he would pass for a very fine young man, sociable, refined, intelligent.

I would like to be present at that May party. I hope, however, you will enjoy it very much. Yes, be happy when you can. Try and not allow care domineer too much over your spirits. Be determined not to care for care.

I have not yet received those Daguerreotypes I have been expecting from home. Hope to soon, however.

This week I have written Everett one of the greatest letters I ever wrote in my life in reply to one, the tone of which did not please me. I dwelt on one subject and did that up to perfection. Don't know when I have been able to find words so expressive of my ideas.

Dear Sister, I again charge you not to use that hand so much. Far better to hire a woman to do your service by far. Do be careful, for your Brother's sake.

Aunt and other friends are well as usual, and greatly rejoice at your returning health. I was quite interested in the letter enclosed. I think of sending it to Grandmother, with your consent. She would be much interested. Have you received your rubbers? I have lately received a letter from E. West and Clapp. Remember me to them, and tell them I will write soon. Love to all, and a heart running love for you, my own precious Sister.

J. A. THROOP

To
Mr. James A. Throop
Galesburg, Illinois

Henry, Illinois, May 25, 1856.

My Own Loved Brother:

It was nearly dark when your letter reached me last Monday evening. With swimming eyes, I read and reread it. Then for a long time I sat by my window, and looked out into the calm twilight, repeating "My precious Brother, darling; darling Brother." It was all I could say, for when my heart is very full, the tide of emotion finds vent through other channels than words; and so I sat lifting up my heart in fervent gratitude for His great mercy to you.

No one whose heart feels for the wrongs of humanity can be spared in this fearful crisis. My heart is on fire. The life current boils in my veins. Language is powerless. I have no strength to express the burning lava tide of feeling which thrills every nerve, as each weekly sheet comes to me from the press with its burning

tale of wrong, of justice trampled down in the streets of Kansas; of the imprisonment of those noble champions of liberty; of the seeming triumph of the wicked. My whole system quivers with an intensity of excitement, which no subject has ever before aroused.

My sex is all that keeps me from plunging into (I know not what). I feel like seizing the cross, scathed with fire and blood, which ages since was want to rouse the noble Scots to their Country's aid, and with it, uplifted high in air, speeding, as on lightning wings, over hill and dale, stopping not till every friend of freedom was summoned to the battlefield, till the crash of a severed Union should shake the nations. Preserve a Union, when the noblest representatives that the North ever produced are to have their brains beaten out by the hell-hounds of the South at the very foot of the Statue of Liberty? Liberty! What mockery in the name! Where is it? Not in the halls of our Nation; not on the bloody soil of Kansas! It finds no resting place in this land of the free, save in the hearts of the few where they echo again that word, once dear to every American. How long! O, Lord, how long!

I know you feel all this as deeply as I do. I sincerely pity the heart that can beat calmly in these days that try men's souls, and, yet, there are those all around us who would not move out of their beaten path, even if every free man in Kansas were butchered.

It seems almost sacrilege to laugh and be merry as we were yesterday at the May Party.

CORDELIA.

To Cordelia Throop, Henry, Illinois

Galesburg, Sept. 24th, 1856

My Precious Sister:

What "lots" of letters I have to write, and I have so much I want to say to all my correspondents that I hardly find time to either do justice to myself or them.

Sister, if you know what is for my good, do not stop those criticisms. Please do observe all ungrammatical constructions, all misspelled words. I shall not tell you how much I have improved already under your instruction, for you have the best opportunity of knowing. Spare not as you love me, but **drag me over the coals.** I have had to finish a letter today, commenced yesterday, to my especial friend, Rowena, which has so put me behind that this will not reach you until Friday.

In a way that you cannot guess, I knew the day that my worthy friend Cole passed through here en route for Chicago. My informant surmised, but I very naturally concluded that he was en route for a place a hundred miles or so southwest of Chicago. I was very much rejoiced that his business was such that he could visit you in Henry, for I knew it would be very pleasant for you both; that you both would enjoy intensely such a visit. I trust that nothing happened to mar the happiness and pleasure of such visit. If so, I feel you will tell me, your Brother. Please have no hesitancy, dear Sister, in confiding in me everything pertaining to yourself, your joys and sorrows, your expectations and disappointments, your feelings, thoughts. I wish to share all with you. Shall we not be perfectly free and

confiding to each other? What could I do without you, my noble, precious Sister? How could I live amid all the trials, perplexities and temptations of life without such a friend, in whom I can confide all my feelings and be assured of love and sympathy in return? Knowing, my Sister, that Friend Cole was with you, I should readily excuse you if you had not written so promptly that cold morning. To be sure, I should have missed your letter on Monday, but knowing the reason, I should have felt satisfied. I received your last on Monday eve. Tuesday eve I did not think in time to be at the depot. I was very sorry at my negligence, but could not help it. Please tell me "lots" about him, how much you like him, etc.

Do you suppose I have eyes and cannot perceive from the stilted tone of your letter how much you like that new teacher? I would not give a cent to be assured of what I already know. But he may turn out at the end of the quarter after all, as Parrington did. But I guess not, for I believe you are beginning to learn wisdom from experience, in your first impressions, and do not trust quite so much to the color of the hair, the shape of the mouth and the peculiar expression of the eyes.

You could not guess what a beautiful present I have just acknowledged from my friend Rowena, and I have a mind not to tell you, but let you guess. But my secretiveness is so small that I shall have to at once tell it all. A beautiful pair of slippers, embroidered in satin, and they are finished so finely and are embroidered so beautifully by one whom I so much love. Shan't I think a "heap" of them? Could a more appropriate present be sent me? Now the question arises, ought I not send something in return? And what woud be most appropriate? I ask your advice.

I have shown my good Sister Gully the daguerreotype, the slippers, etc., and, of course, she begins to suspect a queer state of things, and ofttimes speaks about it, but as I don't exactly understand her, you know, and seem to be wonderfully plagued, she takes all as a matter of course, for which I am very happy. For I like to have a proper understanding with her at least, so that I may feel perfectly free in her society and not act cold and indifferent, so contrary to my feelings. Last Sabbath, herself, brother and your humble servant, by invitation, went to Ontario to see our good water cure friend, Mr. L. C. Mosier and lady. The ride of twelve miles and back was extremely pleasant. And they seemed so happy to have us come that we could not but enjoy it very much. He had a large, beautiful farm, and we rambled about at pleasure. Neither was he behind in the good things of life, and we luxuriated on sweet potatoes, watermelons, tomatoes, etc., real water cure vegitarian fashion, you see. It was a pretty way to spend the Sabbath, you may observe, but we were feeling uncommonly dull in the morning, and at night we felt much better and happier.

Mr. Eugene Weston has been in town lately and I had quite a pleasant visit with him. A singular fellow he is, but good hearted, meaning well in all things and quite intelligent, quite awkward in society, not prepossessing in his appearance. I persuaded him to procure of the Doctor one of those illustrated Manners Books. It would be a good investment for him, do you not think so?

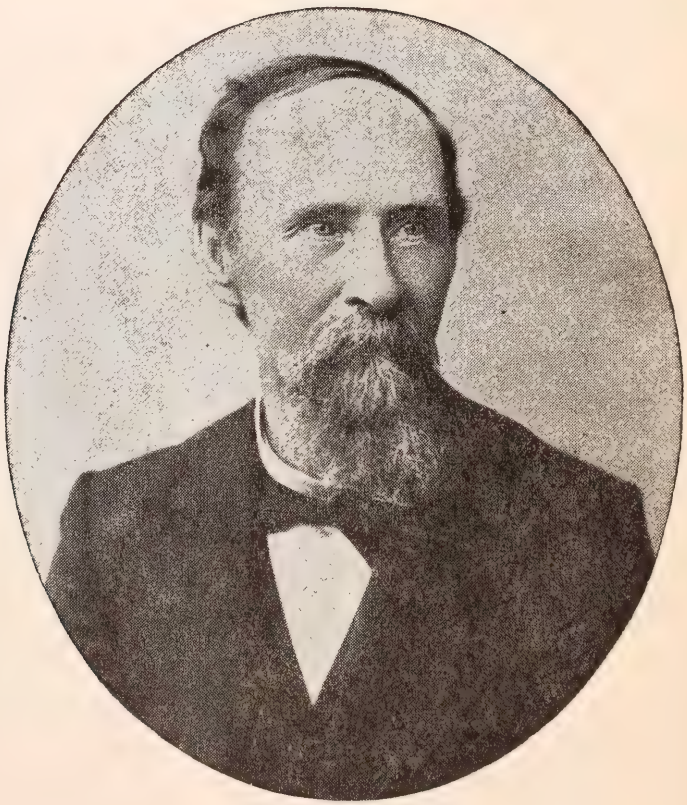
Uncle's people in usual health. Aunt, I guess, sleeps well nights. She has not the least suspicion of matters and things. Therefore she simply inquires after your health and prosperity. May you enjoy much, my dear Sister, and realize all the happiness you now anticipate, and more. Good night.

J. A. THROOP.

CORDELIA THROOP
From a Daguerreotype, taken 1856

WILLIAM REMY COLE
From a Daguerreotype, taken 1856

CORDELIA THROOP COLE
Picture taken about 1896



WILLIAM REMY COLE
Picture taken about 1896

1858

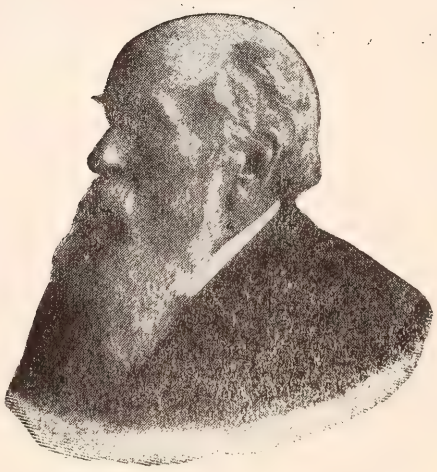
ROWENA BEEBE
From a Daguerreotype taken 1856
(See Page 244, Paragraph 4)

JAMES ADDISON THROOP
From a Daguerreotype taken 1858

1908

ROWENA BEEBE THROOP

At this half century period, the choicest legacy I have to give my children and children's children, and to convey to friends and any who may chance to read it, is: The only way to gain the "peace which passeth understanding" and attain at-one-ment with God, the Absolute Creator, is obedience to the Law of Right Relations of the individual to fellow man, and is voiced as follows: Think, speak and act toward others as you would that others should think, speak and act toward you.



JAMES ADDISON THROOP

It is the experience of those who think, that in the most energetic exercise of the faculties God has given us, results the greatest success and happiness.

That real strength and wisdom is attained by meeting and bearing, with courage and with faith, whatever of trial and suffering may come.

To those who follow us, I commend the cardinal virtues, temperance, economy, industry.

To James A. Throop, Glen Haven, New York.

Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.
December Twenty-seventh, Eighteen Hundred, Fifty-seven.

My Own Precious Brother:

I wrote out the year in full, since it is probably the last time I shall ever commence a letter with the dear, kind old '57. He has been to me so gentle and generous that I shall ever cherish his memory as sacred.

Do you remember all about one year ago today? How William had come unexpectedly the night before, just as I was finishing the bridal dress, and how, about noon, we were all taken by surprise by Lu's advent, and how very patronizing Mrs. Ross was in making a fire in the parlor, and all about that last day in Henry? I, at least, shall never forget, since, by the events which then transpired, a new and fuller life was opened to me, a life in which the heart has room to expand and stretches forth all its fibers in the sunlight of domestic happiness.

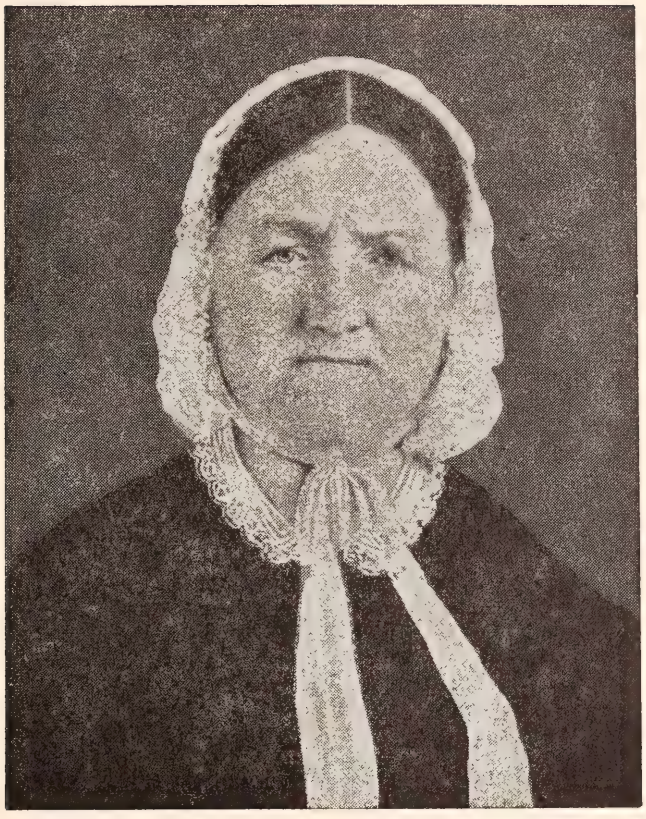
Such an atmosphere, as now surrounds me, is to me, and will be to you, my Brother, the very elixir of life beyond the grave, glorious and triumphant. * * *

O, Brother, you can never know how my soul exults in the glorious views of God, His character and government which now come to me, for you have never known that bondage to narrow, soul-blighting dogmas which I have. The Truth is indeed all powerful. It needs but to be presented to thinking minds.

Tonight I feel like urging William to preach. I long to preach myself. I know I could be eloquent on a theme which so fires my soul. Contrast my feelings now with what they were five years ago, and let your faith in human progress be strengthened.

CORDELIA.

Early in December, 1857, James Addison went to Glen Haven, New York, Water Cure, where he remained a few months until he was married to Rowena Beebe, at McDonough, New York, April 7, 1858. He and Rowena then came to Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, where they reared their family, and lived together for nearly sixty years.



SARAH STANTON MASON (THROOP) WAIT

(Picture taken about 1860)

"Heir of all that they have earned
By their passion and their tears;
Heir of all that they have learned
Through the weary toiling years;
Heir of all their faith sublime,
On whose wings they soared to heaven."

SARAH STANTON MASON (THROOP) WAIT

Born July 6, 1782; Died, August 26, 1867

E traveled with Sarah Stanton Mason (see pages 31-33) from her girlhood home in Lebanon, Connecticut, out to New York State, with her husband, Dan Throop. We saw her, on their upland farm, managing her seven children, looking after their education, cultivating their habits and tastes. We know that, above all else, she saw to it that they read the Scriptures and diligently searched them for proof of the faith that she had instilled into their minds and hearts.

We saw her in 1812, standing in a lumber wagon, giving her Fourth of July oration about abolition, speaking out her mind "like a man." No doubt many of her neighbors considered her a forward, strong-minded woman.

Early in 1837, as a widow, she left the farm, with enough money for her frugal needs. Her son, George, wrote about "his share of the estate;" hers must have been the widow's third.

She took James Addison, her infant grandson, to be the idol of her old age. In 1838 she married Solomon Wait, a widower fourteen years her senior, when she was 56 yeads old, with the understanding that wherever she went James Addison should go, that her home would be his home.

When Solomon Wait died, he willed that she should be paid $100.00 each year on New Year's day, and so it was done.

James Addison was her best beloved. Cordelia she loved, of course. Was she not the daughter of her dear son, George? Cordelia, however, was not her responsibility, nor were her hands or head directing Cordelia's life.

She was a very real person in the lives of her great-grandchildren, just as she was an active influence in the lives of her grandchildren.

After Cordelia was married and the proud mother of three little boys, five, three and one years old, she longed to show her grandmother, whom she had not seen for seven years, what nice boys she had. The opportunity came when Cordelia and her husband, William Remy Cole, decided in 1863 to go back to the Harvard Divinity School in search of "Religious Truth." They were too poor for luxuries or unnecessary expenses. Cordelia had made her own and the boys' clothing, and turned William's overcoat wrong-side out, so all would appear respectably dressed.

After the visit William wrote to Addison, "Cordelia didn't enjoy her visit. I am sorry. We spent $15 extra, and took a week's time for her benefit. I feel well repaid, however. I liked Grandmother Wait, even if she does think our boys on the road to perdition. I could have spent all my time pleasantly and with profit talking with her, had not one or two hours animated conversation exhausted her for the rest of the day. The mistake Grandmother has always made is not obeying the passage of Scripture, 'Judge not.'" (See page 264.)

The boys, who had heard so much of Grandmother Wait, could not understand why she paid no attention to them. Always noisy, they were especially annoying after the long days and nights in the day coach, eating out of the ample lunch basket. They were young and full of life. Great Grandmother Wait at 83 wanted only peace and quiet. Ralph, who was three years old, couldn't stand being ignored. He thrust his little hands in his pockets, squared himself before her and demanded her attention by stating: "When I'm grown up I'm goin' to be a bad man! I will smoke and chew and drink!" (No response.) "I will get drunk—and swear—and lie—and steal!" (Still no response from that stern old face.) "I will fight and kill people—and—and spit!"

The 80 years between them made it impossible for Great Grandmother Wait to know that all Ralph wanted was to be taken into her arms and told: "My little Ralph couldn't do all those bad things!" What she did say was, "I have no doubt you will."

Ralph, sobbing, ran to his mother, to mingle his tears with hers. Cordelia wrote to her brother, James Addison, "Why didn't you read us Uncle DeWitt's letter about Grandmother's condition. We would have known how to take things so much better. Do not feel that I deprecate Grandmother because of her peculiarities that are so marked in her old age. Not at all. She has been a noble woman. Let us apply the lesson her old age teaches us and try to root out those strong prejudices we seem to have inherited, and cultivate that plant of heavenly growth, Christian charity, which 'thinketh no evil, suffereth long and is kind.'" Both Cordelia and James Addison referred to their Grandmother Wait as a remarkable woman.

Grandmother Wait and Grandmother Goldsmith were certain that that her own religion was the only true way of salvation; that the other's religion was false with no scriptural justification. In all sincerity and love, each sought to guide the footsteps of their grandchildren in ways of eternal life. After reading all the letters and diaries in the "Old Traveling Bag," after hearing all Cordelia and James Addison had to tell us of the religious differences, it seems to us that there was much unnecessary sorrow and bitterness. Both Universalists

and Baptists of that day believed in the Trinity; that Christ was divine, their Saviour; that the Bible was a revelation of God's will to man, an inspired guide to Salvation. The only difference that appears, as we look back a hundred years, was in their belief as to the nature of God. Was He a God of love or a God of law?

There was but one short letter from Grandmother Goldsmith written to Cordelia after she had gone out West to teach. Just a short letter from a very old woman longing for the assurance that her beloved grandchild was well and still loved her.

The following letters, full of advice and loving anxiety, were written after Great Grandmother (Throop) Wait was 70 years old. With them we share with you our Great Grandmother Sarah Stanton Mason (Throop) Wait, who seems to us to have been a woman "gifted with a measure of knowledge and observation above what was usual in her sex."

—O. C. S.

September 21, 1851.

Addison Throop, Hamilton, New York, in school with Cordelia.

Addison:

The time has arrived for me to fulfill the promise I made of writing to you, and now the question arises, what shall I write that will prove beneficial to you? I am not sick, but I feel a great anxiety for your welfare. I am at times lonely and desponding on your account. I am afraid you do not enjoy yourself where you are, but I console myself that you are with kind friends who will do everything in their power to render your life happy. But I had much rather that you should be where I am than anywhere else. But if you are contented where you are, and there is a prospect of being benefitted by your studies, it is best to remain there. If not, I would have you return home without fail. Never mind what people say. If you do not want to stay in Hamilton at school, come home.

You know my mind, Addison, with regard to earthly attainments. If you strive to cultivate the faculties that God has given you, and if your end and aim is right, if you are striving to gain knowledge for your own good, that you may be able to benefit your fellow creatures, you will be blessed in your endeavors. But, if otherwise, it will come to nought.

Remember, Addison, that every good gift is from above; that you must look to your heavenly Father for all the blessings you enjoy. Pray to Him every day. Ask Him to enlighten your understanding, to purify your heart and make it a fit temple for the Holy Ghost to dwell in. Call upon that good Spirit, the Comforter, which our blessed Saviour said He would send into the world, and it will lead you into the truth.

There are many that believe, who have never heard that there is a Holy Ghost. Let me entreat you to call upon the spirits of just men made perfect. Call upon the spirit of the Apostle Paul, that he may lay his hands upon you, and you will receive the Holy Ghost.

Perhaps you will think I am going too far, but I tell you I am in earnest. The time has come when it will not do to halt between two opinions. It is time to judge between Him that serveth God and him that serveth Him not. The Lord is making bare His arm and He will sift the nations in the Spirit and in Truth. Read Haggai, second chapter, sixth and seventh verses, and you will understand the meaning. The Lord is performing a great work in these latter days, according to His promise, and the desire of all nations shall come, and the Kingdom of this world shall become the Kingdom of our Lord and His Christ, and He shall reign forever, for he is King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

If you want to come home, I wish you to come. There's enough work here to keep you busy.

SARAH S. WAIT.

Enclosed in above letter to Addison:

September 21, 1851.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Goldsmith.

Venerable Friends:

I had thought of writing a few lines to you, thinking they might be acceptable. I am fully sensible of your loneliness and know from experience that old age has many trials, many pains and many discouragements. But let us not repine. If we can look back on a life well spent and be convinced that we have not lived in vain, we have cause for thankfulness. Let us not be discouraged, but bear with fortitude the ills of life; having this consolation, that our time is short. If we are in possession of that hope, which is like an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast, we may rejoice with joy unspeakable. You are permitted to live to a good old age and I trust have not lived in vain. You have, perhaps, enjoyed as much happiness as commonly falls to the lot of mortals. You have had an opportunity of testing the vanity of all beneath the sun, and are now willing to throw off this mortal coil and enter into that rest which God hath prepared for all His children. And now may the Lord bless and keep you from evil, and may your sunset be glorious, and may you be made instruments in the hands of God for enlightening many benighted souls, and of leading them into the ways of eternal life.

I would like to see you and know your opinions respecting spiritual communications. I would say to you that I am a believer and I think I have sufficient evidence to believe that the same gifts that were bestowed upon the churches in the days of the Apostles are about to be bestowed upon the latter day Christians. And that the Holy Spirit that Christ promised his Disciples is now blessing the believers in Christ. I wish you would bear with Addison. You will find him a particular boy.

SARAH S. WAIT.

Preston, New York, 1851.

Cordelia Throop, Hamilton, New York.

Cordelia:

I have been writing to Addison. My hand is in for it. I thought it would not be amiss to write a few lines to you.

Since Addison was here, I have felt an uncommon anxiety on your behalf. He told me some of the perplexities you have to encounter. I could wish it were otherwise, but, situated as I am, I can do nothing to help you, unless I can give you some good advice.

I read the letter you wrote to Almira.* I was surprised at first, but, on mature deliberation, I cannot say that I have any material objections.

In such matters you ought to be capable of judging for yourself. You cannot but be aware of the importance of what you contemplate. You must not think that human life is dressed in the most brilliant garments your imagination can paint, nor is it free from care, annoyance and anxiety. You will never find a rose without its attendant thorns. I have been once young and am fully aware of the fascinating colors that we are apt to throw around the future, especially if we allow ourselves to believe that we truly love the object on whom we center all our hope.

Cordelia, all is not gold that shines; neither is human life all sunshine. I have often thought that if it were possible for an immature, trusting human to have the veil withdrawn so that she could look reality in the face, and have a clear, unclouded view of the prospects before her, very few would dare take the perilous step. But I know the institution of marriage is sanctioned by the word of God. I can say nothing against it. But if a woman is called in a single capacity, to act her part in the drama of life and is satisfied with it (as the Apostle Paul said) she is happier often, in my judgment, and I think I understand. Be that as it may, you have the privilege and an undoubted right to use your own judgment in the matter. You are yet young and need not be in haste. Let time and experience consolidate your mind, and, after mature reflection, I am persuaded you will be guided in the right path.

I would not have you infer from what I have written that I blame you for anything you have done, but I feel as though, were your father here, his spirit would dictate the same sentiments. He knows the pangs that rent his heart when he witnessed the sufferings of your beloved mother, and it was the source of the keenest sorrow while he was permitted to sojourn in this vale of tears.

Remember me to your grandmother and grandfather. Write to me when you can find time, and do not be offended if I tell you that while I live, I can never give my consent to have you go on a missionary tour. I have faith to believe that you will do more good in trying to benefit the people who live in your own country than in any other way.

SARAH S. WAIT.

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*Cordelia had evidently written of her plans to marry Mr. Utter in order that she might go with him to India as a missionary. (See pages 228, 229.)

Preston, March 31, 1852.

To Addison (Hamilton, New York, in school with Cordelia.)

I have delayed writing for some time on account of ill health, having been afflicted with sore eyes and a troublesome cough, caused by a severe cold. I am now convalescent.

I shall endeavor to do the best I can, as I know you are anxious to hear from home. We are in comfortable health and enjoy as much happiness as commonly falls to the lot of erring humanity. Some few changes have taken place since your absence.

Your Uncle DeWitt has bought Orlando's fiddle, and we have music morning and evening, and many other things too numerous to mention. To those who like change, they are agreeable. To me they are emptiness and vanity. I long for solitude and retirement, away from all the fluttering nonsense of this bewildering age. But Providence has placed me where I am and I will not repine. I am blessed with many blessings and meet with kind treatment from those around me, and pray that I may have the goodness of heart to appreciate these favors.

You will perceive this is not my usual style of writing. You must excuse me and think the occasion called for it. I'll take another subject and endeavor to give you something more congenial to your feelings.

You wish me to give you my opinion on the Parable of the Prodigal Son. You must not be surprised if I give my reason for not complying. You must know, Addison, that I have been young and now am old. I think I know the proper course for you to take. You say you are reading the Bible in order to obtain light. My advice to you is this: If you find that you lack wisdom, ask of God who giveth liberally to all.

Examine the principles of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ; search diligently and prayerfully to be guided by his divine Spirit, and He will lead you into all truth. My prayer is that you may be a follower of Christ, and not a sectarian bigot. As it respects any denomination, I know no choice. Follow the principles laid down in the Gospel and do good unto others in all cases as you would that others should do unto you. Let this be the guiding star of your whole life. Follow peace with all men and aim to do right, and you will receive the crown.

You must consider that I would not wish to prejudice your mind in favor of any particular doctrine. I would have you a Christian, but not a man-made bigot. I could not give you my opinion without subjecting you to some things that would be unpleasant. Situated where you are, I would rather leave you with a great spiritual teacher and your own thoughts.

I have a great anxiety to see you. The time seems long since you left, but it will wear away, and, I hope, the cold weather with it. When you return, I hope we shall be permitted to communicate such things to each other as the occasion may call for. Believe me your undying friend,

S. S. WAIT

On the same sheet of paper on which she wrote the foregoing letter of March 31, 1852, to James Addison, Grandmother Wait wrote the following* to Cordelia:

Delia:

I received your letter, and should have answered it had I been able. I am always glad to receive letters from you and Addison.

With regard to the subject that I treated upon in my last letter, perhaps you thought I was a little severe. You must excuse me for my warmth of expression. I witnessed so much sorrow and distress in viewing the suffering of your departed mother that I could not feel indifferent when thinking what might be the fate of her child.

The subject you mentioned with regard to the disapprobation of your Aunt Weaver toward you was something unexpected. I have not seen your Aunt Weaver since your mother's death, so she could not know my mind on the subject. In order to give you an explanation I shall have to say more than I like to write. That I am prejudiced against **some** members of that particular church I can not deny. I know that your father was falsely accused and basely slandered by some members of that particular church which you joined. The accusations were entirely false. I know also that he knew it and that he bore their accusations with the fortitude of a martyr.

It is not true that I have ever been afraid that your influence would ruin Addison. Ask him if I have not often said to him that it was a prilvilege to have such a sister to look up to. I do not fear your influence, but I have feared that you might have the same opinion of your father's religion as some of your fellow church members have. I have tried to protect Addison from such prejudices. I know there was a great deal said about the opposition he manifested concerning your joining that church. It was not that he wished to deprive you of your privileges that he opposed you. He knew that you were innocent and that you were liable to be persuaded and overpowered by importunities. Situated as he was, he could have no influence over you, so he submitted. Never a father loved a child more deeply than he did you. Never could a father's feelings be torn with deeper anguish than his. He knew what their feelings were toward him, and he knew you were ignorant of it, and he could not talk to you about it. The only source of consolation for him was to withdraw and hide himself from his child. It was not that he distrusted your sincerity or questioned the purity of your motives. I have often thought I would seek some opportunity and talk this subject over with you, but never could find the right time. You know not, nor can you know, the conflicts I have passed through on this account. As it respects Addison, I have dedicated him to God, and have obtained a promise that He would guard and protect him throughout. That He will be with him in the hour of dissolving nature, that He has a mansion prepared for him in the paradise above.

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*This letter of Grandmother Wait's was written when the realization of denominational bigotry first came to Cordelia. When she first came to know that to the intolerant zealot, any weapon, even personal slander—or especially personal slander and falsehood—were considered justified for the "success" of the "cause," the denomination or the party. The seed thus unwittingly planted by Aunt Eunice Weaver grew in Cordelia's heart and mind until it split the shell of bigotry and became the beautiful growth of religious sympathy and understanding that was hers. The next letter, four years later, was written after Cordelia had decided to marry William Remy Cole.

Cordelia, if I have done wrong, say so, and I will retract. I have not said all that I could say, but have, perhaps, said enough for the present. The differences betwixt you and your Aunt you had better settle while you are in the way with her, and be at peace with all the world. I would not be understood to say that the church is corrupt, but that some of the members of the church have not kept themselves unspotted from the world. When you enter the Spirit land, and behold your father face to face, you will then be made to understand the cause of your father's sufferings, and not till then.

SARAH S. WAIT.

Preston, October 26, 1856.

To Cordelia Throop, Henry, Illinois.

Dear Child:

I was highly gratified to think you had not forgotten your aged grandmother, and to hear that you were enjoying such peculiar blessings, after the trials and difficulties that you have been called upon to pass through in your short pilgrimage. I cannot but exclaim with a poet: "How good, how great and how marvelous are the ways of God!"

To Him, Cordelia, you owe the preservation of your life and health and all the blessings you enjoy, and I firmly believe that you will look to Him in every time of need. When I learned that you were released from the galling chains of sectarian bigotry, I rejoiced with great joy. The immortal mind of man must not be bound with the clods of earth, else it will never soar.

You say you were never formed for a bigot. I was aware of that a long time ago. I saw the signs when last you visited Preston. You recollect when I asked your opinion of a certain passage of scripture, you said you did not know, as you could give one; but, you said: "I am going to read the Bible through with a prayerful heart, asking my heavenly Father to show me what is the truth." I then felt confident that with a penetrating mind like yours, with a sincere heart, your prayers would prevail. If I could see you, I should want to say a great many things I cannot write.

You are sensible that you have taken an important step and that you have a formidable antagonist to contend with. Bigotry and superstition are deadly foes to contend with. I commend you to God. Trust in Him, and He will never forsake you. Though clouds and tempests overshadow your pathway, and though trials and tribulations beset you on every hand, He will preserve you and keep you from falling. Only trust Him and Him alone, and you will triumph at last.

There were some hints in your communication that you are thinking of making a material alteration in your condition. Addison hinted something of the same. I would like to know the truth. If you are about to change your name, just tell me and I will be satisfied. I have no objections to make, but shall trust you to choose the right one. I know of no one who stands in greater need of a friend and protector than yourself. Please present my compliments to him and let me know his name.

You say you expect Addison to be with you. You can never know how much I want to see Addison; how much he is endeared to me. I hope you will take care of him. Had it not been for the love he bears you, he should never have left me.

I expect you are not asleep in these times of political excitement. I hope you are doing all you can for the suppression of human slavery—that curse of curses, the foulest blot that ever stained the honor of any government, ancient or modern.

Never since I lived have I seen the time when the hearts of the people were so wrought up as now. What will be the result? Time must determine.

SARAH S. WAIT.

Preston, New York, February 8, 1857.

To James Addison Throop,
Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

Addison:

I have many things I would like to say, but cannot write. Your life is a riddle which I cannot solve. What your destiny will be, God only knows. He it is who must guide your frail barque, if it is ever moored in a quiet place. I have confidence in your integrity, that you will ever strive to do right, that you will not intentionally err.

Remember, Addy, all is not gold that shines, nor all friends true who make loud professions. There is more dross than silver in the great West that is so much talked of, and more rascals than honest men. I am anxious, very anxious, that you should prosper in the business you have undertaken, and that you should be faithful to your employers and that you may do well for yourself. Let me tell you, Addy, to keep a straightforward course toward the right, let truth and justice be your shield, and then you will be prepared to buffet the storms of life, and may the Lord protect you and keep you from evil.

N. B.—Remember me to Mr. Cole and Cordelia* Tell them that I am exceedingly glad to hear that they are prosperous and happy, and, could I have my sincerest wishes gratified they should ever remain so.

I should like to write to Cordelia, could I do it consistently, but my hand trembles, as you will perceive, in such a manner that I think I am excusable. I wish you would write me as often as you can. If you would only think of me in my lonely pilgrimage, it would give me joy. Soon I shall be gone whence I shall not return. This anxious mind will pass from earth, and this wearisome head will be at rest, and then the cares of life will cease and you will see me no more.

SARAH S. WAIT.

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*James Addison at this time was living with Cordelia and William in their home in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

Preston, New York, December 20, 1857.

To James A. Throop, Glen Haven Water Cure, Cortland County, New York.

Addison:

You know that I approve of promptness and punctuality. What I like in others, I must practice myself. Your last letter was joyfully received, especially the communication from Emma Knowles.

If Cordelia's pupils are all like her, she may well be proud. I wish you to inform her, she is not forgotten by her Preston friends, specially her grandmother. Tell her I have had anxious days and sleepless nights on her account. Poor child! May God protect her and give her faith and energy to grapple, without faltering, with the unavoidable ills of life.

When I read your description of the fire in Mt. Pleasant, of the hair-breadth escape of Mr. Cole, my heart leapt into my mouth at the bare idea of the horrors of her situation had he perished in the flames. But I drop the theme as too horrible to dwell on. He was saved. May they long be permitted to live and enjoy each other's society, never forgetting the frailty of human life.

Addison, while I am writing, your father's portrait is looking at me calmly, and seems to say: "Tell my boy to remember his father; to study his father's life; to mark the points where he failed and to avoid them. Say to him that wisdom is a pearl sought in still waters. In order to obtain it, we must plunge far below the surface."

Our school teacher has turned out an entire failure. A kind of self-conceited ninniwhocket, unqualified in every respect. Keeps a kind of courting museum, in which he and Emily Hall are the principal actors.

An awful state of things prevails at Preston Corner. Your Uncle William Packer has again been called to experience another awful calamity of losing money. One of his creditors has failed. He and his son, Biglow, have lost five hundred dollars. I wish you could see him. He walks about half bent, haggard and wan; says but few words, his eyes wildly staring, with indications of deep despair depicted on his countenance. All you who worship gold, look at this picture. I think there is hope for the world when Douglas repents.

SARAH S. WAIT.

N. B.—In respect to myself, my bodily health is on the wane, but I am abundantly able to give a lecture on the profligacy of the present generation .

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*Preston, September 20, 1858.

Cordelia and Addison:

I have settled myself to write to my grandchildren, but how to begin or what to say, I hardly know. But, as you, Delia, are the eldest, I have concluded to notice you first. And let me tell you how much I was gratified while reading your inter-

*James Addison had married Rowena Beebe April 7, 1958, and had established his own home in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, where he lived until he passed on February 9, 1923.

esting and very friendly letter. It was like cold water to a thirsty soul. It seemed to add new vigor to the languid elements of my frail frame. I was so happy while reading that I involuntarily broke out with this expression: "Life is not all a dream! True it is that dark clouds frequently overshadow all human prospects. I am happy in being permitted to see the sun behind the clouds."

Delia, there is a Sun, a never-setting Sun, that ever shines, though men behold it not. It shines and will forever shine, through time and through eternity.

God, whose name is Love, rules over all. His designs in creating man will not fail of their accomplishment. What He has promised He will perform. If we transgress His righteous laws, He will visit us with stripes. If we keep His commandments, we shall see His face and hold communion with Him.

You cannot guess how much I want to see you in your family circle. I have a great desire to see your husband. I think I should like him. The description Addison has given me of some of his peculiar traits of character, which I admire, has led me to be rather prejudiced in his favor. Addison tells me he is open-hearted, generous and truthful; that he does not think much of popularity, or of wearing Dandy Boots. Tell him for me to persevere in a plain, common sense course of life, and in the end he will wear a crown that will put to shame the superficial dandies of these modern days.

I would like to see that little boy of yours, to examine his features and see whether there was any of the original fire that glorified the countenance of your father.

SARAH S. WAIT.

Preston, May 23, 1859.

To the Friends of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. Greeting:

I write partly because I think you will be gratified to hear that I am still in the land of the living and in the enjoyment of tolerable health; partly because I can not bear to relinquish the inestimable privilege of writing to my friends.

There is a pleasure in perusing letters from absent friends which none can appreciate but those who participate in the enjoyment. It is a golden link let down from heaven, to bind in adamentine chains; the only bliss that mortal man or woman can enjoy (domestic happiness); few know its value, and few taste its sweets.

I am happy in believing that my Mt. Pleasant friends understand my meaning, and they do enjoy (in some degree at least) the best portion allotted to frail humanity, a peaceful and happy home.

Let us strive, to the best of our ability, to make the best of life. There is no rose without a thorn. There is no bliss without alloy. We live in a world of change, a world where vice and immorality abound, where virtue is doomed to suffer and is often left to pine neglected and alone. Let us not despair, but tread down the thorns, and charge through the foe. The hardest fighter is highest crowned. As long as we have bodies to tamper with, we shall be subjects of disease and death.

Perhaps you will think me selfish if I designate Addison as an object of my peculiar anxiety, but, knowing him as I do, and having been conversant with him so long, I cannot avoid it. He is bound to me by a double tie.

I am glad Addison has a wife to console him in the dark hours of adversity, and a little boy to love and cherish when misfortunes overwhelm him. A good wife is one of heaven's choicest gifts, and a little boy is a treasure.

It seems to me, if I am not greatly mistaken that the children of this peculiar age are considered more consequential than they were when I was a child. Then, if we had clothes to cover our nakedness and enough plain food to satisfy the cravings of hunger, we were contented. The times have changed, and plenty seems to reign within our larders, and luxury instead of temperance, seems to be the order of the day. What will be the end thereof, you, as well as I, must draw our own conclusions.

I would not have you infer from this that I mean either of you, Addison or Cordelia, by no means. Full well I know that the principlse of strict propriety which governed your youthful habits. Your father and mother strictly obeyed the rules of temperance. I have faith to believe that their children will not swerve from it. Nor do I believe that your thorough knowledge of this world and its iniquities will suffer you to spoil these precious gems entrusted to your care, but that you will agree with the poet in saying——

"I will spare my idol and think him human still.
Charms he may have, but he has frailties, too.
I will not dote too much, nor spoil what I admire."

Perhaps you will think I am meddling too much with your family affairs. I will now endeavor to give you some home affairs. Business goes on as usual in our little village. All appear ambitious in trying to outdo each other. There seems to be a kind of rivalry about who has the best looking yard and the handsomest garden and the greatest assortment of flowers. Ann and DeWitt have arranged everything to my liking. We have a beautiful yard now, and all in bloom. The relatives at Preston Corners are doing well. Tell Addison I want he should contrive some way to get a home he can call his own, if it is but a log house.

SARAH S. WAIT.

Preston, New York, August 10, 1859.

Cordelia:

After waiting so long a time, I have at length seated myself to answer your welcome and interesting letter. It came at a time when I was in a peculiar frame of mind, to enjoy the greetings of distant friends. Surrounded as I was with the distant association of my old Hamilton friends, I perused it with a double relish.

For me to undertake to give minute details of all that I saw and heard and enjoyed in Hamilton, would transcend the limit of one letter. Let it suffice to say that I had a very pleasant visit and count it as one of the happiest periods of my life.

I had the unspeakable privilege of hearing the Reverend E. H. Chapin, and also the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, the master speakers of this or any other age. They carried me so far beyond the bounds of the common observations of human rhetoric, that I lost my balance, and as yet have not been able to find it. I rejoice that I have been permitted to live in this peculiar age, where wisdom is hanging

out her golden scales, where man, so long bound to the yoke of bigotry and superstition, is throwing off his shackles and is assuming the station which God and nature both declare is man's prerogative. 'Tis His to vindicate the ways of God to man; 'tis His to break the oppressors' rod and let the oppressed go free; to vindicate the right and oppose the wrong, and, as far as in us lies, to do good unto all.

I guess I had better stop preaching and attend to my letter. I forgot myself and wandered far from my subject. I will try to proceed.

I expect you would like to have me give you some particulars respecting the once famous town of Hamilton. It is a busy place for trade and traffic, but does not, I imagine, keep pace with your Western villages. The old Seminaries are still standing and look like whited sepulchres, and, to me, like standing monuments of misplaced zeal.

I had a pleasant visit with your Uncle William's family. They are flourishing in what is termed prosperity. William is cultivating his land according to the most improved style, and is called a model farmer. Your Aunt Calphurnia is, as usual, busy at her work and finds enough to do.

Now I will tell you about your Uncle Seth Miner, whom I visited. I found him pleasantly situated, surrounded with all the necessaries and some of the luxuries of life (if old age can be called a luxury). His face is as smooth as usual. His eyes still retain their brilliancy, and his mind is unimpaired. If you could have heard him repeat the fable of the shepherd and the philosopher and heard with what a pathos he uttered it, you would have said that wisdom is justified of her children. His helpmate is a pleasant, tidy, industrious body, and will do him good all the days of his life. Yet he is not without his troubles. He said to me, that the strangest and most unaccountable thing that ever happened, is why the Lord should so far forget His children as to suffer them to be carried away with this infidelity of modern spiritualism. He said he prays to be delivered from it. He also informed me that he had visited your Aunt Weaver. He thinks that she gets along with Amanda, and really enjoys herself better than when her husband was alive. Now good bye Uncle Seth.

In the little house, situated at Hubbards Corners, which I once occupied at the time I was taking care of Addison, I found your Aunt Nye. The place was purchased for one hundred dollars and given her as her own.

I am now going to give you an account of some of my affairs. Our family are all in the usual health. DeWitt and his wife are laboring hard to make everybody happy. How they will succeed remains to be seen. They seem to think they have found the philosopher's stone. To dispute with them would not be wise. It only remains for them to be convinced by experience.

Almira, as usual, deals in eccentricities; has but little affinity with the gross materials of animal nature.

Tell Addison and Rowena (Beebe) that I am happily gratified with their home prospects, and pray they may succeed in establishing a permanent and peaceful and happy home, "the only bliss that has survived the fall," so says the poet. Tell Addison he must not only be a man, but a good man, a good husband, a good father, a good neighbor, a good citizen, and a good friend to himself. Tell Rowena that I invoke the choicest of heaven's blessings to rest upon her head. May she long be spared to comfort and console her husband, and be to him a helpmate in truth and verity.

And now, Cordelia, I must take my leave of you. Remember me in kindness to Mr. Cole. Give my best wishes to my two little grandsons. Tell them there is an old and aged grandmother living far away who wants to do them good. She wants them to be good boys. She wants them to be obedient to their parents; to search and find wisdom while they are children, and she implores a great and good Father to take them into His kindly care, shield them from the evils that are peculiar to this age, and may they become eminent men and good Christians.

N. B.—I am about giving up my authority, letting people in this world have their own way. It is useless, I think, to give advice, since it is not heeded. I am now willing that every man or body of men should skin their own skunks, and if there is any profit in the skunk traffic, they are welcome to all they can make out of it. Experience is a dear school in which fools are compelled to learn the best lessons of their lives, that they will learn in no other way.

SARAH STANTON WAIT.

Preston, New York, March 11, 1860.

Cordelia:

In addition to what Aunt Almira has written, let me say to you that I feel very grateful for that kind and friendly letter. You cannot imagine how much it revives the heart of your grandmother to know that she is not forgotten, even by her children's children.

Old age has sunny spots, and this is a brilliant one—to hear that brother and sister and their families are so congenial. This is what gives life all its flavor and makes a paradise on earth. Go on, dear children, as you have begun. Cultivate a spirit of harmony; live in love and so fulfill the law of Christ. Your views on the subject of domestic life meet my entire approbation. Believe me when I tell you that I have prayed and know of a truth that there is no place so much resembles heaven as a peaceful, quiet home. To a contemplative mind like yours, it has a double relish. Being fully aware by my own experience that your are not unmindful of the price put into your hands in the gift of those priceless gems entrusted to your care. See that you guard them well. Perform a mother's duty faithfully, and train them for immortality. Remember me to Mr. Cole.

SARAH S. WAIT.

Cambridge, Massachusetts, September 6, 1863.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Throop
Mt. Pleasant, Iowa

Dear Brother and Sister:

The journey has been as pleasant as could be expected with three small children. I like this part of the country better than I expected. The scenery is very fine, but the people do not decorate their homes according to their means.

I like Grandmother Wait, notwithstanding she thinks our *boys are on the road to perdition. I freely grant to old people all their childish notions. I could have spent all my time profitably and pleasantly talking to her, had she been able to stand it, but one or two hours animated conversation exhaust her for a whole day, which is not remarkable considering she is 83 years old.

Your Uncle DeWitt I should greatly esteem, were I to get thoroughly acquainted with him. I have had but little opportunity to talk to him. Addison, you need have no fears as to your standing with him. He understands the Masons, and has perfect confidence in you. Your Grandmother has nothing but admiration and praise for you.

Doctor Dwight and Aunt Almira are both all right, but most unhappily mated. Either would make a most excellent companion for one of his own kind. Neither of them has yet learned the important truth that all married people must learn before they can live together happily, that each has a right to preserve his own individuality and live out his own peculiar life, so long as it is in accordance with the laws of moral rectitude.

I had a very pleasant visit with your (Rowena's) Father and Mother Beebe. Your mother is a most lovable woman. The embryo butterfly is seen in the caterpillar, and in like manner the angel in man, but there is more of it in your mother, Rowena, than falls to the lot of most women. Your father, though not very spiritually minded, is yet a most estimable man. He has the traits of character that I really admire, and he labors hard to make his friends happy when they come to see him. He says: "Let the children cry. It is their right, and no annoyance. Make yourselves at home. While in my home, everything is at your service." He is desirous, Addison, that you should realize how much confidence he has in you, and how he esteems you, and how glad he is that his daughter has so good a companion.

I do not regret the move we have made. Cordelia did not enjoy her visit. I am sorry, for I supposed she would have a good time. We have spent fifteen dollars and a week's time for her benefit, but it proved a poor investment for her. But I feel well repaid. The great mistake which Grandmother has always made is not obeying the passage of scripture: "Judge not." It has caused Cordelia much pain. But we must excuse anything from one who is so old. Much happiness to you both.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM R. COLE.

*See pages 251 and 252.

THE CLOSING SCENE

I'm like a captive king deposed;
My sun is set, my reign is closed,
My influence is o'er;
Each airy castle is o'erthrown,
And all my dreams of pleasure flown,
On earth to meet no more.

Farewell, ye false, deceitful joys,
Ye empty, vain, fantastic toys,
I give you to the wind.
I now another object view,
A more substantial good pursue—
To feed the Immortal mind.

A widow in this vale of tears,
Depressed by grief, worn down by cares,
Infirmity and pain,
With steady steps and steadfast eye,
By faith the "Land of Rest" descry
That I ere long shall gain.

I lay my worldly prospects by,
And for the future mean to try
To bear my daily cross.
Let others toil for empty fame,
And search this earth for worldly gain,
I count it all but dross.

MRS. SARAH S. WAIT (81 Years Old)

FAMILY RECORD—PRESENT GENERATION

Birth Date..... Died .....

Birth Date..... Died .....

Married..... Place.....

CHILDREN:

Name..... Place.....

Birth Date..... Died .....

Name..... Place.....

Birth Date..... Died .....

Name..... Place.....

Birth Date..... Died .....

Name..... Place.....

Birth Date..... Died .....

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Birth Date..... Died .....

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Birth Date..... Died .....

FAMILY RECORD—PRESENT GENERATION

MARRIAGES OF CHILDREN

To ..... of .....

To ..... of .....

To ..... of .....

To ..... of .....

To ..... of .....

To ..... of .....

To ..... of .....

To ..... of .....

To ..... of .....

To ..... of .....

To ..... of .....

APPENDIX

HISTORY OF THE MASON FAMILY

It is doubtful if we will ever know whether our common Mason ancestor was a mason by trade or if the name originated from a corruption of some foreign orthography introduced from France, as was very often the case, names being written as they sounded in English and were not translated. In the early records the name is often met with in the following forms: Mazoun, le Machun, le Masun, le Macon, le Masson, and le Mason.

In Burke's "Landed Gentry," a number of Mason families are mentioned bearing coat armor. In the time of Henry Eighth, a Sir John Mason was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and during the reign of Queen Elizabeth a Mason family removed from Egmonton, Notinghamshire to Eaton, the same shire.

There is a tradition in nearly all of the respective Mason families that settled in New England, that the emigrant bearing the Mason name was either a brother (generally a brother), or a cousin of Major John Mason, so that if these traditions were to be credited the near relatives of Major Mason would have equalled in number the pieces of furniture said to have been brought over in the Mayflower, now to be found throughout the country. A statement that strengthens this belief among the descendants of the different families is that an English squire of name of Mason, residing in Staffordshire, had three sons who all emigrated to the colonies about the year 1630. It is not, as far as known, probable that Major Mason had near kin of his name who resided in America during his life time.

Among the prominent settlers in this country by the name of Mason in the early days of the colonies, besides Major John Mason, were Captain Hugh and Captain John Mason of Watertown, Robert Mason of Roxbury and later of Dedham and Sampson Mason of Dorchester, in New England, and Colonel George Mason in Virginia. Captain John Mason, the proprietor of New Hampshire, never came to this country, though his descendants, through his daughter Jane who married John Tufton and whose son Robert took the name of Mason, reside in the United States.

THE MASON COAT OF ARMS

The only coat of Mason arms claimed and used by any of the descendants of Major Mason, are described vert, two lions combatant or, Crest, a mermaid proper. These arms are borne by the Mason family of Didlebury and Minton, Salop, England, and it is not very probable that they were owned or known to Major Mason.

There were several heraldic painters in the last century and the first of this, both in America and England, who claimed to supply authentic arms to those who desired them. The June number of the Heraldic Journal of 1865, in speaking of these painters, states:

"Many families in New England possess old paintings of their coats of arms which appear all to have come out of the same mill. They were blazoned on a sheet of paper, about 14 inches by 10. The shield generally (if not always), surmounted by an esquire's or closeside-faced helmet, of blue and gold, although an esquire's helmet should be plain steel. Outside of the lower corners of the shield

are often (if not always), two green branches on the scroll, instead of the motto, the words, 'By the name of Smith,' and written under the whole, 'He beareth argent, a lion rampant, azure, by the name of Smith,' or whatever else the name and arms may be."

This description tallies with that of the Mason arms and would seem to be one of the shields to which it refers. It has been impossible to learn the original owner of these arms. The late Mrs. William Fitch, of Norwich Town, Connecticut, gave the following information as to how they came into her possession: "As to the John Mason coat of arms in my possession, I can only say I have no reason to doubt that it is the original one. It has every appearance of old age and is painted on parchment. It was not procured from any member of the family, but from someone who had been in the family as nurse or in some other capacity. My husband heard at the time of the bi-centennial celebration in Norwich in 1858 that there were some articles of furniture in Montville that originally belonged to the John Mason family. He went to the place and also a Mr. Mason who resided in Westport, Connecticut, at that time. My husband purchased the coat of arms for me and Mr. Mason had a copy of it made for himself."

Those who obtained arms in the manner described in the article from the Heraldic Journal, were honest in their belief that they had a right to these shields, which they were told were granted to their ancestors in an earlier century. That belief has been confirmed to those of the succeeding generations by finding the same arms in Burke's "General Armory," and belonging to people of the same surname.

There is no doubt that Major Mason was entitled to coat armor. His rank as an officer in the English army proves him to have been the son of gentle parents, but how his shield was blazoned has not at the present time, been learned. It was his habit to use his second wife's seal, the Peck arms, without quarterings. Two letters of Major Mason with impressions of that seal are still extant, one is in the possession of the Massachusetts Archives (Indians. Vol. 1, No. 31). The other is in the Connecticut Archives (Colonial Boundaries, 1, 75). This last one is dated August 3, 1670.

MAJOR JOHN MASON'S SWORDS

The two swords owned by Major Mason are the only articles of his personal property that have not been swallowed in the chaos of forgetfulness, or been destroyed or lost. It is claimed for each of these relics of colonial days that it is the one Major Mason used during his service in the Netherlands and later in his war against the Pequot Indians in Connecticut. The scant history clinging about each weapon will be given and the decision as to which sword Major Mason used in battle will be left to the individual judgment of the reader.

Both swords were inherited by Captain Daniel Mason, Major Mason's youngest son, and at the death of Captain Daniel, they became the property of his son, Nehemiah Mason, who willed them to his son, Andrew Mason. The swords were inherited by the same descendants in the male line, three succeeding generations. Andrew Mason gave one of the swords to his nephew and namesake, Andrew Gallup, the son of his sister, Hannah Mason, who married Henry Gallup October 4th, 1750. Andrew Gallup was one of the heroes of Fort Griswold in the Revolutionary War, and it was for his bravery upon that occasion and where he was severely wounded, that his uncle Andrew Mason presented him with the sword of his ancestor. He in turn, gave it to his youngest son and child, Asa Lyman Gallup, the last owner, who, being without children, gave it to the New London County Historical Society

with the request that it should always remain in their custody. The presentation was made December 22, 1894, by Charles J. Hewitt, a grandson of Hannah Mason and Henry Gallup, in behalf of Mr. Gallup who was prevented by ill health and age from being present.

It is more than probable that this sword was not owned by Major Mason until after the Pequot war and was not brought with him from England, as many authorities clam. Its workmanship is of a later date than 1630. An opinion which is shared by Hon. Richard A. Wheeler of Stonington, who has given much study to this subject, and who carried the sword on the platform at the unveiling ceremonies of the John Mason statue. The inscription it bears, now almost illegible, "Vene, Vide, Vici," would seem to prove that it was given to Major Mason in honor of his victories over the Indians, although no record is now extant that makes mention of such a gift. The sword is a straight, two-edged blade, thirty-three inches long, and is in comparatively good condition. On the blade close to the hilt is a scroll work and the above inscription and over the joining of the hilt and blade is a silver filigree network. The guards have been broken off and Mr. Gallup substituted a wooden hilt. It has no scabbard.

Mrs. Cheney, a granddaughter of Andrew Gallup, writes: "I have often seen grandfather double the sword from the point to the hilt and say, 'This is a real Damascus blade.' "

The sword has passed through many dangerous episodes during its long career, not the least of which occurred during the life and absence from home of Mr. Andrew Gallup. His sons, Andrew Henry and Asa Lyman, then young lads, organized a military company of two and armed themselves with the old sword, but a dispute soon arose as to who should be captain of the company, and the sword was dropped in the grass and forgotten. It was not found until six months later, and then much the worse for its long exposure to the elements. The lads learned upon that occasion in a most impressive manner with what value the relic was cherished by their father, a love they inherited with mature years.

The sword has been loaned upon several different occasions, at the Centennial celebration in Philadelphia in 1876 it was exhibited near a table that had belonged to Miles Standish, and which was brought over in the "Mayflower," and the two relics of Pilgrim days were photographed together. At that time the sword was nearly lost, being misdirected when returned, and was absent from its owner over a year.

The other sword is owned by Mr. John Mason, of Mason's Island, Connecticut, a lineal descendant, bearing the same name as his illustrious ancestor and who resides on a part of the original grant of land given to his forefather, and who makes his claims that the sword was used by Major Mason in the Pequot war from family tradition.

Referring to what has been given, it shows that the swords were inherited by the same line in three succeeding generations, when one sword passed into the female line and the other to Nehemiah Mason, son of Andrew Mason and cousin of Andrew Gallup. He bequeathed the sword to his son, Daniel, who willed it to his son, John Mason, the present owner. It is of good size and bears the appearance of having seen much service. It is said by this branch of the family, that as Andrew Mason had a son (Nehemiah) it would be very probable in giving one of the swords to his sister's son, that he would keep the most noted to go with the Mason name.

MASON

John Mason stands before the world the first time, a young man in his twenties. Tall in stature, and of a military bearing, with a prophesy of portliness by middle age. A soldier filled with the spirit of adventure, yet with a disposition tempered from riotous living by the strict discipline of the Puritanical school; well educated, as his letters and writings still testify, and of a strong, bold character, with a quick, active mind that made for him his place in the history of this country.

His birthplace is not known. His parents' names are lost to history, although we have an index to their principles and general life through the character of their son. They belonged to the class of English society known as the gentry, or John Mason could not have had a commission in the British army, and he held a lieutenantship. They were staunch Puritans, or their offspring would not have become such a strong advocate of that cause at so early an age; and they were self respecting, refined, and educated people, as the son illustrated those traits at maturity.

John Mason was a lieutenant in the army and served in the Netherlands before he had attained the age of thirty, and it is said, the skill and ability he then exhibited as a soldier were so well appreciated by his commander and friend, Sir Thomas Fairfax, that later, when that general became the commander-in-chief of the Parliamentary forces, he remembered the young Lieutenant's work, and wrote to Mason, asking him to return to England, and accept a Major-Generalship under his command. Mason refused the offer, as he at that time held the highest military position in the colonies, and seemed to prefer that office to any second place that might have become his should he have accepted.

After Mason's services in the Low Countries, he is lost sight of, until the autumn of 1632 when he is residing in Dorchester, Massachusetts. The time and place of his arrival are not known, but in December of that year, he was commissioned by the governor and the assistants of Massachusetts Bay Colony to search for a pirate named Bull, who had made several plundering expeditions along the coast. Mason was unsuccessful in this attempt, but the following July, he was paid ten pounds for his trouble.

In September, 1634, Captain Mason, as he was then called, was appointed one of a committee, with the other military officers of the colony, for deciding upon the best places for fortifications to be erected on Castle Island, Charlestown and Dorchester, and what additions should be made to the fort in Boston. His name was the first on the list of freemen, March 4, 1635, and that same year he was elected to represent Dorchester at the General Court.

The promise of rich lands in the interior and a desire to establish a different social system, separating church and state, caused a party of Dorchester citizens to ask permission of the Court to be allowed to go west. A heated argument followed this request in the General Court and the consent was given with reluctance, and on the 15th of October a party of one hundred men, women and children, including Captain Mason, left for the Connecticut woods and founded the town of Windsor.

The autumn was already well advanced, and the frost had killed all vegetation, and they were obliged to depend almost wholly upon the milk of the cows they led for nutriment. The hardships they encountered cannot be readily realized by us of this generation, who make the same journey in easy coaches within a few hours, that took them fourteen days to perform on foot, and they carried but little baggage. The greater part of their belongings were shipped by water, and many of their most

valuable instruments and larger pieces of furniture were lost in the storms that the boats encountered that carried them. The band of pilgrims reached the Connecticut river and settled on the west side, pluckily endeavoring to build homes for themselves and families. But the early fall was soon followed by the more severe weather of winter, which began a month earlier than usual, and long before the newcomers were prepared to shelter themselves from the heavy snows that fell. Famine seemed inevitable and discouraged and heartsick over their losses, and with the constant fear of attacks from the Indians, the majority of the settlers returned to Boston, where they remained during the winter months.

The following year, Captain Mason, who had been among the first band of settlers that had ventured into the Connecticut forests, where he had since resided, took active part in the establishment of the town and in looking after the military arrangements. A duty, most important, as the Colonists numbered but few, and were surrounded by thousands of Indian warriors, chief among whom were the Pequots, who were daily showing new signs of hostilities to the white intruders, and events were fast hastening towards the war that was so fatal to this once powerful tribe.

The murder of Captain Stone and his crew in 1634 was one of the first causes that led to the Pequot war. The murderers were never delivered to the Massachusetts authorities, as Sassacus had promised at the time, and when a party of Pequots from Block Island murdered John Oldham in his vessel, when he was on a friendly trading excursion with them, brought matters to an issue, and the outcome was Endicott's disastrous expedition. This resultsd in a few skirmishes, the burning of a few wigwams and Indian settlements, and in raising the fury of the Indians to a frenzy.

The wily Sassacus at once sought to enlist the other sachems into a confederacy that would exterminate the whites. His designs were defeated with the Narragansetts by the intercessions of Roger Williams with the chief sachems of that tribe, and with the Mohegans by Captain Mason's influence with Uncas. Small bands of Pequots had, in the meantime, massacred over thirty of the colonists, and when the news was received of the Wethersfield horror, the General Court of Connecticut at once declared war. They commissioned Captain Mason to command an expedition against the Pequots, and at the same time solicited aid from Massachusetts and Plymouth colonies.

Captain Mason sailed down to Saybrook with a small party of men raised in Windsor, and reached the Saybrook fort on May 17. They were windbound there until Friday the 19th, when they again set sail, having been reinforced from the Saybrook fort and by a party of nineteen from Massachusetts under Captain Underhill.

The commission and lettters to Mason directed him to make a landing on the Pequot River and in the very heart of the enemy's country, whose force numbered ten to one of the whites, and which, if carried out, would have ended disastrously. Captain Mason held out against all of the other officers, in his own decision to sail to Narragansett, and to approach the enemy from the rear. He had been informed that the Pequots were alrady aware of the directions ordered by the court, and besides kept up a continual guard night and day, and were in possession of sixteen guns. The matter was at length left to the decision of Mr. Stone, the chaplain, who, after spending Thursday night in prayer on board the pinnace, having been first informed by Mason of the real situation of the case, sought his commander the following morning to inform him that his prayers had been answered in accordance

with the views Mason had offered. The little band at once set sail in one pinnace and two shallops for the land of the Narragansetts, making up in courage what they lacked in numbers.

By Saturday night they had covered fifty miles and were at the landing place they had previously decided on, but it being "close upon the Sabbath," they remained on board for that day, and the wind rising, prevented them from landing until Tuesday evening, when reaching Tower Hill, Mason at once sought an interview with Canonicus. The latter, at the captain's desire, sent a messenger to Miantonomo who arrived early the following morning. Permission was asked of this powerful chief to pass through his country, their errand being stated and apologies made for not having previously informed the Narragansetts of their approach. Miantonomo willingly gave his consent and two hundred of his warriors joined the party of whites, and the sixty Mohegans that were of the original band, and leaving but a few of the soldiers to sail the boats back to the Pequot harbor, the company started on their course Wednesday morning.

The first day they marched twenty miles, and that evening they arrived at Nehantic sachem, a tributary of Sassacus, who treated the army with rudeness, not permitting them to enter their fort. Mason, in turn, prohibited any of them leaving their quarters and to prevent them from doing so, surrounded the fort with his soldiers, fearing they might inform the enemy of his approach. The next morning they were reinforced by another party of Narragansetts, which swelled the number, all told, to five hundred men, but of this number only seventy-seven were whites. The company marched on towards the Pequot's country, though the heat was intense and the path rough and in places almost impassable, and after going twelve miles, they reached Pawcatuck Fort, now called Stonington, nearly exhausted with hunger and fatigue. Uncas and Wequash were acting as guides, and after a short rest, they marched three miles further, where, at the suggestion of Uncas, they encamped, Mason choosing a natural place of defense, now known as Porter's Rocks, for the place.

The Indian allies, who had been most loud in their arrogant boasts of bravery, now began to linger behind, although they had formerly taken the lead and had stated they would be the first to open the attack, as the whites dared not look on a Pequot. "I then enquired of Onkos," says Major Mason in his history of this war, "what he thought the Indians would do? Who said The Narragansetts would all leave us, but as for Himself He would never leave us; and so it proved; For which expression and some other Speeches of his, I shall never forget him. Indeed he was a great Friend, and did great Service."

The sleep of the soldiers was short, though restful, and when they awoke two hours before morning they were startled by finding it so light, mistaking the brightness of the moonlight for dawn. Prayers were said, and then the soldiers started towards the stronghold of the Indians that lay less than two miles away, but which they had been led to believe was even nearer. Their scouts informed them that the Pequots had made merry until a late hour, congratulating themselves that the whites had returned to Boston through fear, since they had seen the vessels sail in that direction. These rejoicings had also been participated in by one hundred and fifty braves from the other fort of the Pequots that was situataed four miles further to the East, and who remained at the Mystic fort for the night. When the army reached the hill on which the fort was located, Mason looked for the Indians, who now dragged so far behind to be almost out of view.

"Then we demanded," wrote Mason, "Where were the Rest of the Indians? They answered Behind, exceedingly afraid: We wished them to tell the rest of their Fellows, That they should by no means Fly, but stand at what distance they pleased, and see whether English Men would now fight or not."

The hill on which the fort was built was high, but not steep or difficult to climb, and afforded an enviable view of the harbors and surrounding country, and is where the statue of Major Mason now stands. The fort was made out of trunks of trees twelve feet high, bound together near the top to hold them the more firmly, and the bottoms were sunk two or three feet into the ground and banked with earth. Sufficient distance was left between the trunks to permit the warriors to shoot their arrows. The whole fort covered an area of between one and two acres, and on which were erected over seventy wigwams. There were two entrances, one at either end, although temporarily closed with shrubs and branches.

Captain Mason with a party of soldiers approached the North East end, while Captain Underhill and his party marched up the opposite side. Captain Mason had gotten within one rod of the opening when a dog barked and the next moment the cry of "Owanux! Owanux," that is, "Englishmen, Englishmen," was cried from mouth to mouth, from wigwam to wigwam, and the Indians awakening from the heavy sleep following so closely on their midnight revels were dazed and completely taken by surprise. Captain Mason, aided by Lieutenant Seeley, had in the meantime made an entrance into the fort, by removing the brush placed to obstruct the passage and they were followed by sixteen of the soldiers.

It had been decided upon to destroy the enemy by the sword, and to save the plunder, which, in the then impoverished condition of the colonists, would have been a great gain, but the first plans were once more found impossible to follow. Upon entering the fort "Capt. Mason seeing no Indians," to use his own description of this terrible scene, "entered a Wigwam: where he was beset with many Indians, waiting all opportunities to lay Hands on him, but could not prevail. At length William Heydon, espying the Breach in the Wigwam, supposing some English might be there, entered; but in his Entrance fell over a dead Indian; but speedily recovering himself, the Indians some fled, others crept under their Beds. The Captain going out of the Wigwam saw many Indians in the Lane or Street; he making towards them, they fled, were pursued to the End of the Lane, where they were met by Edward Pattison, Thomas Barber, with some others; where seven of them were Slain, as they said. The Captain facing about, Marched a slow Pace up the Lane he came down, perceiving himself very much out of Breath; and coming to the other end of the Place where he first entered, saw two Soldiers standing close to the Pallizados with their swords pointed to the Ground: The Captain told them that We should never kill them after that manner: The Captain also said, **we must burn them:** and immediately stepping into the wigwam where he had been before, brought out a Fire Brand, and putting it into the Matts with which they were covered, set the wigwams on Fire. Lieutenant Thomas Bull and Nicholas Omsted beholding, came up: and when it was thoroughly kindled, the Indians ran as Men most dreadfully Amazed."

"And indeed such a dreadful Terror did the almighty let fall upon their Spirits, that they would fly from us and run into the very Flames, where many of them perished. And when the Fort was thoroughly Fired, Command was given, that all should fall off and surround the Fort, which was readily attended to by all; only one Arthur Smith being so wounded that he could not move out of the Place, who was happily espied by Lieutenant Bull, and by him rescued.

"The fire was kindled on the North East Side to windward; which did swiftly over-run the Fort, to the extreme Amazement of the Enemy, and great Rejoycing of ourselves. Some of them climbing to the top of the Pallizado: others of them running into the very Flames, many of them gathering to windward, lay pelting at us with their Arrows: and we repayed them with our small Shot: Others of the Stoutest issued forth, as we did guess to the number of Forty, who perished by the Sword."

In less than two hours on the morning of this eventful Friday, May 26, the pride of the tribe of the Pequots had perished. Over seven hundred Indians were destroyed in the burning of the fort, and only seven were said to have escaped, and a like number were taken prisoners. The English lost but two men, although over twenty were wounded.

The chief stronghold of the Indians had been destroyed, yet the most perilous part of the attack was yet to come. Over three hundred warriors hurried forward from the other fort of the Pequots and followed and kept up a constant fire of arrows on the English until they reached their ships, which, fortunately, were awaiting them in the harbor. Most of the soldiers were sent home by the vessels, but twenty, with Capt. Mason and Capt. Patrick and his company, who had arrived too late to take part in the action, together with the Mohegan and Narragansett allies, marched through the forest to Saybrook, reaching the river opposite that settlement on Saturday evening, May 27th, where they were "royally entertained by Lieut. Gardiner and many Great Guns." The following morning they crossed the river and entered the town amidst the thanksgiving of their families and friends.

In September of 1639, at the direction of the General Court, Major Mason broke up a settlement of Pequots at Pawcatuck, and twice waged war and settled disputes among the Indians on Long Island.

Many adverse criticisms have been made as to Major Mason's course in the Pequot war, and his dealings with the Indian tribes save the Mohegans, in whom he took a friendly interest, but if the position of the colonists is studied with due care, it will be seen that his decisions and the carrying out of the same, were the only lines of action to follow. The whites gained their possession of the land, mostly by conquest, as the Indians had done before them, and it was a case of slay or be slain and the survival of the fittest.

In 1641, Major Mason was granted by the court five hundred acres of land for his own use in the Pequot country and five hundred to be divided among his men that had served in the Pequot war. Mason did not take possession of this gift until 1649, when the court gave him Chippacursett, now Mason Island, in Mystic Bay, which contains five or six hundred acres of land, and which is still owned by his descendants bearing his name. In addition to this, he was given one hundred and ten acres in Mystic.

In 1637, Captain Mason was appointed by the General Court the chief military officer of the colony with the title of Major, equal to the office of Major-General. His duty was to train the military," of the several settlements, ten days in every year, for which he was to receive a salary of forty pounds per annum. In 1645 he was authorized to assemble all the train bands of the colony once in two years for a general review. He held this position until his death, making a period of thirty-five years. In 1637 he was also elected representative, holding that office until 1641, when he was chosen an assistant or magistrate, being reelected until 1659.

At the request of the inhabitants of Saybrook, Major Mason removed to that town with his family in 1647 and took command of that fort, succeeding Col. George Fenwick, who had been left in possession by the patentees of Connecticut. The first winter of Major Mason's residence, the fort, which was built of wood, burnt, and also the frame house adjoining, in which the Mason family resided. Major and Mrs. Mason and one of their sons barely escaped with their lives. In 1651 a band of people residing in New Haven and who had purchased land on the Delaware, and were desirous of settling there, requested Mason to act as their leader. He thought favorably of accepting, when the General Court interfered and entreated him to remain, and consequently, the proposed settlement never took place.

Major Mason was the prime mover in the suggestion and settlement of Norwich. The tract of nine miles square was purchased from the Indians, June 6, 1659. Uncas and his brother Wawequam received the sum of seventy pounds for the land and signed the deed in August of the same year. The real settlement did not take place until the following spring, although a few attempts at clearing had been made the previous fall. Major Mason had the first choice of a home lot, which was situated on the southwest side of the village green, which the house faced, while from the rear, a view of one of the most romantic spots of the river Yantic was to be had. This was the first house to be erected in the new town and was the scene of the first marriage festivities of the place, that of the owner's daughter, Priscilla, to the Rev. James Fitch, October, 1664, and the marriage ceremony was probably performed by the bride's father, as it was customary in those days, for all marriages to be performed by the civil magistrates of the town. This house, which was the scene of the last years of the Major's life, and also those of his wife, and where they both died within a year of each other, was sold to the town in 1692 for a parsonage. The house burnt in the latter part of the eighteenth century and in 1798 the court house was removed there, which, on the transfer of the courts to Chelsea, was used for a public school. Directly opposite the Mason residence was the Fitch home, which was presided over by Major Mason's daughter.

In 1660, the first year of Major Mason's residence in Norwich, he was elected Deputy-Governor of Connecticut, and was annually reelected for eight years, five under the old form and three under King Charles' Charter. Two years of the time he acted as governor, during Winthrop's absence in England. He was also chief justice of the colonial county court from 1664 until 1671, and was the chief umpire of all Indian controversies and disputes.

The General Court requested Major Mason to write a history of the Pequot war at its meeting, October 2, 1656, but it was not until the latter years of his life that he performed that duty. It has a humble preface addressed to the Court, and the work is brief, but entertainingly written in the third person, and stands well when compared with works of that date. It was not printed until after Mason's death, when. in 1677, Increase Mather published it without the preface. It was re-edited by the Rev. Thomas Prince (who got the original manuscript from Capt. John Mason, grandson of the Major), and published it in Boston, in 1736. A reprint of this edition was brought out in 1869.

Mr. Mason married twice. The identity of his first wife is not known. The only proof is that in the old church book in Windsor, is given the number of deaths that occurred in that town previous to 1639, and mentions one of them being "the captain's wife." Mason was the only one at that time who bore the title of captain, and we are forced to believe that this was his wife.

He married his second wife, July, 1639, Anne, daughter of Rev. Robert Peck, then of Hingham, Massachusetts. She was born in Hingham, County Norfolk, England, in 1619, the date of her baptism being the 18th of November of that year. The only record left of Mrs. Anne Mason is that which is given in the sermon preached at her funeral by her son-in-law, the Rev. James Fitch, and from the preface to the published edition of that sermon it is learned that she died shortly before her husband, probably in the latter part of the year of 1671. Fitch describes her as a woman of "eminent piety" and "gifted with a measure of knowledge above what is usual in her sex. . . . I need not tell you what a Dorcas you have lost. Men, women and children are ready with weeping to acknowledge what works of mercy she hath done for them." The sermon was printed by Samuel Green, of Cambridge, in 1672.

Major Mason died at his home in Norwich, January 30, 1672. Both he and his wife and their son, Captain John Mason, are buried in the old Post and Gager burial ground, and today they sleep in unmarked and unknown graves.

A statue was erected by the State of Connecticut to commend the deeds of Major John Mason, and was unveiled in June, 1889.

Massachusetts Historical Society's Collection.

History of the "Major John Mason Statue," by Thomas S. Collier, etc.

Children—Priscilla, Samuel, **John**, Rachel, Anne, Daniel, Elizabeth.

Captain John Mason, son of Major John and Anne (Peck) Mason, was born in Windsor, Connecticut, August, 1646, and married Abigail, daughter of Rev. James Fitch by his first wife, Abigail Whitfield, born in Saybrook, Connecticut, August 5, 1650. They settled in Norwich where he was made a freeman May 4, 1671, and where he engaged in the shipping business, being often absent at sea during long periods. May 13, 1675, he was granted two hundred acres of land. He was confirmed ensign of the militia May 13, 1669; lieutenant, June 26, 1672, and captain, September 15, 1675. October 14, 1675, he was placed in command of twenty Englishmen, and a party of Mohegans, and November of the same year, he was third in command of the military forces of the Connecticut Colony, taking active part in King Phillip's war, where he was fatally wounded.

That he was a man of unusual courage and determination, is proved by the statement of Samuel Hall of Fairfield, who was an eye witness to the captain's fall, and gives the following regarding him, in his petition: "I was not in the rear, but when Captain Mason was shot I was just before him when he fell down, and shook him by the hand, I being shot down before him in that very place, so that he fell very near me. But Captain Mason got up again and went forth."

In her noted history of Norwich, Miss Caulkins speaks of him in the following eulogizing manner: "This gallant, young captain was severely, and it proved, fatally wounded in the great swamp fight at Narragansett, December 19, 1675. It is probable that he was brought home from that sanguinary field by his Mohegan warriors on an Indian bier. His wounds never healed and after lingering several months, he died, as is supposed, in the same house where his father expired, and was doubtless laid by his side in the old obliterated graveyard of the first comers. Though scarcely thirty years of age at the time of his death, he stood high in public

esteem, both in a civil and military capacity. He had represented the town at three sessions of the legislature, and was chosen as Assistant the year of his decease. In the probate of his estate before the County Court he is called 'the worshipful John Mason.' The Rev. Mr. Bradstreet of New London records his death in these terms: 'My hon'd and dear Friend Capt. Jno. Mason, one of ye magistrates of this colony, and second son of Major Jno. Mason, dyed, September 18, 1676.' "

The Hon. Reuben Walworth states in his genealogy of the Mason family, that Captain John Mason was carried to New London, where he died. Neither of these two historians give their authority. The County Court paid the expenses of his illness and pensioned his widow.

Children—1. **John,** 2. Anne, born in Norwich, Connecticut.

Captain John Mason, son of Captain John and Abigail (Fitch) Mason, was born in Norwich, Connecticut, and married July 18, 1701, his first cousin Anne, eldest daughter of Major Samuel and Judith (Smith) Mason, born in Stonington, Connecticut. They settled in Lebanon, and in 1703 removed to Stonington, where she was received into the church, February 24, 1706, and where she died.

Captain Mason married the second time, July 15, 1719, Anne, daughter of Governor Peleg Sanford of Rhode Island, and granddaughter of Governor William Coddington* of Newport, Rhode Island, and widow of Dr. James Noyes of Stonington, Connecticut.

Mr. Mason was promoted from the rank of lieutenant to that of captain by the General Assembly, May, 1702. He was appointed justice of the peace in the county of New London, several times, between the years 1722 and 1734, and was Deputy from 1722 to 1724.

Captain Mason was a man of influence in the Colony, and when the new Congregational Church was erected, July 11, 1723, he was honored with one of the best of the fourteen pews that were built. Miss Caulkins gives the following description of the church in her history of New London: "In accordance with the style of architecture then prevailing, this meeting-house had greater breadth than length, the pulpit being placed in one of the sides of greatest extent. It had two tiers of free benches in the middle, a row of pews around the wall, three doors and gallery-stairs in two corners. The pews were built at the charge of the owners, and were not completed till 1727. Those of the greatest honor were each side of the pulpit, and each side of the door opposite the pulpit. These four pews were occupied by Mrs. Raymond and her son, Joshua, Captain Robert Dennison, Captain John Mason, and Madame Livingston, Mr. Joseph Otis and Major John Merritt. Only fourteen pews were built; the other seats were free."

Captain John resided many years among the Mohegans, and was at various times their school-master, for which the General Assembly voted at different times to have

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*Governor Peleg Sanford married: 1st. Mary Brenton; children died young; Mary died before 1665. (See Dr. Turner MMS, pages 10-15 & 8.) 2nd. Mary Coddington, daughter of Governor William Coddington and Anne Brinley; children: four daughters and three sons, all born after ~~1653~~ 1665. Anne, oldest child, married 1st, James Noyce; 2nd, Captain John Mason.

money paid to him for use in the work he had undertaken, agent, overseer and guardian. After the death of Caesar in 1723, his tribe was divided in regard to the sachemdon. One party, supported by the colonial government, was in favor of Ben-Uncas, the uncle of Caesar; the other, encouraged by Captain Mason, declared Mahomet, a grandson of Owaneco, the rightful heir. Ben-Uncas having prevailed, Captain Mason took the younger sachem to England to obtain recognition of his rights, where they both died. "March 3 (1736-37), news of the death of Captain John Mason of New London is come in a letter from Mr. Winthrop, by Captain Walket, who wrote on the 25th of Decr. that he died the last Sunday in Lumbert Street, of the Small Pox. Young Mohamet died there also of small pox last summer." (Hempstead.)

Children by First Wife Anne (Mason)

1. John,—1702, September 13, Lebanon, Connecticut
2. Rachel—1706, May 19, Stonington, Connecticut
3. Samuel—1707, August 30, Stonington, Connecticut
4. Jemima—1709, August 7, Stonington, Connecticut
5. James—1713, May 13, Stonington, Connecticut
6. Elizah—1715, June 12, Stonington, Connecticut

Children by Second Wife Anne (Sanford)

7. **Peleg Sanford**—1720, April 6, Stonington, Connecticut

Lieutenant Peleg Sanford Mason, son of Captain John and Anne (Sanford-Noyes) Mason, was born in Stonington, Connecticut, April 6, 1720, and married November 4, 1742, Mary Stanton of Charleston, Rhode Island. They settled in Stonington and removed in 1745 to Lebanon, Connecticut, where he was confirmed lieutenant of the train-band of the North Company of that town by the General Assembly, in 1752.

Children

1. Anne—1743, November 7, Stonington, Connecticut
2. Peleg Sanford—1746, May 5, Lebanon, Connecticut
3. Esther—1748, November 12, Lebanon, Connecticut
4. Mary—1751, March 22, Lebanon, Connecticut
5. Lucy—1753, December 2, Lebanon, Connecticut
6. Elijah—1756, September 26, Lebanon, Connecticut
7. **James**—1759, April 27, Lebanon, Connecticut

James Mason, son of Lieutenant Peleg Sanford and Mary (Stanton) Mason, was born in Lebanon, Connecticut, April 27, 1759, where he married April 15, 1780, Abigail, daughter of William Beaumont (or Beeman), born in Lebanon, Connecticut, August 20, 1761, and died May 8, 1836.

Mr. Mason died in Preston, New York, September 10, 1820. He enlisted in the Revolutionary Army September 25, 1776, and was discharged January 11, 1777.

He served in Captain Parmelee's Company and Colonel Elmare's Regiment, and in 1818 received a pension and was at that time residing in the state of New York.

Children

1. Peleg Sanford—1781, January 4, Lebanon, Connecticut; died January 14, 1849, Lake Town, Iowa
2. **Sarah Stanton**—1782, July 6, Lebanon, Connecticut; married **Dan Throop** April 6, 1802, Lebanon, Connecticut; died August 26, 1867, Preston, New York
3. James—1783, born, December 12, Lebanon, Connecticut; married February, 1814, Preston, New York; died April 3, 1820, Preston, New York.
4. Nancy—born 1785, January 26, Lebanon, Connecticut; married William Throop, October, 1804, Warren, New York; died March 3, 1826, Willet, New York.
5. William—born 1786, September 16, Lebanon, Connecticut; married July 21, 1816, Preston, New York
6. Mary Stanton—born 1787, May 7, Lebanon, Connecticut; married July 21, 1816, Preston, New York
7. Abigail—born 1789, August 14, Lebanon, Connecticut; married July 1, 1809, DeRuyter, New York
8. Esther—born 1790, December 19, Lebanon, Connecticut; married March 9, 1815, Preston, New York
9. Almira—born 1792, August 19, Lebanon, Connecticut; married January 14, 1819, Preston, New York
10. Elijah—born 1794, May 7, Lebanon, Connecticut; married January 8, 1828, Preston, New York
11. Lucy—born 1795, September 10(16), Lebanon, Connecticut; married January 1, 1817, Preston, New York
12. John—born 1797, February 14, Lebanon, Connecticut; married, 1830, Preston, New York; died October 20, 1855, Lagoon, California
13. Amanda—born 1799, September 22, Lebanon, Connecticut; married 1817, Preston, New York; died November 19, 1854, Lake Town, Iowa
14. Isaac Newton—born 1800, August 9, Lebanon, Connecticut; married July 20, 1826, Shalersville, Ohio
15. Milton—born 1802, April 30, Lebanon, Connecticut; married Preston, New York; died October 20, 1843, McDonough, New York
16. Julia A.—born 1806, February 25, ——, Lebanon, Connecticut; married February 16, ..., Preston, New York.

PECK*

The name of Peck is of great antiquity. Pek, Peck or Pecke, Peke, Peak or Peake, in the different works on heraldry, are supposed by some to have been originally the same, but Peck and Peak were doubtless distinct names. The Peck family is found seated in England, in Belton, Yorkshire, at a very early date. A branch settled at Hesden and Wakefield, in Yorkshire, whose descendants removed to Beccles, Suffolk County, and were the ancestors of Anne Peck, who married Major John Mason.

The pedigree here given may be found in the British Museum, London, England, excepting the last two families, those of Robert and his son, Robert, which are added to it. The families of the two Roberts, father and son, are from the parish records of Hingham, England.

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*See Page 276, first paragraph.

The arms here described are in the British Museum, with the pedigree certified by the heralds. The quartering is with the Brunning and Hesselden families, the heirs of which the early Pecks married. The first and fourth are the arms of Peck, and second of Brunning, and the third of Hesselden, and are described:

Peck—Argent, on a chevron engrailed, Gules, three crosses, formee, of the first.
Brunning—Azure, two bars nebule. Argent.
Hesselden—Gules, a cross petonce or, on a chief, azure, three round buckles of the second.
Crest—A cubit arm erected, habited, azure: cuff, argent, hand proper, holding on one stalk, enfiled with a scroll, three roses, gules, leaves, vert.
Motto—Probitatem quam divitas.
Translation—Truth, rather than riches.

A seal without quarterings or crest of the Peck arms was owned by Anne Peck Mason, and was often used by her husband to seal his letters.

Pedigree

John Peck, Esquire, of Belton, in Yorkshire, married a daughter of..... Melgrave. They had:

Thomas Peck, Esquire, of Belton, who married a daughter of ..... Middleton of Middleton. They had:

Robert Peck, Esquire, of Belton, who married a daughter of ..... Tunstall. They had:

Robert Peck, Esquire, of Belton, who married a daughter of ..... Musgrave. They had:

John Peck, Esquire, of Belton, who married a daughter of ..... Watford. They had:

Thomas Peck, Esquire, of Belton, who married a daughter of ..... Blaxton, of Blaxton. They had:

Thomas Peck, Esquire, of Belton, who married a daughter of ..... Littleton. They had:

John Peck, Esquire, of Belton, who married a daughter of ..... Carre. They had:

John Peck, Esquire, of Belton, who married a daughter of ..... Flemming. They had:

John Peck, Esquire, of Belton, who married a daughter of ..... Wemborne. They had:

Richard Peck, a second son, who married the daughter and heir of ..... Brunning. They had:

Richard Peck, Esquire, of Hessden, who married a daughter of ..... Savill. They had:

Thomas Peck, Esquire, of Hesden, who married a daughter of ..... Bradley. They had:

Richard Peck, Esquire, of Hesden, and of Wakefield, in Yorkshire, who married a daughter and heir of .....Hesselden. They had:

John Peck, first son and a lawyer. He married Isabel, daughter of John Lacie, of Brombleton. They had:

Richard Peck, Esquire, of Wakefield, who married Jean, daughter of John Harrington, Esquire. They had:

Richard Peck, Esquire, who married Alice, daughter of Sir Peter Middleton, Knight. They had:

John Peck, Esquire, of Wakefield, who married Joan, daughter of John Aune of Trickley. They had:

Robert Peck, Esquire, born in Beccles, who married a daughter of ..... Norton, and secondly a daughter of ..... Waters. By second wife, he had:

Robert Peck, born in Beccles, Suffolk County, England, in 1546, and died in 1593, aged 47 years. He married Helen, daughter of Nicholas Babbs of Guilford.

"The position which he occupied in society was that known in England as a gentleman, or gentry, entitled to coat armor, etc., and at that time, before the title of Baronet (was instituted by James 1st, 1611) was given next to the nobility, or the title honored. From all information obtained in relation to the name there, it is believed that this branch was one of much distinction. Among all the coats of arms, charts and records, which were obtained in relation to other branches there were none apparently so ancient or upon which the Heralds had bestowed so much labor, as upon those of this branch. Robert Peck was a man of wealth, consisting of lands, houses, etc. His will was found at Ipswich after a tedious search. It was written in his own hand, and was proved at Beccles, November 10th, 1598.

Children

1. Richard—born in 1574; died without issue
2. Nicholas—born in 1576
3. **Robert**—born in 1580
4. Josepha—baptized April 30, 1587
5. Margaret
6. Martha
7. Samuel—died in 1619

Robert Peck, son of Robert and Helen Peck, was born in Beccles, Suffolk County, England, in 1580. He was graduated at Magdalen College, Cambridge, with the degree of A. B., in 1599, and that of M. A. in 1603. He was set apart to the ministry and inducted over a church at Hingham, Norfolk County, England, January 8, 1605, where he remained until 1638, when he fled from the persecutions of the church to this country.

He was a talented and influential clergyman, a zealous preacher, and a nonconformist to the superstitious ceremonies and corruptions of the church, for which he was persecuted and driven from the country. Brooks, in his lives of the Puritans, gives many facts of interest in relation to him. In particularizing some of the offences for which he and his followers were persecuted, he says: "For having catechised his family and sung Psalms in his own house on a Lord's day evening, when some of his neighbors attended, his lordship (Bishop Narsnet) enjoined all who were present to do penance, requiring them to say 'I confess my errors,' etc. Those who refused were immediately excommunicatd, and requested to pay heavy costs. Thus," Mr. Brooks says, "he was driven from his flock, deprived of his benefice, and forced to seek his bread in a foreign land."

Cotton Mather, in speaking of him, says: "He was by the good providence fetched away into New England about the year 1638 when the good people of Hingham did rejoice in the light for a season; but within two or three years, the invitation of his friends of Hingham, England, persuaded him to return to them, where being though great in person for stature yet greater for spirit, he was greatly serviceable for the good of the church."

He arrived here in 1638. In relation to his arrival, the town clerk of Hingham here says: "Mr. Robert Peck, preacher of the gospel in the Town of Hingham, in

the County of Norfolk, old England, with his wife, and two children, and two servants, came over the sea and settled in this town of Hingham, and he was a Teacher of the Church." Mr. Hobart, of Hingham, says in his diary, that he was ordained here teacher of the church November 28, 1638. His name frequently appears upon the records of the town. He had lands granted him. His children were nine. His son Joseph and daughter Anne came over with him. His wife Anne died in Hingham, England, and was buried there August 30, 1648. His second wife was Mrs. Martha Bacon, widow of James Bacon, rector of Burgate.

Mr. Peck remained here until the long Parliament or until the persecutions in England ceased, when he returned and resumed his Rectorship in Hingham. Mr. Hobart says, his wife and son Joseph returned with him. His daughter Anne married Major John Mason.

Mr. Peck died in Hingnam, England, and was buried in his churchyard. His funeral sermon was preached by Nathaniel Joshin and was published. His church (St. Andrews), in Hingham, England, was a noble structure with a lofty tower, containing eight musical bells.

His will was made on the 23rd of July, 1651, and in it he referred to his daughter as follows:

"Item. I give to the children of Anne Mason, my daughter, wife of captain John Mason of Saebrook, on the river Connecticut in New England, the sum of Forty pounds to be divided equally unto them and to be sent to my sonne John Mason to dispose of it for their use within 2 years after my death."

This will was proved in London before the judge for probate of Wills and grantings of Administrations, the tenth day of April, 1658.

Children by First Wife

1. Robert—baptized 1607, July 23, Hingham, England
2. Thomas—baptized 1608, September 6, Hingham, England
3. Joseph—baptized 1610, April 22, Hingham, England
4. Benjamin—baptized 1611, September 29, Hingham, England
5. Samuel—baptized 1613, March 14, Hingham, England
6. Nathaniel—baptized 1614, September 13, Hingham, England
7. Samuel—baptized 1616, March 1, Hingham, England
8. Daniel—buried June 8, 1616, Hingham, England
9. **Anne**—baptized 1619, November 18, Hingham, England

Anne Peck, daughter of Rev. Robert and Anne Peck, was born in Hingham, Norfolk County, England, in 1619, where she was baptized the 18th of November of that year. She came to America with her parents in 1638, where she married in July the following year, Major John Mason.

Children

1. Priscilla—born 1641, October, Windsor, Connecticut
2. Samuel—born 1644, July, Windsor, Connecticut
3. **John**—born 1646, August, Windsor, Connecticut
4. Rachel—born 1648, October, Saybrook, Connecticut
5. Daniel—born 1652, April, Saybrook, Connecticut
6. Elizabeth—born 1654, January 1, Saybrook, Connecticut

PEDIGREE

1. Rev. Robert and Ann Peck, whose daughter——
2. Ann married Major John Mason. Their son—
3. Captain John Mason married Abigail Fitch. Their son—
4. Captain John Mason married Anne Sanford (Noyes). Their son—
5. Peleg Sanford Mason married Mary Stanton. Their son—
6. James Mason married Abigail Beaumont. Their daughter—
7. Sarah Stanton Mason married Dan Throop. Their son—
8. George Addison Throop married Deborah Goldsmith. Their daughter—
*9. Cordelia Throop married William Remy Cole.

*See Page 47 and Chart

AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY PROVED BY SCIENCE

By BROWN LANDONE, F. R. E. S.

The word Aristocracy was coined by the strong and beautiful Greeks to indicate the "government by the best," for aristocracy is more than family or blood; it is supremacy of capacity and character carried on from generation to generation;

Once we thought it snobbish to give undue attention to lineage, but now we know by proof of science that admiration of persisting and continuing quality is is recognition of that which is best in life.

Science proves the inheritance of good qualities, and although shallow thinkers often state that geniuses do not produce geniuses, such a mistake is due to the extraordinary attention given to the few great men born of mediocre parents. This phenomena is so rare that it receives dramatic attention. But science proves that in proportion units of population, descendants of great men from great men is much greater than the birth of great men from mediocre stock.

So positively is inheritance proved that we now know that it controls even physical body build. Scientific study of descendants of slender parents, having three or more children, proves the 43 descendants to average 4 mediumly slender, 34 slender, 5 very slender, and none stout; a study of descendants of stout parents, proves the 50 descendants to average 14 very fat, 23 fat, 11 mediumly fat, and only 2 slender. Doctor Davenport, Director of Department of Genitics, Carnegie Institute of Washington, after more than a generation of work, declares that "A tendency of slenderness or fleshiness of build 'runs in families' and characterizes different races.' "

The work of Bianchi, Bonn, Davenport, De Vries, Ehrlich, Falconi, Galton, Lamarck, Lavoisier, Lombroso, Mendel, prove the persistency of build, mental traits, emotive tendencies and dominant qualities of character and capacity.

America having given new growth to the inherited qualities of the past owes a duty to itself in recognizing its aristocracy—not only of blood and of family name, but of quality and capacity.

The Family Crest is a guarantee of the past, a qualification of the present, and a prophecy of the future.

"It is a scientific fact that heredity has a great bearing upon individuals. The citizens of our nation, recognized as a power among the nations of the world, should feel inspired to preserve family records in permanent form, for future generations, and point to family crests with a knowledge of their derivation and history."

"The past—it flowers in every new completeness
Of thought, of faith, of hope."

WILLIAM CODDINGTON*

CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY OF EVENTS IN THE NEW ENGLAND COLONIES SO FAR AS THEY INFLUENCED THE ACTIONS OF WILLIAM CODDINGTON

1629 in London, England

ILLIAM CODDINGTON was born in Lincolnshire, England, in 1601-02. He became a merchant, was probably the son of a wealthy merchant. How else would he have had the wealth and influence, when only twenty-seven years old, to be chosen an assistant in the Massachusetts Bay colony that was formed in London in 1629? Only men of wealth or influence were chosen in forming the colony, that was to succeed where others had failed. Coddington was much younger than any other man in authority. In fact, he was only five years older than John Winthrop, Jr., son of Governor Winthrop.

1630 in Boston

After they crossed the Atlantic on the Arabella, he was made treasurer of the colony. He was continued in that office until he left the colony in 1638, to go as "Judge" with the Hutchinson party, to settle some place outside the jurisdiction of either Plymouth or Massachusetts.

Those who came from England on the Arabella settled first in Salem, then moved to Charleston. Coddington was the first to move to the peninsula the Indians called Shawmet, which the English later called Boston. Near the fine spring of sweet water, he built his house. Later he built there the first brick house in Boston. When the other squatters followed, to settle on the Indian land, Coddington suggested that the spring and the land about it be set aside as the Common for the use of all. So it was done, and so it continues unto this day.

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*See pages 17, 18, 19, 20, 22.

1637 in Boston

In 1637, we find Coddington a magistrate, a merchant, a plantation owner, respected by all, with great influence in the "First Church," a devoted follower of the Reverend John Cotton, in whom he saw no flaw.

We can find no proof that he was a follower of Anne Hutchinson; only that he agreed with her and others about freedom of conscience freedom of speech, and the English court procedure. Roger Williams had already fled to safety among the Narraganset Indians. He had fled from the bigotry, intolerance and persecution, that even in those first six years were manifest among the dictatorial rulers of the Massachusetts Bay colony. Reverend Hooker and Reverend Stone had removed themselves to the outposts, into territory that was later Connecticut. Reverend John Wheelwright, a brother-in-law of William Hutchinson, preached a sermon that those in authority did not like. They imagined they saw sedition in his text and sermon, so he was arrested for sedition and bound over for trial. Had William Coddington been "ambitious for authority," "autocratic," and "land hungry," he would have kept still and joined Winthrop, Dudley, Endicott and the persecuting ministers. His was the first name on the petition to the Magistrates begging them to leave matters of conscience to the individual churches, claiming sins against God were not for the magistrates to settle. So far as we can find, it was the first public claim, by a body of persons, in America, for separation of church and state. The petitioners further insisted, if their first request be not granted, that the trial should be public, not secret, as the magistrates proposed. By a bare majority, the further sessions of the trial were made public. Wheelwright was found guilty, sentenced to banishment, and those who signed the petition, except Coddington, were fined, imprisoned, or banished and deprived of their citizenship.

As Anne Hutchinson remained a thorn in their flesh, an obstacle to regimented, goose-step conformity in thought and action, she, too, was arrested and tried in the fall of 1637, and sentenced to banishment. She was imprisoned in the home of Mr. Weld in Roxbury until the resentment caused by the action of the ministers and magistrates cooled down. They were determined to further humiliate her by a church trial and excommunication. During the four months she was imprisoned, her relatives and friends and those opposed to the dictatorial methods and persecuting spirit of the magistrates and ministers, had time to make up their minds as to their future actions.

Coddington was thirty-five years old; his character and ideals were well formed, and his judgment was settled. At Anne Hutchinson's

trial he at first raised some mild objection. Governor Winthrop, hoping by sarcasm to suppress his younger associate, said: "If that is all you have to say, Mr. Coddington, it is a pity you interrupted our proceedings."

Coddington, however, had more to say. He claimed the proceedings were contrary to court procedure in England, where no one person could act as judge, accuser and prosecutor, as Governor Winthrop was doing. Coddington claimed Mrs. Hutchinson had broken no law of God or man. He insisted that the proceedings be made a permanent record for the benefit of posterity. "I see no equity in your proceedings," he said. In fact he said so much, of necessity there was a wide breach made between he and his older friends. Coddington, however, loved Governor Winthrop unto the end. He always missed his friends in Boston.

In spite of Coddington's stand at the trial, Winthrop begged him not to leave Boston, saying he would make it all right with the court. When Coddington went in spite of this show of friendship, he left in the heart of his old friend a deep hurt and resentment, as Governor Winthrop's subsequent letters and actions proved.

1638

In April, 1638, those who were under the condemnation of the court, with others who could no longer stand the intolerance, met at Coddington's house. There were eighteen heads of families. "In the presence of Jehovah" they incorporated "into a body politic, submitting themselves, their lives and estates to the Lord Jesus Christ and His law as given in the holy Word of Truth. By His laws they pledged themselves to be guided and judged."

Because Coddington was the only one experienced in administrative affairs, they elected and constituted him to be a judge amongst them. "He swore to do justice impartially, according to the laws of God and to maintain the fundamental rights and privileges." If that made him theocratic, then were all the Puritans theocratic. At no time do we find bigotry, intolerance and persecution among those who then withdrew.

Some of the men went south to find a place outside the patent of either Massachusetts or Plymouth. Coddington was with them. They started for Delaware. Inclement weather forced them to take refuge in the Narraganset bay. They looked with longing eyes at the beautiful island of Aquidneck. Coddington knew Massachusetts had no claim to it. Roger Williams went with them to Plymouth, where they were assured it was outside the patent of Plymouth.

They bought Aquidneck and some small nearby islands of the Indians for forty fathoms of wampum. The deed was made out by the head sachems, Miantunomi and Caunounicus, to "William Coddington and those united under him."

While they were away, the church trial of Ann Hutchinson took place. She was excommunicated and banished, Reverend Wilson saying: "I deliver you up to Satan that you may learn no more to blaspheme, to seduce and to lie." (A strange compliment to Satan! A serious reflection on their church and their God.) That was in March, 1638.

We quote from a letter Coddington wrote to Governor Winthrop May 27, 1640, in answer to one from Winthrop of accusation and protest: "What I did in the Wheelwright case, I did in the discharge of conscience and trewly sir whether or not I did well depends upon the trewth of the cause, of the way of salvation, the evidencing thereof remaynes yet controverted. I approve of the speech of one of note amongst you that we were in heat and chafed and were all of us to blame in our strife. We had forgotten we were brethern.

"Possibly you may conceive of things deeper or otherwise than there is cause for . . . though I had a year's liberty for my removal to escape only the censure of the court for the present. It was enacted while we were away to seek out a place for our abode, that unless we were away by a certain time we were to appear at court. For my own part I was not willing to live in the fyer of contention with yourself and others whom I honored in the Lord, having lived seven years in place of government with you, but chose raythey to be in exile and to put myself in a sudden removal in fourteen days tyme, to a place without house, choosing rather to be in the hand of God.

"What myself, my wife, and my family, induered in that removal I wish neither you or yours ever to be put unto. After all this undertaking of my part for peace if we must clash and make it appear in the Christian world, we that are as a city set on a hill, the will of God be done. I could wish for the good of both plantations that it was other wayes and muteall love and helpfulness continued."

After the exiles were landed, at Pocassett, on the northeast end of the island, near a spring of sweet water, three Elders were appointed to assist the Judge in the execution of justice and judgment. It was also decided that the decision of the Judge and Elders should be presented before a meeting of freemen, if they decided the decisions were not according to the Word of Christ then the body of freemen might repeal such decisions.

In April, May and June, 1638, Mistress Hutchinson was gravely ill, an illness that caused a slow convalescence. She was forty-nine years old. It seems impossible that she was able, during those months, to lead and direct a political revolt, as she was credited with doing, could she and her husband have forgotten the great personal sacrifice Coddington had made in standing by her, even after her and his beloved minister, Reverend Cotton, had failed her?

Samuel Gorton arrived in Pocassett from Plymouth. He had progressive ideas, but a most offensive, irritating way of airing them. He insisted that King Charles owned the land; without a patent from the King, nothing was legal. So he objected to those in authority, their courts, and their decisions. Though he had no patent, no more authority than had the others, he fomented a revolt while Coddington was in Boston on business for himself and the colony. William Hutchinson was elected in Coddington's place, with three assistants, to dispense justice.

If Mr. Chapin had documentary proof that William Coddington, in those few busy, vexatious months, was "autocratic" in his rule or a "religious opponent" of Mrs. Hutchinson, he failed to print that or the proof, that Coddington "feared the power of the majority" and removed in "anger" to the great spring of sweet water at the other end of the island. He does, however, call attention to the fact that a law in regard to cattle had been previously passed for "each" town, as though another town was contemplated and that the "Easons" (Eastons) had preceded Coddington, and those who withdrew after the election, to Newport. Most of the people who went to Newport were educated, at least could write their names. That was held a reproach in the eyes of those at Pocassett. They were proud of their greater democracy because the majority of the heads of families used a mark in signing their names. Mistress Hutchinson must still have been very low in mind and body if she agreed that ignorance was a handmaiden of democracy. Those in Pocassett acknowledged themselves loyal subjects of King Charles I; provided for courts, yearly and quarterly. We find Gorton's influence in those decisions. Mistress Hutchinson, still smarting from the hurt of the mockery of justice dealt out to her by the court, the judges and ministers, could hardly have suggested courts, magistrates, or even a church.

1639

On May 16, 1639, at a town meeting at Newport, the town was named, land adjustments settled, with Coddington continuing as judge and William Dryer as Secretary. Coddington is severely criticised for having taken The Book of records with him. We must assume that

the only vital statistics of the island were set down in the book. It was the chief treasure, the only proof they had of ownership. They had as much right to the book as the men in Pocassett. They had bought the **entire** island from the Indians. It may have been the only blank book those early settlers had.

1640

Pocassett was called Portsmouth in 1640. Before the end of the year, several families from Pocassett joined those at Newport. Even William Hutchinson asked to be admitted as a freeman. We find no evidence that Coddington, for selfish reasons, was autocratic in trying to unite the two towns. If they were to succeed and defend themselves, they had to be united.

March, 1640, the two towns were united under a governor, deputy governor and four assistants, all elected annually. Coddington was re-elected governor until 1648.

In the spring of 1640 the First Church in Boston sent a delegation to Aquidneck to inform those in Newport and Portsmouth, who had been members of the church, not excommunicated, that they were still under the jurisdiction of the First Church. At Newport they were courteously entertained, a church meeting was called, a committee formed. They sent word to Boston that when it could be proved to them from the Bible or the church Covenant that there was any rule to that effect, they would consider the matter. The people of Portsmouth were not even courteous.

In August, 1640, Newport opened a public school. Though it did not continue long, it showed a proper spirit and intention.

October, 1640, Winthrop recorded: "We received a letter at the general court from the magistrates of Connecticut, New Haven and Aquiday, wherein they declared their dislike of such as would have the Indians rooted out as being of the cursed race of Ham, and their desire of mutal accord in seeking their government by justice and kindness. . . . We returned answer of our consent with them, of all things propounded, only we refused to include those of Aquidnay in our answer or to have any treaty with them."

The court, in its official record, was more pointed in its insult: "The letter we answered, directed to Mr. Eaton, Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Haynes, only excluding Mr. Coddington and Mr. Brenton as men not to be capitulated with at all by us, either for themselves or the people of the iland where they inhabite, as their case standeth."

1641

March, 1641, a body politic was formed on the island with governor, deputy governor and assistants, laws, courts, and annual elections. There were thirty-five statements which they later confirmed as laws. Among them it was ordered that **"No one shall be held delinquent for doctrine."** Thus we find the inhabitants of the island individualistic in religion, united in civic affairs.

It was ordered each town should have a book of records, and that the laws should be shown in public places. Samuel Gorton and his special followers left the island for the mainland. He was not welcomed in Providence nor in Pawtuxet, where William and Benedict Arnold lived with their families and followers.

1642

In 1642, the Arnolds applied to Massachusetts for help against Gorton. Massachusetts gladly seized this opportunity of getting a firm hold in the Narragansett country. They promised help if the Arnolds and their following would come under Massachusetts. Winthrop wrote: "We did this partly to rescue those men from violence," (up to that time, Gorton's only offensive weapons had been venomous or stinging words), "and partly to draw the rest of those parts under us or Plymouth, as the place is likely to be useful to us."

The year 1642 was momentous on the island and on the mainland. The islanders were made aware if they were to be safe from interference, they must keep to themselves, free from the growing entanglements of the mainland with Massachusetts, Connecticut and Plymouth, each seeking part of the Narragansett country.

Massachusetts shut off trade with the Islanders, forcing them to get supplies and trade with the Dutch. The general court of Aquidneck ordered John Clark and Elder Easton to write to Sir Henry Vane to secure a Royal charter for the Island. Nothing came of this effort.

In 1642, William Hutchinson died. Mistress Hutchinson, with her younger children and special following, sought safety and quiet among the more friendly Dutch of New Amsterdam.

Gorton was taken in chains to Boston and banished from the Colony. He went straight to London, got a legal deed for the land he had bought, and came back with orders to Massachusetts to respect his claim.

The Arnolds' next move, in conjunction with Massachusetts, was to take two under sachems to Boston, where they put themselves under

the care of Massachusetts, claiming Miantonomi had no right to the land he sold to Gorton. Massachusetts now boldly claimed more land in the Narragansett country. Strife was stirred up amongst the Indians. Uncus captured Miantonomi; took him to Boston a prisoner. The court thought it best to let the ministers deal with the case. The ministers had no more scruples than they had the spirit of Jesus. They told Uncus to do as he pleased with the heathen, and sent two soldiers along to see that it was done properly. So perished the great good friend of Coddington, Roger Williams and Gorton. The Mohegan Indians stirred up further trouble with the Narragansetts and the English.

1643

Early in 1643, the New England Confederation was formed. It consisted of Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut and New Haven. United they hoped to be protected from the Indians, the Dutch and the French. Providence and the Island of Aquidneck were pointedly and insultingly left out.

October, 1643, Coddington wrote a long letter to Governor Winthrop in reply to one from him about the murder of Anne Hutchinson. We quote only that part that historians have used against Coddington, in an effort to prove him selfishly scheming. (I use our spelling): "I could have heartily desired, for the good I profess of both plantations, that we had not been rejected in alliance with you about the Indians which now the generality here will be averse from. The truth is, here is a party who do adhere unto Gorton and his Company in both plantations and judge them so much strength to the place which be neither friends to you nor us. Now the truth is, I desire to have either such alliance with yourselves or Plymouth, one or both, as might be safe for us all. How inconvenient it might be if it (the Island) were possessed by an enemy lying in the heart of the Plantations and convenient for shipping. . . . I desire to hear from you and that you will bury what I write in deep silence.

Roger Williams went (1643) to London for a charter. Some historians—those friendly to Coddington—claim he was sent by the Islanders to further their petition for a patent. However that may be, Williams asked for a patent for the Narragansett country. The next year he was granted a patent for the "Providence Plantation." The Providence Plantation meant Providence, an unorganized town, individualistic in both religion and civil affairs, Newport and Portsmouth.

Hugh Peters and Thomas Wells, in London at that time, obtained a charter, so they claimed, from the same parliamentary committee. Though it was signed by a minority, so illegal, Massachusetts used it to further their claim to the mainland.

September, 1643, Ann Hutchinson and her children were murdered by the Mohegan Indians.

Roger Williams, granted the charter in March, 1643, returned to the colony in September. Coddington and his friends in Newport were greatly displeased to have the long desired patent make the island an integral part of Providence with all its shortcomings and troubles. They refused to accept the charter or appoint magistrates from the island. They held out until 1647, when Portsmouth voted to send magistrates. Newport followed suit, sending William Coddington as one of the assistants.

Strange as it may seem, most of the historians give Williams and Gorton entire credit for the fine body of laws that were enacted in Portsmouth in 1647. Many of the laws were merely remade and improved from the ones that had been in force on the island of Aquidneck since 1641. They do this, even though they frankly assert that Coddington was the best educated and most experienced man among them.

1644

In 1644, the general court made application for admission to the Confederation. It was rejected unless the Island came under either Massachusetts or Plymouth.

In 1644 it was ordered by the general court of the Island that Aquidneck Island should thereafter be known as "Rhod Island."

1645

Coddington and others from Newport applied again for admission to the New England Confederation. Again they were denied admission, unless the Island came under either Massachusetts or Plymouth.

John Brown arrived from Plymouth to tell the Islanders they were to be under no authority but that of Plymouth.

The Islanders were out of powder and ammunition. By the tactics of Massachusetts and the Arnolds, the Indians were no longer friendly. Coddington, in the name of the General Court, applied to Massachusetts for ammunition. It was denied them.

In 1644, Winthrop wrote in his journal: "Those of Aquiday, being in great fear of the Indians, wrote to us for powder and ammunition. . . . The Magistrates thought fit not to supply them. But it certainly was an error not to support them." Winthrop went on to give the same reasons for supporting them that Coddington had given for being admitted to the New England Confederation.

1646

Newport, in spite of their differences with Providence and the determination of Massachusetts and Plymouth to hinder them even unto failure, was prospering and growing, larger than Providence and Portsmouth put together.

Ship building was well started. Governor Trumbull of Connecticut, in his History of Connecticut, states that a ship of 150 tons was built for New Haven at Newport in 1646. As the present United States ship building yards are where Coddington then had his plantation, it is possible that ship building was one of his ventures.

1647

Portsmouth decided it was better to have any sort of patent than to be without protection from Massachusetts and Plymouth. They voted to join with Providence in forming the Providence Plantation. An assembly was called at Portsmouth of duly appointed or elected Assistants. Coddington and Clarke went from Newport; some came from Warwick, as well as from Plymouth.

When admiring the laws and court procedure there enacted, bear in mind that Aquidneck Island had adopted most of the laws and enacted a similar court procedure five years previously, especially keep in mind that it was on Aquidneck Island, when Coddington was governor that it had been decreed **"No one shall be held delinquent for doctrine."**

Most of the historians give Gorton and Roger Williams entire credit for that really remarkable body of laws, ignoring Coddington's presence, as well as that of Clarke, with their previous record on Aquidneck Island. Read "Aquidneck Quarter Court Records, 1641-1646," in Chapin's Documentary History, to appreciate what was done in 1641 on Aquidneck Island.

1648

In 1648, Coddington, fearful of the further encroachments of Massachusetts and Connecticut on the mainland and because he was informed that Winslow was going to London to press the claims of Plymouth to the Island of Aquidneck, decided to go to London with his daughter, Mary. His wife had died in 1647.

1650

Winslow and Coddington laid their respective claims to the Island before the parliamentary committee. Winslow's claim was dismissed, Coddington's taken under advisement. It is claimed that Coddington

stated he had discovered and owned the Island. We would have to see verified, documentary evidence to prove he was so stupid and dishonest.

1651

In 1651, Coddington was given a charter to Aquidneck Island. Possibly it, too, was as far from what he asked as was the charter given Roger William's in 1644. It was a charter for the Island, with Coddington appointed governor for life. As we have no evidence that he had lost his reason, we are forced to conclude he was so glad to get a charter for his beloved Island that he did not quibble about words, well knowing the people on the Island would insist on annual elections according to the laws he had helped make in 1641.

He returned with the Charter into a hornets' nest of accusations and resentment and gossip. His private affairs were in a bad shape, and required much time to adjust. He had married Anne Brinley while in London.

1652

Early in 1652, Coddington signed a public disavowal of personal proprietorship. Williams and his following, chief among them being Gorton, would have none of Coddington's charter or disavowal. Roger Williams went to London to get his charter of 1644 renewed, and so it was done. It is stated historically that the records of the General Court for the years 1651-1653 were later destroyed for the benefit of Coddington, that he might not see the accusations against him. It seems as logical, as they were destroyed so long ago and no record left of what was destroyed, that the members were ashamed of what they had suspicioned, and in anger recorded. We are sorry the records were destroyed.

It is also reported, whether with documentary evidence or not we have no means of knowing, that one of the main reasons Williams old charter was renewed was that it was claimed Coddington was intrigueing with the Dutch. More than possible he had, when forced by Massachusetts to trade with the Dutch, made some fine business and shipping contacts in New Amsterdam that he prized and continued.

Charles M. Andrews, in his very fine "History of the Colonial Period in American History," though he strongly favors Roger Williams and Gorton, giving them entirely too much credit, and Coddington scarcely any, quotes: "Rhode Island, in the early days, and for nearly a hundred years, was synonymous with Newport, which like Venice,

depended on her ships for a place in the sun. She plowed the seas. The back country was neglected except as it furnished surplus products for her ships."

While Roger Williams in theory and writing was for perfect freedom in religion, yet he was very bitter in his denunciation of the Quakers. They were not welcomed in Providence. They were more then welcomed in Newport, as were the Jews. Coddington openly espoused the cause of the Quakers, became one outwardly, as he had all along been one in spirit. As much colonial history is anyone's guess, it seems not farfetched for us to conclude that part of the resentment and opposition to Coddington was because he was a Quaker. The Quakers were being persecuted in England and Massachusetts from 1650-1670.

1654

The towns of Portsmouth, Warwick, Providence and Newport were again united under the Providence Plantation charter.

1656

Coddington, fifty-two years old, having done what he could to save Newport from entanglements, in reply to a public letter from Oliver Cromwell, which we can but suspect was written mostly for his benefit, declared he submitted to those in authority of his Highness with all his heart.

The Atherton Company, made up of men from Connecticut, Massachusetts and some from the mainland, loomed large in the troubled skies for the people of the mainland. It was no longer Coddington's worry or fight. The litigation with the Atherton Company was a source of anxiety and litigation for many years.*

1660

When Charles II was declared King of England, the Williams charter was automatically worthless, John Clarke of Newport was still in London. All factions united in imploring and appointing him to get a proper Royal Charter, which in the course of three years he did, but it was for the Rhode Island Plantation, with the mainland included. John Clarke had included in the list of grantees, Williams, Coddington, Gorton, Greene, Coggeshall, Dexter, Holden and Dyer, leaving out himself, John Clarke, to whom Rhode Island owed much.

Most important of all else was included the same religious freedom that Clarke and Coddington and their fellow members of the General Court of Aquidneck Island had enacted in 1641.

* See Foot note Page 36

1674

By 1674, Newport was the dominating power in the affairs of the plantation, being larger than all the other towns put together. As the Quakers were in the majority in Newport, even though Coddington was seventy-two years old, he was elected Governor of Rhode Island, and again in 1678. He died in office in November, 1678.

We have drawn our evidence from many sources, chiefly from the fine "Documentary History of Rhode Island," by Howard M. Chapin, and have quoted much from his Volume II. We read Dr. Henry Turner's very prejudiced account of affairs, as he interpreted them; Bicknell's "Governors in the History of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations."

Dr. David King, Judge Dufree, Mrs. Sarah Birckhead, Stiles and Jered Sparks were favorable to Coddington.

To our way of thinking, Thomas William Bicknell sums it up fairly and wisely: "In the conflict between the individualism of Providence, the mysticism of Warwick, and the centralization of Aquidneck, the people of the Island Colony grew into a larger conception of Democracy and a fuller application of spiritual equality under the wise inspiring leadership of Dr. John Clarke and President Coddington."

OLIVE COLE SMITH, 1939.

A TRIBUTE

From an Old Album

May thy heart ever prize the fair graces of mind
Above all the charms that around beauty have shown;
And may you have bliss and the fortune to find
A bosom as generous and kind as thine own.

—RUTH (MORSE) MINER
(Deborah Goldsmith's Grandmother.)

"Only a real patrician can be truly democratic."

PRESTON CORNERS—YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Some of you, after reading the old letters, may long to visit the old homes and old burying grounds of ancestors. As you drive north from Oxford, New York, you will find the old house from which Great Grandmother Sarah Stanton Mason (Throop) Waite wrote her letters. It is on the left-hand side of the road just before you reach the store at Preston Corners. Many of the old houses, most of them in better repair than the Waite house, belonged to family connections. There is now nothing to show there ever was a village there—nothing but a general store. To those of you who are so interested we give the following letter, dated in November, 1939, from Cousin James Throop, who is 87 years old and still living in that vicinity: —O. C. S.

Preston Corners, for many years, was the greatest place in Chenango County. There were two large churches, a good hotel, a distillery where they made whiskey out of potatoes, a large blacksmith shop where they shod horses and oxen—nearly every farmer had a yoke of oxen. There was a large tannery and shoe shop, the largest in Central New York, run by Samuel Hall. He bought the hides in the country, tanned them and sold them as shoes, boots and harness. He tanned the hides with hemlock bark. When I was twelve years old, I worked there, grinding the bark. My wages were 12 cents for ten hours work. My father worked in the shoe shop for seventy-five cents per day. The farmers kept the milk at home and made butter and cheese.

We never were bothered about taxes and every one was happy.

Great droves of cattle and sheep passed through the Corners on their way from Ohio to New York. There were hundreds of them in a drove. All the way from Ohio to New York they found water and grazing land.

SUNBEAMS, SMILES AND KINDNESS

A Solar Ray will enliven the depths of a dungeon and spread a presence of Cheer to a prisoner if confined there. A Smile has power to heal a wounded heart or arrest the current of despair in a human Soul. Kindness will rescue a sinner, overcome error, and elevate humanity.

(Rowena Beebe Throop's handwriting, September 14, 1858, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.)

A

DEMONSTRATION

OF

TRUE LOVE

UNTO

You the Rulers of the Colony of the

Maſſachuſets

IN

NEVV ENGLAND;

Shewing

To you that are now in Authority the unjuſt Paths that your Predeceſſors walked in, and of the Lord's Dealings with them in his ſevere Judgments, for perſecuting his Saints and Children.

Which may be a Warning unto you, that you walk not in the ſame Steps, leſt you come under the ſame Condemnation.

Written by one who was once in Authority with them; but always teſtified againſt their perſecuting Spirit, who am call'd

William Coddington *of* Road-Iſland.

Printed in the Year 1674.

The above is a reproduction of the title page to the pamphlet of William Coddington from a photostatic copy of the original booklet, which is on file in the Boston, Massachusetts, Library. The following text is copied as to original capitalization and punctuation, but in modern type.

TO THE READER.

Friend,

The Original being burned, to satisfie the desires of my Friends, and clear my Innocency, I have given forth a Copy thereof; It was directed to Richard Bellingham, Governour of the Massachusets, Simon Broadstreet & William Hauthorn Assistants, or whom else it might concern; which Letter about the middle of the 7th Month, 1672, was by a Woman Friend left at the House of the said Richard Bellingham: Presently upon the Receipt thereof, or some small Time after the same Day, he sent for Nicholas Moulder of Boston, Merchant, and demanded of him a needless Question, whose Letter it was? for he might have seen whose Letter it was, being dated from Road-Island, the 12th of the 6th Month, 1672. my known Hand and Seal to it; but Nicholas answered, as he supposed, It was mine; whereupon the said Richard very furiously in Anger and Passion replyed, I was an old sottish Man, to that effect; and caused his Man to fetch a Candle and light it, he being in Augustine Lindal's House, the Iron monger, and in Augustine's Presence, Nicholas and his Man's, opened my Letter, then tore it, and put it into the Flame of the Candle, and burnt all the Writing, without reading of it, and had Nicholas to take notice of it.

Thus, after he had contrary to all Law and Right, abused my Letter, and his publick Trust, in burning a Letter of public Concernment, directed to two in Authority with him, and to others of his Spirit, that it might concern, which shews his great Weakness and Wickedness, standing out all Warning from the Spirit of the Lord in his Servants; yet notwithstanding it had this Effect, the three Beholders have expressed some Tenderness; the young Man that then lived with the said Richard, and waited on him, and lighted the Candle by his Order, he was troubled in his Mind, and as they termed it, Distracted, and told the Governour, he had deceived him, and that he would not pluck off his Hat to him, and such like; so that he sent him home to Newberry with his Father: Thus having abused me, as is said, he also abused my Friend Nicholas Moulder, and asked him where his Security was, or else he would send him to Prison, to answer the next Court; but for what, he expressed not, nor do I believe he knew; and so calling him proud Quaker, that durst stand with his Hat on: Nicholas being bound to appear at their Court before, he therefore let him go.

Now this Abuse was not done by the Government of the Massachusets, but by the Elective Governour, as a private Man, in a private House, before three private Persons, without his Counsel, and in Anger and Fury; an evil Disease I know he hath been long warned of, when I was joyned with him in Authority in the Massachusets.

Now let the rational and impartial Reader judge, not leavened with a persecuting Spirit, whether I might not so express my self, as I have in the ensuing Letter, being intrusted in the first setting thereof (and with the chiefest in all publick Charge) even before Boston was nam'd, or any House therein, I builded the first good House, in which the said Governour and Merchant Brakel now dwell: I have spent much of my Estate and Prime of my Age in propagating Plantations, and now come to the last Period, the 70. Year of my Age; in Discharge of my Conscience towards God and in tender Love and due Respect to all, I write, as I have done, to warn you of your general Calamity, upon which I parted from you, that persecuting Spirit let loose, that hath so much indangered and hindered your Good both Spiritual and Temporal, and hazard both your Patent, Lives and Estates, as in my Letter, to which I refer you, may appear; and rest your in true Love,

WILLIAM CODDINGTON.

Oh, Friend Richard Bellingham!

Thou, who professest thy self a Christian; how can'st thou persecute, and banish, and imprison such as are Christians, whereas by the Command of Christ Jesus, thou art to love thine Enemies? and how dost thou love thy Neighbour as thy self, and God above all, and keep the Commandments of God, when thou dost persecute and banish his Servants, as thou hast Solomon Eccles and Nicholas Alexander of Jamaica, a Justice of Peace and a Captain by Commission from the King? Is this thy entertaining of Strangers (and the King's Commissioners?) was thou so entertain'd by me at Road-Island, when thou wast a Stranger there, and I Governour? Did I take thee out of one Prison and put thee into another, as thou has done my Friends, with Hazard of their Lives, being weak and sick, and not yet recovered? What! Hast thou not innocent Blood enough yet? Doest thou think that this will be well taken at Jamaica, when your Shipping cometh thither? But as Persecutors were ever blind, so art thou; the Lord will one Day account with thee, as it is said by him which is Faithful and Just, Luke 12.45,46, The Lord of that Servant will come in a Day when he looks not for him, and in an hour when he is not aware, and will cut him in sunder, and will appoint him his Portion with Unbelievers; mind that seriously as thou wishest thy own Good. Now for thee, Friend, that doest not only profess thy self a Christian, but one of the highest Forms, and that was against the Bishops in England, & suffered by them; O! how is that Tenderness lost since thy coming into authority in New-England, that thy Colleague John Endicott deceased and thee, are numbered among the Persecutors and Wicked, whose Names and Memorials shall stink and rot; for you two, whom I say, I did know, formerly had some Tenderness in you (for I have known you both long, thee above this forty five Years) I say, for you so far to degenerate from Christianity to Hardness and cruelty, as to give Sentence of Death upon five of the Servants of the living Lord, four of which were executed, barely for their Conscience towards God, and only for being such as are called Quakers, and coming into your Jurisdiction (and you would not suffer the Graves of the Martyrs of Jesus to be inclosed) to prevent which, I know, you had many Warnings from the Lord by Men, Women and Children infinites of Dayes, and by me William Coddington the Aged; for in much Tenderness was I moved of the Lord to write unto you, even so mourning over you when I was in writing, that my Tears blotted my Paper, to warn you in the Name of the Lord (to take heed and not joyn to that Spirit, that then had lead you into imprisonments, Cruelty, Whippings, cutting off Ears, Fines, and taking away Goods, Banishing on Pain of Death the servants of the living God) for following the Leadings of that Spirit that would lead you to take away their Lives: But as none of the former Warnings from sundry of the Servants of the Lord's Messengers, that spoak to you in the Name and Power of the Lord; so that though the Lord would, ye would not; for the Friend that brought my Letter, being in Company with William Robinson and Marmaduke Stevenson, you imprisoned and cruelly whipped: So, though I came over with your Governour, as an Assistant in Commission with him, &c. and for seaven Years in Authority, as a Magistrate and Treasurer of the Country, and equal with you, because you would persecute as by a Remonstrance in Court, when others and myself were Members of it, appears; yet notwithstanding, my Letter found no better Acceptance, than is aforesaid; never returned me one Word in Answer to the several particulars therein expressed; but have been so filled with the Devices of your own Hearts and Wayes, that your Cruelties have filled the Contents of two printed Treatises hitherto, which cannot be sufficiently expressed, which is the World's Wonder, and the Astonishment of all that are Men of Ingenuity and Tenderness: I say, it hath filled two Books in Quarto, though since 1667. your unjust Doings have not

been printed, of which this is one, I shall now write unto you of, though my Letter find no better Acceptance then my former did, viz. There were so many Books that cost ten Pound Sterling in England, sent to Barbados, which were to have been transported to this Island for me and other Friends, in Shipping belonging to this Island; but through Mistake, was by William Mastra brought to Pascatua: No Opportunity presenting for Transportation to us, some of your Magistrates or Officers searched his Vessel; he informing me thereof, that your Officers had taken the said Books, and that they were brought to Boston, I demanded my Goods of Richard Bellingham, then and now Governour: Thou not denying to have received them, but gave me a scoffing Answer, not becoming thy Gravity; therefore I shall not only demand them of thee (my ancient Friend) but of two others of your Magistrates; my ancient Friend also, viz. Simon Broadstreet, no others but him (that I know) now living in the Massachusets, that were in England chosen with me Assistants to the Governour of the Massachusets, now above forty two Years past: Friend, I have often read thy Name in the said Books, and of thy being in England, when some of the People of God came to confer or examine thee about the putting to Death or murdering of some of their Friends in New England, whether thou hadst a Hand in it, and by what Law thou didst it; and whether you were subject to the Laws in England? and thou answeredst in a fearful Manner, Guilt being upon thee, and wouldst shuffle it off thy self, and saidst, you had a Law by which you put Jesuites to Death: It was asked you, whether they were Jesuites; and whether you put them to Death as Jesuites? And thy Answer was, Nay, thou didst not believe they were Jesuites: So then it was said to thee, that you had murdered them, when no Law of England could be instanced by thee, by which you had put them to Death: And so soon after got out of England, before William Robinson's Father came to the City of London; and there were some that were in Power in England, that were much troubled at our Friends in England, because they would not seize upon thee and thy Company, as Murderers, who had murthered the King's Subjects, and forfeited their own Patent, and acted contrary to the Laws of England, in murdering his Subjects, having no Law of England for it, and manifested your selves to be Rebels to the King, in putting his Subjects to Death without his Laws, and denying his Subjects their Appeal to the King of England and his Laws, when you murdered them: And what was Mary Dyer a Jesuite, whom you murdered, and put to Death, and hanged on your Gallows; and when you had done, your great Major Aderton came into your Court, and boasted to your Court, and to them under the Sentence of Death and Examination, how Mary Dyer hanged like a Flag, who had been that Day executing of her, thinking thereby to have terrified them; but the Servants of the Lord were carried above all your Threats and Terrors, and him who boasted of your murdering of her: And the Day will come you will have small Cause to boast in such Murders, as he had no Cause, as his End made manifest, as yours will do, as will beseem, as his hath been to all New England; for when the Servants of God warned him of the Judgments of God to come upon him, he boasted and said, You tell us of the Judgments of God to come upon us, but when will they come? we see none yet: But they suddenly came upon him, and made him a Spectacle to all the Bloodthirsty Priests and Magistrates in New-England, for you to look at, as he said to you & our Friends, Mary Dyer hanged like a Flag to look at, who soon after was made a Spectacle for you to (gase at) And was not his Eyes like Sawsers for you to look at? And did not his Blood run through the Floor of your Court-House, where you had given Sentence for taking away of the Blood of God's People, yea, in the Place where the said Man had boasted that Mary Dyer hanged like a Flag; but soon the Vengeance of God took hold of him, and made him a Sign to you, and to all other blood-thirsty Persecutors.

Now Friend, though I thus write for clearing my Testimony, yet have I nothing but Love in my Heart towards you; for thou art my ancient Friend; thou wast known to me before thou wast married, when thou camest to Boston Lector, and after we came to New-England in the Arabella: I say, when I was informed out of England, that C. F. and others of our Friends had been with thee, as is said, and that they had left you to the Judgments of God, which you could not escape, it would be too hard for you; for the Lord of that Servant would come in a Day he looked not for, &c. Luke 12.46. for John Norton one of thy Company, who when you paused upon the executing of William Robinson and Marmaduke Stevenson, and forbare one Day (it may be at the Mediation of my ancient and worthy Friend Jo. Winthrop Governour of Coneticut, who did much interceed with you to prevent your Shedding innocent Blood) he encouraged you thereunto, and the rest of your cruel Works; this bloody Persecutor being at your Worship-House in the fore-part of the Day, and intended to go in the after part, the Lord came upon him in a Day he looked not for, and in an Hour he was not aware of, and so cut him off; for he fell down dead: And did he not say, the Judgments of God were upon him? which I leave to thy Consideration, lest it be said of thee, thou hadst Time to repent, and yet repentedst not, as it is said of Jezebel. William Hauthorn, my third ancient Friend, that I have said I would write to; Thy Name is also often mentioned in the said Book of Books: I cannot now say, how far, with my other two ancient Friends, thou art guilty of the Death of our Friends before said; but this I can say, that though Hand joyn in Hand, yet shall not the Wicked go unpunished: Friend, since thou camest in Authority; for in the Ship, I know thou wast tender, serious and retired, as became the Gospel of Christ (for I had Speech with thee many times) and both then and afterward barest thy Testimony against Persecution, and stinting or limiting the Spirit of Prophecy in any, viz. to restrain from Preaching, but by Allowance of certain Persons; if that should take Place in New-England, thou lookedst at it as one of the most horridest Acts as ever was done in New-England, and would be as great a Token of God's forsaking New England, as any (I know where thou spake it) and it was a good Speech; for this is the Day of God's Appearance in his Sons and Daughters, in pouring out his Spirit, so they must prophesie; and who can withold the Work of the Lord? Art you stronger than he? What hath all your Persecution come to, mentioned in the foresaid Books? though Briars and Thorns have set themselves in Battel against the Lord, yet he hath gone through you all; for since your opposing the Truth in your Jurisdiction, have not many been brought to know him, whom to know is Life Eternal? You may as well with-hold the flowing of the Tide into the Massachusets Bay, as the Workings of the God of Truth in the Hearts of his People in the Massachusets Jurisdiction, or to limit the holy One to a Company or Tribe of Priests, who make a trade of the Scriptures, keeping People alwayes under their Teaching that they may be alwayes paying of them. Now for the Books taken away by your Officers, detain'd some years, demanded of your Governour, is an Act of such Hostility, that (by me) cannot be paralleled: Should we seize of your Merchants Goods in other Places, as you have done of ours, would you not say we had done right? as you had done to others, so others had done unto you? Had I been in Spain (as I have been) in the great City of Malego, and the Inquisitors had come aboard our Ship, or Ships, and they had found Books that they disliked, yet should I not have lost the Propriety of my Books; they would seal them up, and when the Ship or Ships were ready to sail, I should have them again: Is this to do as you would be done by? The Papists will condemn you in this, as contrary to their common Equity that ought to be, & also the Privilege of an English Subject. You have taken away all Law and Justice, and have usurped it into your own Hands; for you are Court, Jury, Judge, Accusers, Witness and all; no Justice is to be had in this

Case. Oh the Honesty, the Honesty of the Papists! They will not destroy the Proprieties, though they be Sectaries, out of the pure and undefiled Religion, that James speaks of; of the Truth and Worship in Spirit and Truth, that Christ set up above sixteen hundred Years ago.

I appeal to your own Masters of Ships and Merchants, if this be not so: Did ever any of you lose a Book? But we must lose ten Pounds Sterling, as they cost in England, because they were in your Government; a Reason against Reason.

Let me have a fair Arbitration upon it, if you will not deliver them up, and your own Merchants shall determine it; for this Case is properly to be determined by Merchants, that know "Lex mercatoria," the Law amongst Merchants; for though the Estate seized is not great, yet the Consequence may be great; and they that will not do Justice in small Matters, will not in greater Matters; But it may be I shall receive them again, when I receive the Reward promised me for my Pinace, which took the Pinace of John Oldams, when he was slain by the Indians, and Thomas Stanton, yet living, cut in the Back, and set ashore by them of Block Island, whose Pinace and whose Charge was John Oldam's Pinace taken from the said Indians, and some of them brought prisoners to Boston, John Gallop Master and John Wood his Mate: Indeed John Gallop had a small Island given him in lieu of that Service (called, it is like, Gallop's Island to this Day) then was I promised a Reward answerable to my Charge & Adventure, &c.

But after a persecuting Spirit arose amongst the Priests, and Ann Huchison and John Whelewrit must be banished, and all that stood in their Way must remove, and the unclean Spirit like Frogs, came out of the Mouth of the false Prophets, so that Persecution was ushered in, all Persons that were against them, were noted as the removing Party; So as I am a Man and a Christian, I would have no Hand in it; so that being against it and a Magistrate, after three dayes Debate in Court (the Priests animated their Party; for of the Priests none but John Cotton was with us; some fell from us, so that we were the minor) we drew up a Remonstrance, that our Dissent might appear to succeeding times, which after some Debate, was admitted according to our Desires, to stand on Record; so ever since that, I have been none of you that persecute; for I would not number my self, as a Man amongst Persecutors, whose Names shall rot in succeeding Ages, much more as I am a Christian, to love one another, and to love Enemies, and my Neighbour as my self, and God above all: I therefore bare my Testimony (as it is said by that Remonstrance) against that persecuting Spirit that was let loose to deceive all in Authority: And though I was in the greatest Way to be great in the Massachusets to the outward; yet the Locusts that were come out of the bottomless Pit blasted all to my Continuance there, and my Mind was for removing. And the Planters Play, and John Cotton's Sermon, which was in 1630, printed by John Humphrey our Agent, to satisfie the Godly-minded of our Removal out of England, all did satisfie me to remove, as Lot out of Sodom, being grieved for your unrighteous Dealings: So that as I am, or was for that seaven Years I lived in the Massachusets, a Merchant, and the chiefest there; so by Merchants, that walk by the Rule of Righteousness, To do unto others, as you would have them do unto you, let my Cause be issued; for if you were such, you would not do as you do, to persecute and destroy common Right that is among Nations, and maintained by the Law of Nations. That you New-England Professors, that profess the Scripture of Truth, and that are out of Possession of that Life that gave them forth; for you to say, you have a Law for it; what Law contrary to Law, that is no sooner made, but void by England's great Charter, and your Patent, as repugnant to Law: I find a printed Paper dated at Yarmouth Road, aboard the Arabella, April the 7th 1630. by us the Heads, that then brought over the Massachusets Patent, in

the Name of the whole Company, John Winthrop Governour, Thomas Dudley Deputy, Sr. Richard Saltinstal (so called) Isaak Johnson that married the Earl of Lincoln's Sister, the Lady Arabella: Our Ship, a war-like Ship, called the Eagle; the Admiral of the Fleet, in Honour of the Lady, was named the Arabella; they two before-said and William Coddington Assistants, with others, as in that printed Paper yet extant may appear, and the Planters Plea (both printed the same time, to satisfie the Godly-minded) wherein their Prayers were desired, and the Ground of our Removal expressed, viz. To propagate the Gospel, and other Grounds therein mentioned, as well performed, as that which was by John Humphrey (a known Man that married the Earl of Lincoln's Sister, that printed them) dispersed into most Parts of England. Oh! how have you propagated the Gospel, that have made use of such Weapons, that the Apostles of Christ did never make use of, as in the two Books aforesaid, writ and printed by Geo. Bishop, to which I refer you, may appear: Did ever Paul wrestle with Flesh and Blood, as you have done, by your Imprisonings, Whippings, cutting Ears, and Banishments upon Pain of Death, and putting to Death the Propagators of the Gospel, who with that blessed Apostle desired you were as they (except those Bonds you laid on them for the Gospel's sake) that prayed for you and loved you, when you persecuted and were full of Envy towards them; yea, and persisting therein, as witness not only your Imprisoning and Banishing Solomon Eccles and Nicholas Alexander of Jamaica, as is aforesaid; but also Imprisoning James Lancaster, John Stubbs, a learned Man, as witness the Battle-Door in thirty five Languages, John Raunce, Thomas Eaton and Robert Hornden, five Strangers more, the Servants of the Lord: And is this your entertaining of Strangers? Is this to do as you would be done to? Was ever any that came into our Jurisdiction so entertained? Did I so entertain Richard Bellingham your Governour (which signed the Warrant) let him witness against us if he can: Did I not entertain him and his Company for nine or ten Dayes in my House on Road-Island? They had the free Exercise of their Conscience, John Danford to preach to them in my House: I have demanded the like of him, to do to me and my Friends, as I did to him and his; but we have been molested and haled before the Authority, and so Evil rendered for Good, and Hatred for my Good-Will. The first Day of this present Month, Geo. Heathrot was by you committed to Prison, that is a principal Owner and Commander of a Ship; he delivered unto you Solomon Eccle's Letter, did he not? and he did not put off some Part of his Cloathing, it may be his Hat; and is this the Honour that you Massachusets Magistrates look after (that know not that Honour that comes of God alone) you think your selves higher than King Charles, who frequently admits Friends into his Presence, without any such vain Observations; he knows it is their Conscience so to do, and takes no Offence; but them that pretend comment-Matters, not Conscience, who have made Ship-wrack of it (Mind that of Mat. 25. that dreadful Sentence of Christ the Judge, our Lord and Master, to such as have not visited him in his Members, much more to such as have Imprisoned, Banished and Persecuted him in his Members) and some of you that are in Authority, that have had a Hand in shedding innocent Blood, are so stupified and hardened in your persecuting, that do not you now say (even now, notwithstanding the King's Toleration and releasing out of Prison) that if it was to do, you would do it again, and so render your selves Murtherers in the Eye of the Law (as hath been said) so hear Christ's Sentence, Go ye Cursed, come ye Blessed; ye Cursed shall go into Everlasting Punishment (mark that) but the Righteous into Life Eternal: They shall shine for ever and ever, but the Name of the Wicked shall rot: Is this to answer the Grounds of your Removal, in propagating the Gospel, as declared in Print to the Land of our Nativity? O gross Hypocrisie and Dissimulation! profess it in Print, and persecute it in Deed; also to burn, suppress and imbecil such Books, as tend to the Furtherance of that which you have declared of in Print: To

whom shall I compare you herein (that persist to persecute, as is said) except it be to Bonner's Story and the Persecutors in the Marian Dayes; read their Stories in Fox's Acts and Monuments, to suppress Gospel-Books that came out of Germany, the low Countries, &c. And therein you may read your own Actings, and read their Ends; and read the Scriptures, from the Beginning of Genesis to the End of Revelations, and you shall never find, that any that persecute the People of God, as you have done (and repented not) that ever were unpunished. Now to come to an End; I understand that you take away People's Goods, to maintain such persecuting Priests, as were never sent of God, and called of Christ Jesus unto that Work they pretend to, as their Fruits do manifest; and they that hear them not, or never set them to Work, must pay them, or never hired them: And that which is yet more unjust is, That they cannot hear them for Conscience sake, must not only pay the Priests that preach for their Hire; but you that love to have it so, have made a Law to pay five Shillings a Day for not hearing them: So you that fled from the Bishops, are worse than they, and set up a worse anti-christian Power: Is it not in matter of Worship they do against God and Christ, if in Case they do trespass? And is not Christ Judge in such spiritual Matters, that will recompence to every one according to their Works; and therefore commands all Persecutors and Pluckers to be still, to suffer the Tares and the Wheat to grow together till Harvest, which will be the End of the World? And at that time he will send his Angels to reap the Tares from the Wheat; and so commands his Servants to be still; for it is his Angels Work. Gamaliel would be no Judge in such Matters: You that profess the Scriptures to be your Rule, what Rule have you in Scriptures, To persecute any for Religion or Conscience towards God? but to love Enemies, and to love one another, &c.

Therefore turn to the Light within you, wherewith you are enlightened, that you have contracted and blasphemed as Natural, &c. Even Christ in you the hope of Glory, which was declared to you by the Servant of the Lord John Cotton, on Acts 4. 13. on his Lecture Day, the Ships ready to depart for England; he stated the difference, it was about Grace; he magnified Grace within us, the Priests Grace without or upon them: So all the Difference in the Country was about Grace, notwithstanding the Difference was as great (saith he) as between Light and Darkness, Heaven and Hell, Life and Death: For as in the Text, when they saw the Boldness of Peter and John, they perceived they had been with Jesus; and from the Spirit of Jesus did he then declare, and so do our Friends when they come amongst you, and you might perceive had you the spiritual Eye Salve: Therefore turn to the Grace of God within you, that, as in former Dayes, so in this is the Saints Teacher, then shall you never be without a Teacher: And repent of the Evil of your Doings, before your Day be passed over, and it be hidden from your Eyes, though you seek it with Tears, as Esau did.

And as for me, I pass not to be judged of you, or of Man's Dayes; he that judgeth me is the Lord, and his Witness is with me in what I write; and as for my Books so taken and so detained by you (after demand) as is said; let me have your Answer in Writing; a small Request from him, that for seaven Years served with you, as a Magistrate and Treasurer of the Country; Yea, and had to this Day, in so doing he could have served the Lord Jesus; for I am yours in the Service of Truth,

W. CODDINGTON.

Road Island, the
12th. of the 6th
Month, 1672.

Upon Burning of my former Letter, I writ this, directed to Richard Bellingham, Governour of the Massachusets, as followeth,

Friend, My Letter directed to thee Richard Bellingham, Governour of the Massachusets, Simon Broadstreet and William Hauthorn, Assistants, and whom else it might concern, which Letter was about the middle of the 7th Month, 1672, left at thy House; upon the Receipt thereof, or not long after, thou sentst for Nicholas Moulder of Boston Merchant, and demandedst of him from whom that Letter was; Nicholas answered, from William Coddington; whereupon thou very furiously replyed, I was an old sottish Man, or to that effect.

Now Friend, see what thou hast fallen from: I have known the time, that thou wouldst not have allowed thy self in Fury and nonsensical Discourse; and whereas thou reproachest me for my Age, thou art older than I; and it is a Crown of Glory, being found in a Way of Righteousness: and it is for Christ's sake thou dost thus reproach me, because I bare Testimony against all persecuting Spirits; otherwise thou wouldst have called me, as thou knowest I have been called among Men these forty five Years; and so to fill up the Measure of thy Iniquity, caused thy Man to fetch a Candle, thou being in Augustine Lindel's House the Iron-monger, and in the presence of Augustine, and the said Nicholas, and thy Man, openedst my Letter, and tore it, and put it into the Flame of the Candle, and burntst all the Writing without looking on, or reading any of it, and had Nicholas take notice of it. Now Friend, thou shewest what Spirit thou art of, by thy Untrustiness and Wickedness in burning a Letter, that concerned others in Authority with thee, and the Country to take notice of: Is this thy fulfilling of the royal Law, To do to others as thou wouldst have others to do to thy self? Wouldst thou be contented to be so done by, to have thy Letter, when thou demandest what is due to thee, to be torn and burnt, and thou called out of thy Name? Is this the Restitution thou makest for the Wrong thou hast done, taking away the Goods of another, contrary to Law and Justice, without Tryal, repugnant to the Laws of England, contrary to your Patent: Shew a Law of England for what thou hast done. David saith, He that rules over men must be just, ruling in the Fear of the Lord, which is, to hate Evil, Pride and Arrogancy; and every evil Way, and a froward Mouth do I hate, saith Solomon the wisest of Kings, then would thy Government be for the Punishment of Evil-Doers, & for the Praise of them that do well; but Justice is turned backward, and Equity cannot enter, and he that departeth from Iniquity maketh himself a Prey: Thy Iniquity is noticed already to succeeding Ages; thou needst not bid the Standers to Take notice of thy tearing and burning a Letter of publick Concernment: What put thee into so much Anger and Fury (it was not the Letter) if thou hadst been altogether ignorant of the Contents of it? thou either knewest, or mightst have known whose Letter it was, having of it in thy Hand, dated from Road-Island, the 12th of the 6th Month, 72. Place of my outward Abode, and my known Hand and Seal to it: So that thou either didst or mightst have known certainly whose the Letter was; so the Question was needless, to require of Nicholas Moluder whose it was (that knew not what was in it) Now see what Regard thou hast to Justice, by what is said; and further to threaten to send an innocent Man to Prison, and demand where was his Security to answer at your Court; but tell him not for what, and I believe thou knowst not for what, but only that thou wast transported for the present; thou wast warned of that Evil, when I was in Authority with thee in the Massachusets.

Now in Coolness, Friend, Consider if thou be not him that was spoken of in 2 Sam. 23. 6, 7. That he that comes near thee in thy Fury, though he be sent for by thee (as Nicholas was) had need to be fenced with Iron and the Staff of a Spear;

thou are utterly burnt with Fire in the same Place: Hadst thou not been in the same Place of a Governour, thou wouldst not have been so discovered, so that the least Child of Light may discover thee to be of a persecuting Spirit.

Now see if thou canst, if thou hast not sinned out thy Day, what thy forty five Years Profession of the Scriptures, being out of the Life and Power that gave them forth, is come to, that to speak plain Scripture Languages, Thou and Thee to a single Person, and to stand with his Hat on, is a Crime culpable of Death, as in William Leddra's Case.

Also consider that forty five Years past, thou didst own such a suffering People, that now thou dost persecute; they were against Bishops, and Ceremonies, and the conformable Priests; they were the Seed of God that did serve him in Spirit, then called Puritans, now called Quakers, God having put Enmity between the two Seeds; the Serpent's Seed disgraces the Seed of the Woman with Nick-Names, which Seed of the Woman the Servant of the Lord John Cotton in Verse describes,

> Of Puritans two Sorts I find,
> The Moral and the Ceremonial Kind:
> The Ceremonial God's great Name to hallow,
> Will strain at Motes, as well as beams not swallow—
> His tender Conscience makes his fleshly Heart
> At smalest Pricks and Scruples back to start.

But I will write to thee no more of them at this Time, because I would not have thee burn them, as thou didst my last Letter. These I say, thou didst then own these Verses, and divers more John Cotton wrote about sixty Years since, long before thou camest to dwell at Boston: So I am thy ancient Friend, and so will be, do what Injury thou canst to me.

Road Island, the
20th. of the 8th.
Month, 1672.

Still waiting, If at any time God
may give thee Repentance unto Life.

W. C.

This my last Letter to Richard Bellingham, Governour, was delivered to John Leverit Deputy Governour, who said he would deliver it, and speak to him to read it. Shortly after, the said Richard having compleated the Measure of his Iniquity, dyes distracted, the 7th of the 10th Month, 1672. The Hand of the Lord cuts him off, not giving him Repentance to Life, that other Sons of Belial of his persecuting Spirit might be warned, not to put the Evil Day far from them, Idem

W. CODDINGTON.

WHY WE HAVE PRINTED THE OLD LETTERS

Should the reader not be a member of the Throop family, he may wonder why we have printed some of the very personal and neighborhood matters in the foregoing selections of letters, etc., of various dates.

On thoughtful consideration of them, however, it will be seen that throughout each one of these letters there is a thread of unselfish thought for others, and each one contains a background of earnestness of endeavor which is a fine characteristic of the family. Beautiful thoughts are contained in each letter.

It is not only interesting, but it is a thing of which to be glad or proud, that our progenitors' ideals, efforts and thoughts were hopeful, progressive, for that which was and is elevating, lofty: for the betterment of mankind.

Somehow, as we read these letters and articles, we are reminded that these early Americans fitted the beautiful definition of a Christian, viz.: "A real Christian is fed by lofty and loving aspirations; by compassion and all-embracing tenderness."

Other generations of our family, too, have meritorious accomplishments, which, for the benefit of present and future generations, should be collected and made available for perusal and inspiration.

Indeed present generations should, by all means, preserve intimate data relating to their family. Dr. David Fairchild, founder of the Journal of Heredity, strongly advocates that every family should preserve the photographs of all the ancestors, uncles, aunts, cousins, etc., with exact records attached to each one, setting forth his character, intelligence, social and biological worth. Dr. Harry H. Laughlin, of the Eugenics Record Office of Cold Springs Harbor, New York, has done this with the families of Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Edison, John Burroughs and others.

Few people know anything about their own "blood" or heredity. If they did, it would profoundly influence marriage selection. Every farmer knows all this about his horses, hogs, cattle and even corn and chickens. Why not about our own human family?

We must not forget that they are private letters, and the writers did not dream that they would ever be printed. We will also not forget that we are members of their family, and we will read the dear old letters as though they were written to us in the twentieth century out of the early nineteenth century, by affectionate relatives, and they bring to us a wealth of good, character-building thoughts, than which no earthly wealth can be finer, more enduring.

JONATHAN TRUMBULL, Esquire,

Captain-General, and Commander in Chief, of the STATE of CONNECTICUT, in NEW-ENGLAND.

To *Dan Troop* Gent. GREETING.

YOU being by the General Assembly of this State accepted to be *Captain of a Troop of Horse in the second Regiment of Light Horse in this State* Reposing special Trust and Confidence in your Fidelity, Courage, and good Conduct, I do, by Virtue of the Laws of this State, Me thereunto enabling, appoint and impower you to take the said *Troop* into your Care and Charge, as their *Captain* carefully and diligently to discharge that Trust; exercising your inferior Officers and *Soldiers* in the Use of their Arms, according to the Discipline of War: keeping them in good Order and Government, and commanding them to obey you as their *Captain* for the service of this state And you are to observe all such Orders and Directions as from Time to Time you shall receive either from me, or from other your superior Officer, pursuant to the Trust hereby reposed in you.

Given under my Hand, and the Seal of this State, in Middletown the 18th Day of December Anno Domini, 1776

By His Honor's Command,

George Wyllys Secry.

Jon: Trumbull

Taken from a photograph, made in 1900, of the original commission issued to Dan T(h)roop, born, 1740, grandfather of George Addison Throop. (See Chart, page 45.)

COPY OF THE OLD ARTICLES OF FAITH OF 1731, OF THE GUILFORD, CONNECTICUT, BAPTIST CHURCH.

Because religion enters so largely into the lives and letters we have here recorded, we print this copy of the old Articles of Faith of 1731, that had wandered from Guilford, Connecticut, through New York State, out to Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, from whence the old paper was taken back to Guilford to complete the Church History.

It is so far from our ideas of vital religious thought that we can not understand why this queer "new" statement of faith was a radical departure, as we were assured it was. It does give us, however, a faint idea of how impossible it is to pass judgment on the religious differences of even one hundred years ago that George and Deborah and their respective families found almost insurmountable.

Yet the only difference, so the old letters tell us, was as to the nature of God. Was He a God of Love, as the Scriptures prove to us, or was He a God of Law, who could not break His own laws; that the Only way of salvation from everlasting torment was by the narrow road that led through the purifying waters of baptism? They all believed the Bible to be the inspired Word of God; in the Trinity and in the Atonement. To us, of course, it seems there was much heartache for nothing.

—O. C. S.

ARTICLES OF FAITH AND CHURCH DISSIPLINE AGREED UPON BY THE FORTH CHURCH IN GUILFORD

1 We whose names are heareunto subscribed are agreed in those articles of faith and church dissipline which are here set down in orde folloing viz. that we approve of and highly vallew the confession of faith drawn up at Saybrook by the elders and messengers of the Churches in this Colony assembled in counsell and wich was afterwards establised by the generll Court and ordered to be printed and set forth as the doctrinal faith of the churches of this collny and we agre in our belief of these points of doctrin set forth in that confession and in our estem of them as the fundamental doctrins of the protestant Christion religion in our thoughts, the infalliable truth of them is apparent from the in falliable word of god.

2. We agree in our thoughts of what is a particular gospel Church viz a company of christians of viseble holyness and honesty by which we mean such as to a judgment of christion Charity regulated by the word of god are in a regenerate State and condision creadibly professing Christianity and theare faith in Christ jesus and thear Subjecting to him as thear Supreem lord and king and to all his laws and to the forme of government that he hath Set up in his church upon earth being also by Sollem confederation Compacted togeather in one bodey for the more convenniant attendance unto and carrying on the publick worship of god according to gospell institution.

3 We agre also in oure thoughts that Such a church hath power and liberty from our lord jesus Christ to chuse thear one officers wich shuld be estableshed in there place by the laying on of the hands of sum raverend presbitor Chosen by the church for that Sollem Survis and that when Such a church hath ben once organnized with its proper officers for government then thay may ruleably exercise disipline both in resciveing in members casting out offenders &c.

4 We agre in our thoughts concarning relations of the experiencs in religion offered by those that are candidates for admission into ful communion with the church in the holy sacryment viz that although we do not account that this is a nesesary term of communion that should be imposed upon any yet we think it a lawful and lawdable and eddefiing custom of our fathers which we do Chuse rather to Continew in and practis.

5 As to the formal exercise of Church power disciplinary matters we think it agreable to the mind of Christ our lawgiver and king discovered in his word that the elders with the consent of the breatherin should performe all acts of power and authoryty with reference to any Case of delinquancy that may fall under the cognizance of the Church and that in cases of difficulty that cannot be issued Comfortably in the Church whare Such difficulties do arise then its agreabel to the word of Christ Set forth in the holy Scriptuers for Such a Church to call in a Councell of the elders and messengers of neighboring Churches for advise and Counsell.

6 that altho we may not all of us have just the same thoughts Concarning the Supject of baptizem yet we agree that for that if the pastor of any Church to which any of us do or may belong Shuld think it his deuty to baptise and So Shuld baptiz the infants of Such baptized parents not in ful Communion which are nonscandalus parsons and on that foundation because it is his opinnion that Such infants are born within the visable Church and visible kingdom of our lord jesus Christ and So by bearth are visably in Covenant with god of which covenant baptizem is a Seal that this practis of Such our minnester will not move us to make any desturbance but we shall be veary easy undder his adminnistrations not with Standing his thus baptizin.

dated in guilford January the 6, 1781

On the reverse side this was signed:

Subscribed by us Subscribers

andrew ward
caleb leet
Joseph Stone
thomas norton
Samuel Cruttonden
ebenrzer benten
Daniel evarts
Samuel norton
nathaniel hall
Daniel benton
Caleb bishop
Pelatiah leet
ebenezer Stone
Seth Morse
Daniel parmelles
John bishop
Daniel edwards
Jedediah Stone

We feel it is fitting, under the circumstances, to print the following letters which have been discovered too late to include them in their chronological order.

Turn to page 192 and read James Addison's letter of September 30, 1850, and realize the real heart ache caused by the disappointment of this brother and sister at being unable to see and visit each other. His complaint, "Can it be that we, Brother and Sister, Orphans, all that are left of a family, cannot be in each other's society any oftener than we do?" is a prayer that came from a soul fully conscious of the fundamental value of proper Family relationships.

Preston, N. Y. **5c**
July 21

Miss Cordelia Throop
Hamilton
Madison County, N. Y.

Preston, N. Y., July 21, 1850

My Much Loved Sister:

Your very good letter came to hand Thursday, July 4th, and now I will write a few lines in answer to it. As I shall expect you here in a few days, there is not much need of writing a letter, but as there might be an accident or some other thing happen to hinder you from coming as soon as you expected, I thought I would keep the time we set and write you a letter. Grandmother has been gone most four weeks now; we expect her home every day; and when she comes I shall expect to see you, but, as it is three or four days more than a fortnight since I received your letter, and, as I may be disappointed in expecting you so soon; I thought I would write you a few lines today. . . . . Cordelia, you do not know how anxious I am to have you come to Preston! How often have I thought of the enjoyment we should have in each other's society! Can it be that we, Brother and Sister, Orphans, all that are left of a family, cannot be in each other's society any oftener than we do?

O Cordelia, you do not know what a disappointment it would be to me if you should not come, now that I have thought of it so long; but do come! Do not disappoint me, if you can stay no longer than a week. . . If you are disappointed in coming with Uncle William and Grandmother, come in a stage to Sherburne, and Uncle Alberto, I guess, will be kind enough to fetch you here. . . .But enough of this.

I am enjoying very good health, but feel lonely on account of Grandmother's absence. She has always been a mother to me; she has brought me up through trials, and sufferings. She has done a great deal for me. Where should I have been now, had it not been for my Grandmother. I have got a great deal to tell you when I see you, but will postpone it till that time.

We are all as well as usual. Give my respects to Grandfather and Grandmother, &C, &C. This from your brother,

J. ADDISON THROOP
Preston, Chenango County, N. Y.

Miss Cordelia Throop
Hamilton, Madison County, N. Y.

Cordelia's letter of September 10, 1852, answers James Addison's letter of September 1, 1852, on page 207.

MR. J. ADDISON THROOP
Preston, Chenango Co., New York

My Prairie Home, Sept. 10, 1852.
Galesburg, Illinois

My Own Brother Dear:

Is it possible that I am indeed in "the Far West," "a stranger in a strange land?"

It seems more like some sad yet pleasant dream, from which I shall soon awake and find myself still at Hamilton. But, no! It is indeed a reality that thousands of miles, several waving prairies and blue waters separate me from "the loved ones at home." Oh, Addy, I feel that I am far, very far away from you.

The journey has seemed much longer than if I had come directly through. I arrived here late last Wednesday evening, just two weeks from the time I bade you good-bye.

Am I not punctual to write you so soon? I wrote twice while at Chicago, so that some of my correspondents might become indebted to me as soon as possible, for I cannot tell you how ardently I long for a letter. They have ever been precious to me, but will be doubly so now. And I shall love to write to my friends better than before, for it seems almost to annihilate the distance, and causes me to feel, for the time, almost as though I were by their side.

But I can say so little on a sheet of paper and now I have so much to tell you. But this art of penmanship, advantageous as it is, is so slow a method that I must withhold the great mass, and content myself with telling you a very few things, and these hastily. And, I imagine, you as well as all the dear ones at Preston, will be more interested in my journey than anything else just now.

You will be glad to know that I am safely here, and that my health is as good as ever, though I have passed through places where the cholera was raging fearfully. At such times I felt to throw myself on that precious promise: "Thou shalt not be afraid of the pestilence that walketh in darkness, or the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

I have been surrounded by so many dangers, I have felt that life indeed hung by a little thread, but it has been a pleasant thought that an Almighty Arm was underneath me. Now for a few items:

I left, as I anticipated, on Monday morning and found myself with a stage load of acquaintances, who accompanied me as far as Syracuse.

At Geneva I was obliged to stop and wait for another train, which should carry me to the place of meeting. I there met with a rather unpleasant incident, the most so of any on the route. It resulted in teaching me a lesson, which perhaps I should have learned in no other way. I have not time to tell you of it, and as it turned out well in the end, it is unnecessary.

That evening I took tea with Mr. Wait and wife at their friends'. I found them my friends, too. They were all very kind, and I spent that night and the next morning very pleasantly with them.

Tuesday afternoon we came to another stopping place, where we remanied until Wednesday eve.

A little before dark, we found ourselves lounging on the downy cushions of the elegant steamer, "Cleveland," bound for Detroit.

Addy, if you are as ignorant of the world and the things in it as I was previous to this journey, you have a very faint conception of the elegance and splendors of the steamers which are constantly gliding over our lakes and rivers.

That evening I spent on deck drinking in the beauties of "moonlight on the waters." It was something so new for me to watch the path of foam which the boat left behind, I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed it.

As I watched the fast-fading lights of the city, saw the last one visible glimmer and then become lost to my gaze, I waved a long adieu to "the Empire State," proud that I could claim her as my own.

I retired to my stateroom, building castles of bright visions for the morrow; but, alas, for the uncertainty of human desires. Methinks I hear your heart beat somewhat faster than ordinary, as you wonder what happened to prevent the realization of that happiness. Listen a moment and I will tell you.

You have heard tales of that hideous monster who is said to dwell in the caverns of the deep, and whom the fabled Neptune is said to send to upper air on his direful errands, to seize all those who dare to trespass on his dominion and bind them with his chains!

Well, I was not shipwrecked; our boat did not burn or sink, but—but I fell into the clutches of that monster of the deep, and he held me fast. **That was all!** I writhed and groaned, but he did not relent or lessen his grip. **Seasickness** shows no mercy to his victims.

And now, to come down to plain facts, I was obliged to keep my berth all day without being able to raise my head without vomiting.

But I must hurry. That night we slept in Detroit, the next in Chicago.

I would love to write you a whole letter about Chicago. Perhaps I will sometime, but I cannot now. The dear friends there! How warmly and kindly they received me! I knew Mr. Gager Throop resided there and that he was a cousin of Father's, but imagine my astonishment to feel the warm grasp of some eight friendly hands, and to be saluted with the exclamation: "So this is Cordelia, of whom we have heard so much!" "How much like your Father!" "The very image of him!"

I was constantly addressed by the familiar epithet of "Cousin" and "Cordelia," and how could I help feeling at home? I enjoyed my stay there very, very much.

Cousin John spent the whole day Saturday in giving me pleasure. He showed me the garden, City house; took me into the observatory at its top, where we could see the city, intensely populated, spreading itself for miles around. On one side, the blue lake, glittering in the sunlight, and on all others, the broad, waving prairies.

I was disappointed in the appearance of the city. I knew it was large and continually increasing, but I had no idea how large, or how pleasant.

It is not the low, damp place I imagined it, but its streets are nicely planked and shaded with graceful trees, and it contains many residences which are lovely and which Hamilton might feel proud to contain.

Saturday afternoon, in company with Cousins Nancy and John, I went to Father's grave. That was the privilege which I had so ardently desired, the "Mecca" which I had so longed to reach.

My emotions, of course, I cannot describe, but you can imagine them. There was nothing remarkable in the situation of the grave, but I will tell you more of it at another time. I can give you only the merest outlines, for the particulars I must refer you to that large book containing my private journal. When it is published, you will doubtless see.

I cannot tell you of my new home, of the West in general, how I like it, etc., nor can I tell you of my journey from Chicago, which was quite as long in regard to time, and as interesting, as the former part. In my next I will give you a continuation. If you love me, write soon. My love to all.

CORDELIA.

On page 233 will be found James Addison's reply, dated August 30, 1855, to the following letter of Cordelia. Sister and Brother were united in September, 1855, in the Far West. A perusal of their letters from page 235 gives a fairly complete history of them up to the time they were both married.

Galesburg, Illinois, August 17, 1855.

My Precious Brother:

Half an hour since I welcomed your dear letter. During the interval I have been drumming on the Melodeon, striving to breathe forth the thanksgiving of my heart, the joy which your words of hope inspire. Did you think I could wait so long before writing to Grandma when that was my only hope? No, indeed; twenty minutes had not elapsed after the reception of that heart-crushing note from Aunt A. ere I was pleading with her. I retired that night with throbbing head and aching heart. and ever since, as I have allowed myself to think even of the possibility of disappointment the hot tears would find egress in spite of myself. If I ever prayed fervently it is now, that He who moveth the heart will dispel her groundless fears and incite her to bid you Godspeed!

Your letter bids me hope that such will be the case, and yet I hardly dare to hope. I wrote under the impulse of the moment, in all the bitterness of my heart, and as I did not know what evil she most feared, I perhaps did not meet all her objections. I know I could do so if I were with her, for, dear Addy, there can be no objection to your coming to me, save fancied ones, "trifles light as air." Doubtless "the Rubicon is passed" ere this will reach you. And if she is not yet convinced, if she is not now willing, plead with her, entreat, implore her, by all that is sacred in the past, by all she hopes for us in the future, by all her love for him who sleeps in Chicago Cemetery, to speak the word which shall lift this mountain weight from

off my heart. I have faith to believe that she will; something seems to whisper, "Peace, be still!" and so I will try to calmly wait the issue. How could I give you up? I never can bear disappointment in this, in my own strength,—it must come from above if I have it.

You can probably see the letter I wrote her, and please do try to supply everything omitted there. Perhaps I did not dwell enough upon the advantages which the West presents to every young person. But if she will only let you come, we will both convince her of this matter, not only by writing, but we ourselves will be living witnesses of such advantages. Because I cannot think of disappointment, I shall write to you strong in the faith that four weeks from this you will be sitting at my side.

Every plan, every daydream of the coming term and its duties, has been formed with special reference to your presence. Assure Grandma that these plans have been so very practical as to embrace all the details of "what we shall eat and what we shall drink and wherewithal we shall be clothed," in spite of the Bible veto. Tell her that your wardrobe shall be ample and kept in the neatest, most approved style, and that to effect this, if it is necessary (which is rather doubtful), I can keep a woman constantly employed. I have thought of everything you will need—all kinds of under garments and exterior habiliments. And assure her again for me that any day that you wish to return, you shall be provided with means to do so. You can go back the next week, if you wish. But really, Addy, when you are once initiated you will never think of returning save for the purpose of looking upon the haunts of childhood.

You know how I loved Hamilton. I thought it the most charming spot of earth. I love it still for all its hallowed associations. I shall ever regard it with deep interest, but nothing would tempt me to live there again or in any other place east of the lakes, save absolute imperative duty. I should make a permanent home in New York, with much the same feeling that I would in England. Not but that it would be pleasant, O so pleasant, to be with dear friends; not that society there is not better, as a general thing more intellectual and refined; but there is a fascination about the West which is quite irresistible to an enterprising spirit. At all events, its hold upon me is strengthening every day.

I wish you could hear Aunt Lucretia talk about your coming and Grandma's objections. Notwithstanding my sadness, I have felt almost disposed to smile at some of her remarks. They are very anxious you should come. So is Mr. Reynolds. So are all my friends.

"Aunt Eunice" is coming here in a short time to spend the winter. Elias has just returned from Hamilton and the region round about. I have not seen him yet.

Dearest brother, if it is possible, do come at the specified time. Do not wait to have sewing done, or anything of that kind. You will of course wish a little time after finishing work to visit and make preparations for the journey, but not take too much.

You have not traveled upon the great thoroughfares, yet you are much more familiar with the modus operandi than I was three years ago. I then felt that it would have been very pleasant to have known some trivial items as to stopping places, fare, &c, &c. Possibly it may be pleasanter for you to have some of the minutia in advance. I do not know where you will take the cars, but hope it will be at such a point that you can reach Buffalo the evening of the day you leave Preston. Wherever it be, do not get your baggage checked through, but only for Buffalo. Before arriv-

ing there an agent will be on hand to take your checks and mark your trunks for whatever point you designate and that will depend upon the route you choose.

You will, of course, prefer to cross the lake and if so you have your choice between two routes, Michigan Southern and Central. Sometimes there is considerable competition between them, but generally, so far as time and expense are concerned, there is "six for one and half a dozen for the other." Of course, each professes to be the very shortest and cheapest. I have tried both. The Michigan Central will bear you through the most pleasant towns. By taking that you will pass through Detroit. I rather think you will prefer this. Circumstances will determine.

Have your baggage taken to the steamer which you prefer and when there see that it is put on board. They will not probably check it till just before transferring it to the cars.

Meantime get a ticket for Chicago, which will probably cost you eight or ten dollars. Sometimes it is less, and then you will be at liberty to enjoy the magnificence of a floating palace, the invigorating breezes of the lake, which will for a time seem like the ocean, shoreless.

Your baggage once checked for Chicago, you need have no further thought of it till your arrival there, when you will see that it and you are conveyed to the Garden City House. Take the omnibus belonging to that, which will be free.

In the morning you can walk over to Cousin John's, if A. G. Throop is not there, and you will doubtless find Nancy, who will welcome you most warmly, I assure you. Stay as long as you can, but do not let its attractions prevent you from being at the Depot at an early hour Saturday, the 15th, that you may take the morning train for Peoria.

Get a ticket for Henry, which will probably cost you about $3.80, and at seven o'clock and forty-two minutes P. M. I shall be at the Depot to greet you as soon as you touch terra firma.

I love to write these details, Addy; almost feel like proceeding and telling you about things after you get here, of how I shall expect you to bring your books to my room every evening so that we may study together, read together, talk with each other. Now and then you will spend an evening with the Literary Society, and then we can both go to Lyceum lectures, &c. We will be very industrious, very systematic in our division of time, will we not? This will be absolutely necessary for me, for I anticipate even more work than heretofore; shall probably be in the school room at least eight hours. Anticipating this, I am enjoying this long vacation to the fullest extent. I already feel benefitted by it; feel stronger and more earnesst, have somewhat of that freshness of feeling, that enthusiasm. which I have long missed. Hope it may continue with me, as I spent the first weeks of my stay here about as fancy prompted; now feeling a kind of mania for sewing, and so plying the needle early and late, then drawing with a perfect furor, and then, obedient to the last, bending for long hours over some interesting book. But this state of things did not continue, and I soon relapsed into more steady habits.

At six A. M., breakfast is over, and I assist around in domestic duties till seven. Then I study for two hours, when I exchange my book for drawing utensils, which I use until eleven, when I read the Tribune or some other good paper until dinner. The needle is next in order. After tea, I am at liberty to read or write. So that I manage to be busy, if it is vacation.

I commenced this a little before eight. It is now between nine and ten, and as the family have all retired, I suppose I had better bid you good night and finish my chat in the morning.

Last evening, after bidding you good night, I had such a precious season in committing you into the hands of Him "who doeth all things well." I felt that I could

see the Everlasting Arms underneath you, encircling you. Dear brother, you are safe, no evil shall befall you! Why cannot Grandma feel thus? So far as your journey is concerned, it is nothing compared with what it was, even when I first came. I had more changes attended with more difficulty, too, before reaching Mr. Wait half way to Buffalo, than you will have on the whole route. Instead of seating myself in the cars at Chicago, and being swiftly borne to my destination, there was a long, tedious journey by canal, then after stopping all night, I must transfer myself to a lumbering stage coach, then to the Illinois River, and then again to the stage. And worst of all that dark, dismal journey to Keokuk, through seas of mud and the utter desolation and loneliness I felt upon my arrival. You will have none of this. Instead of this, you are coming home, to the home of the heart, are you not? I mean a home.

How does Uncle DeWitt feel about your coming? I hardly need ask, for I am sure he favors it. Remember me warmly to him, Aunt Ann, Grandma, Aunt Almira, and all. This is probably the last letter I shall write ere I see you, for if the mails are not more punctual than usual, its reply will not reach me in time for you to receive another ere you start. I was about to say I should miss your letters, but what care I for letters when I can have your own dear self?

CORDELIA.

Calvin Coolidge, our thirtieth president, in a message to the people of the United States, emphasized the fact that we were losing control of our government, as a people, because of our lack of interest in our local political affairs. In this he was right, for the reason that the common people do not know, nor apparently do they care, about the strictly local politics. And all because of this woeful lack of interest in the highly important local government, where nine-tenths of our heavy tax burdens are laid upon us, there is much talk, now-a-days, of the breaking down of popular government. If they continue to neglect their duties as citizens, the time is indeed near when, in order to be efficient and successful, the powers of government must become highly centralized.

No nation prospered as did our nation in the first sixty years of its existence. No republic gave such promise of realizing an ideal form of government as did the United States. The reason is clearly illustrated in this letter of March 16, 1856, which discusses the intense interest of those early Americans in the Town or Township affairs. The spirit of the times breathes through such letters as the following:

To JAMES ADDISON THROOP, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

Preston, New York, March 16, 1856.

Addison:

I hardly know where I left off telling news in my last letter. Town meeting passed off with a great noise. The *Know Nothings and Colonel Noyes' Democrats united and altogether they polled 80 votes. No other ticket was nominated or voted for. The Republicans made no nominations at all.

Snelly Brown is Supervisor; Ed Kelsey, Town Clerk; Amos Miner, Collector; Uncle Latham, Justice of the Peace.

Although they had it all their own way, they feel worse than they did last year. Brown, I think, feels the worst. When he saw such men as Russell Maxson, Solomon DeLancy, Uncle William, Uncle John D. Lewis, Case and Lester Turner, Ethan Turner, and many others of the real backbone of the town, come to town meeting and not cast a vote I think he felt ashamed.

And what makes it still worse, some of the Democrats and Republicans proposed to drop all issues and run an Anti-Know Nothing ticket. But Col. Noyes saw that would be Maine Law, and they must have a Democratic nomination (he was an old-fashioned Democrats). So he got Sam'l Hall and David W. Chase, the committee, to call a caucus the evening before Town Meeting, the Colonel promising it should be free from Know Nothing influence. So Chase and Button (Sam Hall wouldn't go) went up and found the town full of Know Nothings. Button said to Noyes; "We can't hold a caucus here." Noyes said: "We will go into a room by ourselves and make out a nomination."

So they went into Clark's sitting room, and put Noyes in as chairman, Button as secretary, and Chase and Mot Murphy constituted the meeting.

But no sooner were they organized than in rushed about sixty Know Nothings —and nominated the very same ticket which they (the Know Nothings) had nominated the Thursday before (this was Monday) and then had the tickets printed in the house. And everybody that kept any run of matters knew it.

Col. Noyes and the Know Nothings thought they were playing a deep game, when everyone saw all through it weeks before.

Noyes took particular pains to tell everybody he was an old-fashioned Democrat just before Town Meeting. But he is decidedly mum since Brown, after attending and receiving the nomination of the Know Nothings, was at the Democratic caucus, and voted there to nominate himself. That is what we call "small potatoes" here, and so did Ed Kelsey.

But there is another feature that is gratifying. Uncle Wm. Packer and Bigelow, and a number more Temperance men—Uncle Maxson among the rest—would not vote for Ralph Johnson last fall, for by so doing the taxes would be higher.

The game was this: The Know Nothings had a majority of the Board of Supervisors. Amsby, the candidate for sheriff, was then Supervisor. So he promised Osgood if he would help him in Preston, he would help Osgood in lessening the taxes in this town. So Osgood, after being elected by the Temperance men in this town last spring, sold them out last fall for the consideration of cutting down the taxes in town, so he could be supervisor this spring.

They succeeded in defeating Johnson last fall by six votes, when there is no doubt that Osgood made thirty votes difference in this town.

Well, the taxes were very low last fall. But Mr. Osgood is not supervisor this year—the Know Nothings are in the minority in the Board of Supervisors this year, and all that Osgood saved last year by his treachery in taxes **will be paid back this year with good round compound interest.**

So next fall, Uncle Wm. Bigelow will have time to figure up how much clean cash they have made by refusing to vote last fall, all of which I am glad of.

But I have not told you all about Town Meeting yet. Jack and Johnny Noyes bragged and crowed all day over what a celebration they would have after counting the votes; and how the Republicans and †Maine Law Men were routed. But when they came to count the votes, some eight or ten low-lived scamps had been voting hieroglyphic tickets. One headed for Supervisor, with a picture under it of a fat, round-bellied man with a glass and mug, ready to treat round. Another represented two men. One had the other by the throat choking him. Under the one that was choking the other, was written: "Daniel, the Old-Fashioned Democrat." And under the other: "Rufus Down to the Barn." One was headed: "For Justice of the Peace." The picture representing (it was Peter Piper returning from the pig hunt) a man hiding a long, poor, lank horse, with a long spear over his shoulder with three little pigs hung on it. Uncle Gotham took it home with him, after promising to let Sam T. Kiddell see it every time he asked for it.

Such shouting and stamping as the counting of those votes made hasn't been in this town in a long time. But it all had to be done by the Republicans and Maine Law men. The Know Nothings here won and swore like "the Army in Flanders." They haven't got over it yet.

The Preston Town Meeting is the most notorious in the county. The votes were the richest entirely. The election this spring is the fruit of treachery last fall. But mark one prophecy I make: It is the last Know Nothing or Democratic victory that will be gained in this town in all coming time.

By the by, the Know Nothings didn't jollify a bit—the pictures ruined it.

It is good stiff winter weather yet. I had a letter from William yesterday. Sister May and Oliver have got back. Lucius was hired out to John Throop for a year for $450, boarding himself. Wm. has been born again, and is now a thoroughgoing, shouting Republican. The Republicans carried the town of Hamilton, electing their ticket by over 100 majority. John J. Foote, Supervisor; Hiram Colson, Town Clerk, Aaron Dunbar, Justice of the Peace.

The roads are so drifted that we have but not two mails a week this winter.

D. D. W. C. THROOP.

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*American Party: A political organization in existence from 1853 to 1856, whose object was to exclude foreign-born citizens from participating in government; called also the Know-nothing party, the members, after the first secret organization of the party, declaring they knew nothing about it.

†Maine Law: A law enacted in Maine prohibiting the making and selling of intoxicating liquors; hence any prohibitory law.

This letter of November 10, 1856, to his nephew, James Addison Throop, by D. D. W. C., is printed to show how life's experiences had somewhat modified DeWitt's "negative criticism."

It is historically interesting because it depicts the feeling of Central New Yorkers on the outcome of the election of Nov. 4, 1856, when the contest was between Fremont, Republican candidate; Buchanan, Democratic candidate, and Fillmore, "Know Nothing" candidate. The sentiment for the Republican policies manifested in New York at this election became so general that in 1860 the country elected the immortal Lincoln, liberator and preserver of the Union.

It seems in this letter that at last DeWitt has found a movement upon which to base his beliefs and efforts, so earnestly urged by his brother, George Addison, in his letter of Jan. 14, 1846, on page 49.

To ADDISON JAMES THROOP, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

Preston, New York, Nov. 10, 1856.

Addison:

Ann (DeWitt's wife) says I **must** write some. So "here goes," Monday morning, before breakfast. Preston is right side up.

A more disappointed set of fellows was not seen anywhere last Tuesday night than here. They had told their friends that the town was sure for 50 majority against Fremont (Republican). But when the votes were counted, lo! Fremont had 25 majority over both Buchanan and Fillmore. Fremont had 129; Buchanan, 52; Fillmore, 52.

They are beat to death in this town, and in the county worse yet.

The Fillmore mourners go about the streets, and the Buchanan men refuse to be comforted.

Sometime I will tell you about the lying and meanness manifested in this campaign. But enough! We Fremonters are happy, glorious, triumphant. I send you the "Telegraph," so you can count up the votes at your leisure.

Bennett, our Congressman, has over 5,000 majority. In fact, the Fillmorians and Buchanan folks do not know as they have had an election—think of having one next week sometime, say next Sunday, at 4:00 o'clock p. m., as by that time their nerves may get a little settled from their fright, as there was such a "shrieking for Freedom" the 4th day of November that they do not know as they have voted.

New York, that last year, capitulated to Know Nothingism, this year has redeemed herself, and triumphantly vindicates her right to the title of "Excelsior." Ye sons of New York, scattered through the broad West and the world, set your faces towards her and salute her with reverence. As the Jews always turned their faces towards the Temple as the dwelling place of the God of Jacob, so may you, for New York, as heretofore, is now the dwelling place of Freedom.

Three times has New York spoken in a voice not to be mistaken on the subject of Freedom. First on the W'ment Revision, once on the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and this time she has thundered on the Kansas Iniquity, the beating of Senators and editors at Washington.

Let who will be president (as I do not yet know, but think it is Buchanan), the people are sound, and have signally rebuked the wickedness and perfidy of Buchanan and his supporters.

There is no doubt that Fremont is the choice of the people by hundreds of thousands, and I think I can discern the time when Kansas shall bask in the sunshine of Freedom.

Madison, our native county, is ahead of even Chenango, and Hamilton county has not enough Buchanan and Fillmore men to swear by.

But enough of glory for one fall. Malachi was here a few days ago. He said he did wish he was a voter. He would vote for Fremont. He inquired particularly about you. Among your whole circle of friends—and they are numerous of the Class No 1—yet you cannot count on one more true and devoted than Malachi. His wife lives with her brother in this town down by the Tamarack. He wanted to know what I thought of his going West this fall. I told him I would not go this fall, nor

till I had determined on some place to go to. I told him I would write to you and get your opinion on that point, and to what place you would advise him to go. Write a letter to him. Send it to Preston to my care. Malachi would remember such a favor to the day of his death.

Breakfast is ready, so good-bye this time.

D. D. W. C. THROOP.

The following was copied by H. G. Throop from the 1747 Bible of Dan Throop that is now in his possession: O. C. S., Nov. 1, 1933.

Dan Throop was born Dec.. 10, 1777, at Lebanon, Ct.; died April 10, 1831, at Hamilton, N. Y.; married April 6, 1802, to **Sarah Stanton Mason,** who was born July 6, 1782. Their children were:

Mary Stanton Throop was born May 25, 1803.
Abigail Emeline Throop was born March 21, 1805.
William Huntington Throop was born May 3, 1807.
George Addison Throop was born July 19, 1810.
Susan E. Ann Throop was born March 15, 1812, 2 o'clock in the morning.
Rachel Throop was born October 26, 1816.
Dan De Witt Clinton Throop was born November 27, 1819.

Family record copied by Eleanore Nye Waldorph from the Goldsmith Bible that was in her possession when this was copied.

BIRTHS

Richard Goldsmith, February 25, 1768.
Ruth Miner October 2nd, 1769.
Warren Goldsmith.
Content "
Ann "
Lucretia "
Tracy "
Deborah "

MARRIAGES

Richard Goldsmith and **Ruth Miner,** March 8, 1792.
Content Goldsmith ——.
Anna Goldsmith and **Thomas Nye,** April 28, 1816.
Lucretia Goldsmith and **Sanford Boone.**
Tracy Goldsmith and **Sally M. Ramsdell.**
Deborah Goldsmith and **George A. Throop, December 27, 1832.**

DEATHS

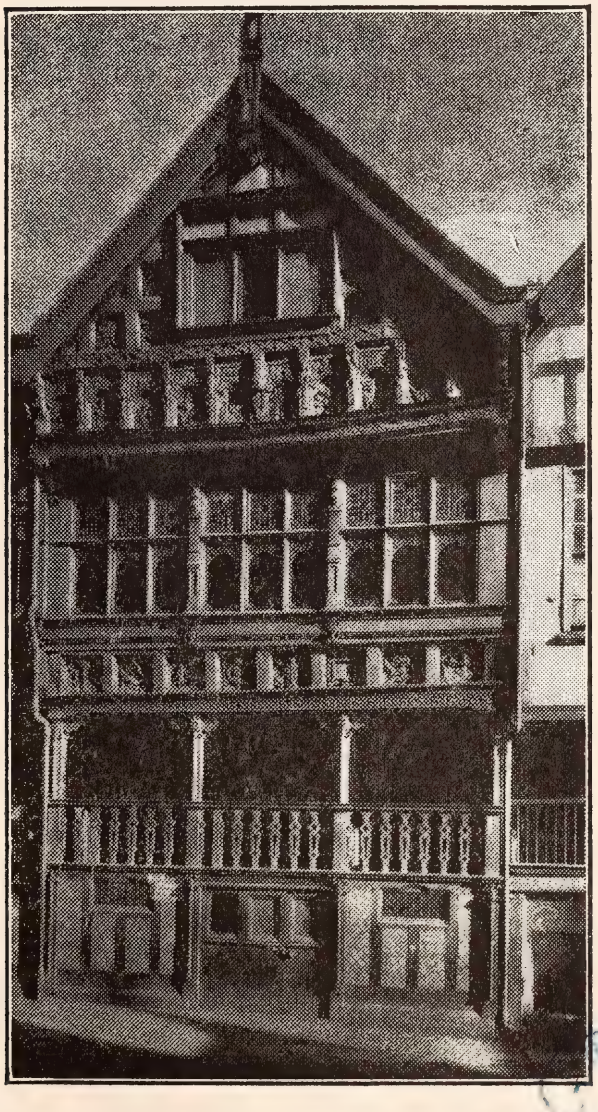
Warren, September 12, 1795.
Deborah, March 16, 1836.
Deborah Terry Goldsmith, September 26, 1795.
John Goldsmith, January, 1815.
Absolem Miner, February 5, 1812.
Ruth Miner, July 31, 1830.
Jesse Miner, March 22, 1829.
John Goldsmith, Jr., March 16, 1837.

DEATH OF CONNECTIONS

Joshua Goldsmith, September 23, 1833.
Keziah Miner, October 15, 1833.
Eleanor Miner, September 15, 1841; 58 years old.
Mary Miner, April 24, 1843; age 69 years, 19 days.

ANCESTRAL HOMES

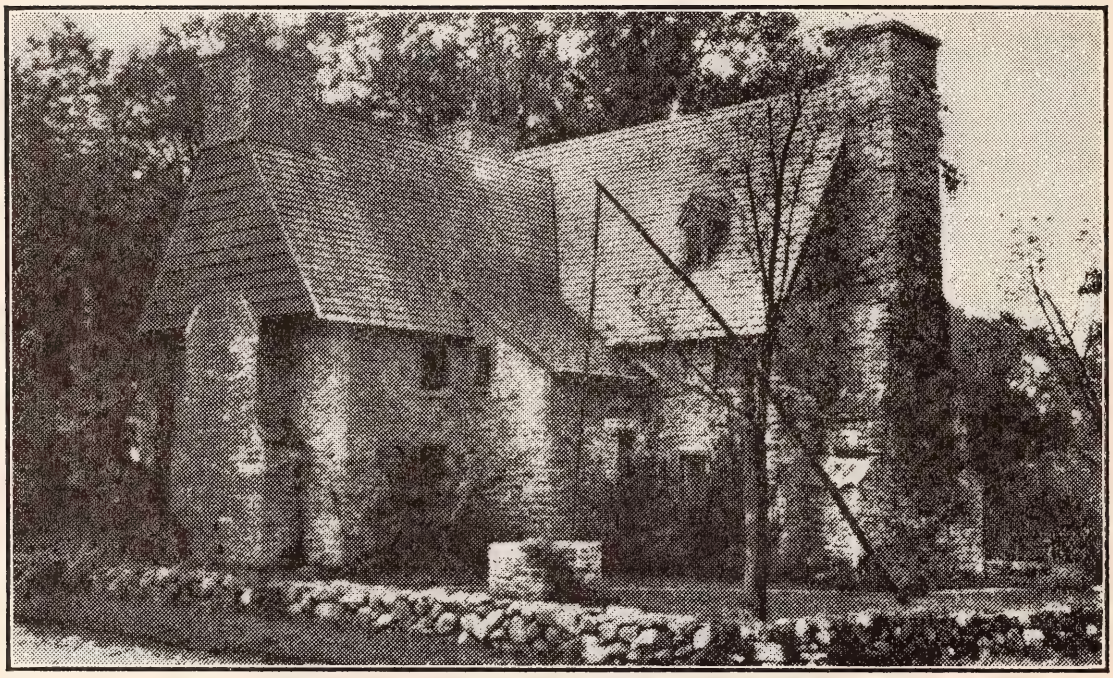
AN INTERESTING COLLECTION OF PICTURES OF THE HOMES OF SOME OF THE ANCESTORS NAMED IN THE CHARTS.



THE HOME OF BISHOP GEORGE LLOYD

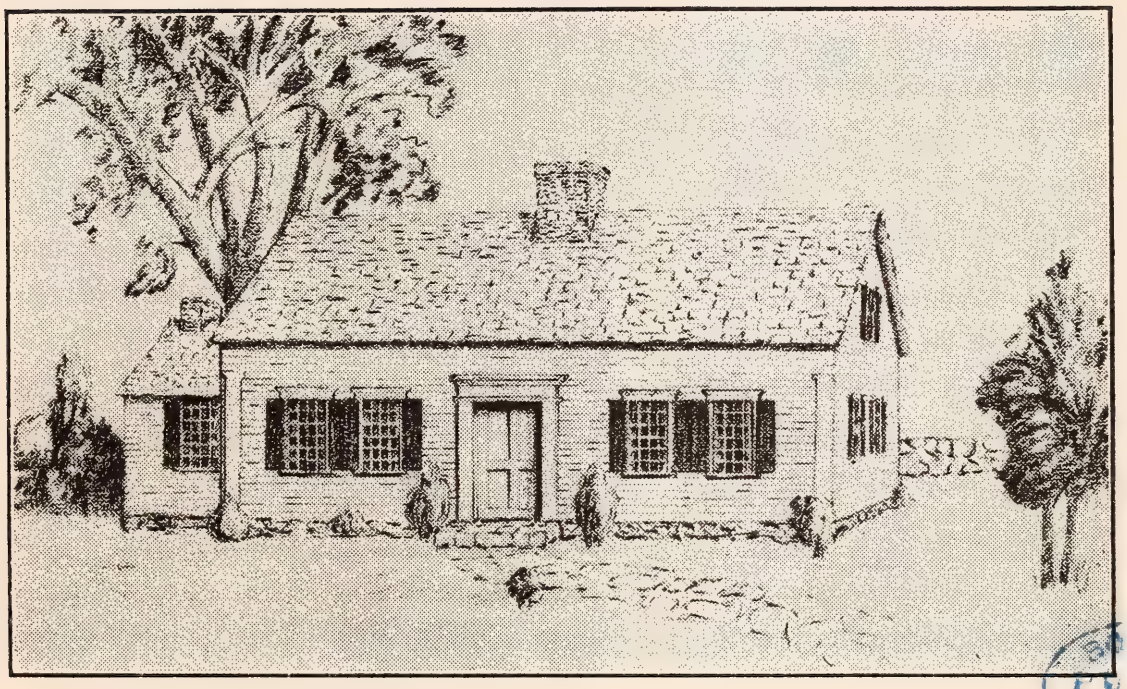
Built prior to 1637—Still standing in Watergate Street, Chester, England

Bishop George Lloyd was the father of Ann Lloyd (Yale), wife of Governor Theophilus Eaton, founder of New Haven, Connecticut, 1637-1638. (See pages 21, 22 and 23.) (See also Goldsmith Ancestral Chart, as corrected.)



CHURCH, FORT AND HOME OF REV. HENRY AND DOROTHY (SCHAEFFE) WHITFIELD, 1639

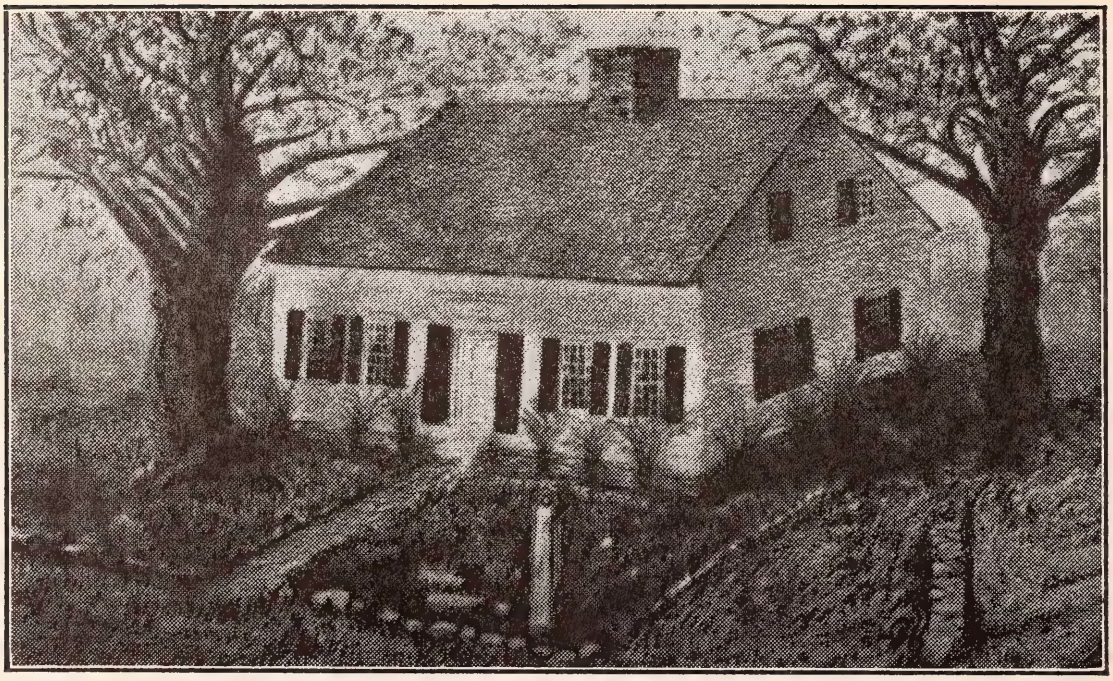
This is probably the oldest stone house in the United States, and was built by Rev. Henry Whitfield and parishioners, who bought the land from the Indians and founded Guilford, Connecticut. (See page 23.)



BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

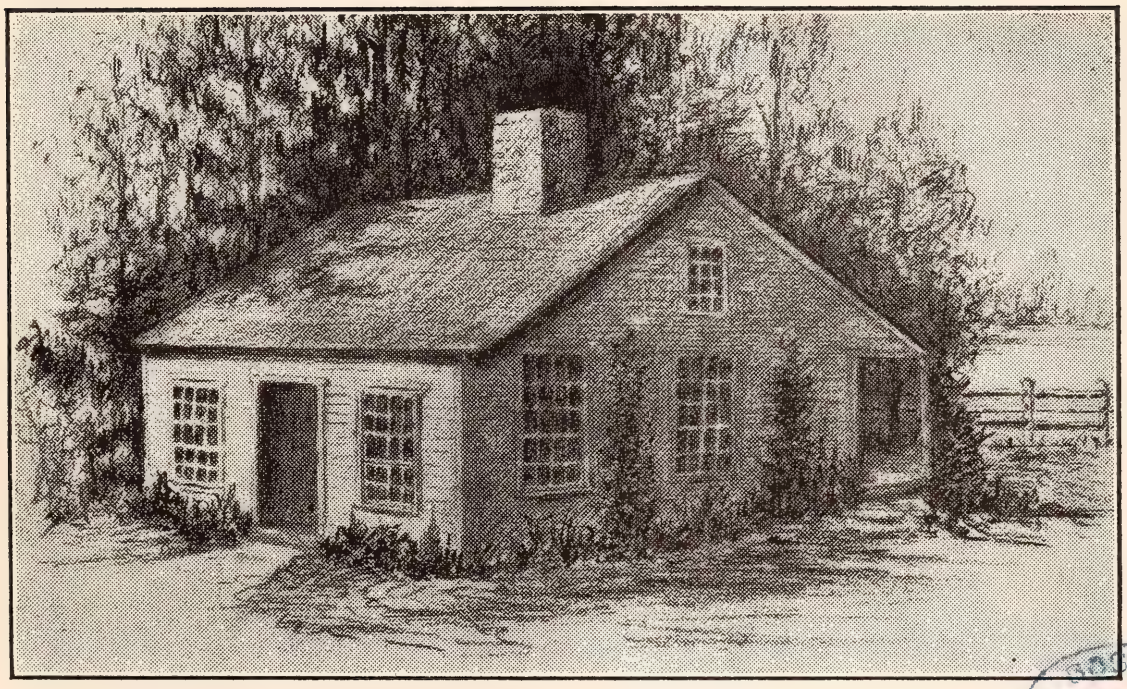
THE THROOP HOME, LEBANON, CONNECTICUT

Four generations of Dan Throops lived in this house, from 1720 to 1810. The fourth Dan Throop, when married to Sarah Stanton Mason, moved from here to a farm near Brookfield, New York, about 1802. The house has been "improved," and is still standing, 1939. (See pages 30, 32, 33.)



THE MORSE HOME, GUILFORD, CONNECTICUT, 1709 to 1791

Deacon Seth Morse, who married Hannah Faulkner, lived here. Their son, John Morse, who married Hannah Pierce, was born here, about 1710, and died August 18, 1791, and is buried by the old stone wall. (See pages 27 and 28.) This picture was made by taking out the story added by the present owners, showing it as it was when John Morse, Ruth Morse's father, sold it in 1791. It is located on what was formerly Fleet's Island, now "Granite Acres."



BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE GOLDSMITH HOME NEAR BROOKFIELD, NEW YORK

Richard and Ruth (Miner) Goldsmith came to this home from Guilford, Connecticut, a few years before Deborah, their youngest child, was born August 14, 1808. (See page 72, Deborah's poem on "Home," from her Album dated June 4, 1832.)

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ERRATA

Page 11—"Burk" should be "Burke."

Page 33—Third line from bottom—"Commons" should be "Common;" fourth line from bottom—"wholesale" should be "retail."

Page 38—In first line of last paragraph, "1932" should be "1832."

Page 47—Deborah Goldsmith's Chart, eighth generation—should be "Ann (Yale) widow of Thomas Yale; daughter of Bishop Lloyd, Chester, England," instead of "daughter of Thos. Morton."

Page 82—"Dairy" should be "Diary," in heading re "Deborah's Last Sickness."